Correspondence January-June 1892
Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College

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Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

Translations from French

Several letters in this volume were composed in French. I have included both translations and transcriptions of the French.

With the assistance of Jeannine Hammond, Coe College Professor of French, emerita, I have transcribed and translated these letters using Google Translate. While Professor Hammond's aid was obviously necessary for correcting my crude translations, her sharp eyes and fluency were essential when making out the handwriting of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, especially in cross-written passages.

Mme. Blanc sometimes abbreviates "pour" to "pr" and "vous" to "vs." Such instances in her letters are rendered as "pour" and "vous."

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Jewett and Fields Travel in Europe — 27 February - about 4 October 1892

During more than half of 1892, Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields traveled together ion their second European tour together. They spent all of the spring and summer in Italy, France and England. During this trip, they met Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc in person for the first time, after years of correspondence.

A substantial portion of this collection is the group of letters Mary Rice Jewett sent to her sister. Mary Jewett had made her own tour of Europe just three years earlier, in 1889. Her memories were vivid, and she was especially interested in her sister's travels to familiar places. Mainly, however, Mary Jewett kept her sister informed about "the particulars" of life in South Berwick, reporting on family events and the health and doings of local friends and acquaintances.

While Jewett and Fields were away, there were two major deaths: Jewett's brother-in-law in March and one of their closest friends, John Greenleaf Whittier on 7 September.

The most important family event during this period was the sudden death of Edwin Eastman on 18 March. He left behind his wife, Caroline, the youngest of the Jewett sisters, and their son, Theodore. Devastated, Mary Jewett nevertheless took hold, called in helpers and so organized their lives that she could repeatedly assure Sarah Jewett that she need not cut short her travels.

At this time, the Jewetts' immediate family consisted of the three sisters and Theodore. Since the deaths of their parents and a paternal uncle, they had occupied the two neighboring houses that now comprise the Sarah Orne Jewett House and Museum in South Berwick, ME. The older two sisters lived in the 18th-century corner house that is now the Sarah Orne Jewett House. The newer house, next door, now the Jewett Museum, had been the home of their family until 1887; this house had contained the office of their father, Dr. Theodore H. Jewett. After the death of their uncle, William D. Jewett, in 1887, Mary and Sarah Jewett moved into the corner house, and Caroline Eastman and her family moved into the sisters' childhood home.

Persons and Animals Most often Mentioned in these Letters

Mary Jewett's reports of family and local news consisted of some discrete events and a few continuing stories. The following list is meant to aid in following these letters as well as others of this year. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

The Jewett Households

Nicknames for Sarah and Mary Jewett. Sarah Jewett is sometimes called Pinny, Seddy or Siddie. Mary Jewett is sometimes addressed as O.P.

Caroline Augusta Eastman (Carrie / Caddy). Youngest of the three Jewett sisters.

Edwin Eastman. Husband of Caroline and father of Theodore, he was the proprietor and pharmacist of a South Berwick drug store. He died unexpectedly on 18 March 1892. Mary Jewett reports visits to his mother, **Abby Smith Eastman**, in Exeter, NH.

Theodore (Stubby / Thidder / Thider). Caroline Jewett's 12-year-old son.

John Tucker. Chief family retainer, manager of the grounds and livestock.

Annie Collins: A family retainer, chief household helper in Mary and Sarah Jewett's house.

Jewett Livestock

Horses: Princess, Ticky, perhaps also called Dick, Jane / Jen Ann / Jinny. During this period, a pony named Betty is obtained for Theodore.

Dog: Timmy. At one time, the Jewetts had a bird named Bobby, and they may also have had a dog by this name.

Helpers after Edwin Eastman's death

Hannah Driscoll: A frequent family helper, a nurse of Uncle William D. Jewett in his final year. She seems to be related to Annie Collins. In April, there seems to have been a family emergency, the serious pneumonia of an "uncle," who may have been **James/Jimmy Collins**, father to both Annie Collins and Mary Driscoll and, perhaps, an uncle to Hannah Driscoll. It appears as well that Hannah Driscoll had a ne'er-do-well brother, Will/William Collins. Though it seems clear these people are related, the details remain obscure.

Liddy/Lyddy: This may be a Jewett cousin, Elizabeth (Liddy) Jervis Gilman of Brunswick, ME.

Susy. Probably this was cousin Susan Jameson Jewett (1857-1954). Her mother, whom the Jewett sisters call "**Aunt Susan**," also was named Susan Jameson Jewett.

Fanny Linton. This may be the Fanny Linton who operated a millinery business in South Berwick, ME in 1877. Or she may be Frances Jane Linton (1838-1902) of nearby Dover, NH., daughter of Lucina (1802-1885), sister of Anna Linton Waldron (1835-1901) and Mary A. Linton (1840-1902).

Lizzie. Probably this was a neighbor and frequent family helper, Elizabeth Cutts Parks (1831-1918).

Mrs. Pray: This neighbor and frequent helper has not yet been identified.

Main Correspondents and Other Frequently Mentioned People

Thomas Bailey Aldrich: (1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

Annie and Caroline Barker: Caroline March Barker (1833- 16 April 1892), according to Find a Grave. Buried in the same cemetery in Rochester, NH, is Caroline Barker's first cousin, Anna Simpson Barker (1834-1921). It seems likely that she is the Annie Barker of these letters, then residing in South Berwick.

Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell / Little Aunt / Aunt Gov. (14 April 1826- 3 February 1904) was one of the Jewetts' two favorite "Aunt Marys." Mary Jewett regularly reported this family's news in her letters to Sarah Jewett. Residents of Exeter, NH, they summered on the coast at Little Boar's Head, NH.

Mary Bell's second marriage was to New Hampshire senator and governor **Charles Henry Bell** (1823- 11 November 1893). Her first husband was Joseph Taylor Gilman (1812-1862), who was the youngest brother of Nicholas Gilman (1799-1840), Jewett's great-great-grandfather. Charles H. Bell first married Sarah Almira Gilman (1827-1850), who was the daughter of Nicholas Gilman, and they had two daughters: **Helen / Nelly / Herring** (1848-1909) who married Harold North Fowler (1859-1955), and **Mary Persis, usually called Persis**, (1850-1930), who married Hollis Russell Bailey (1852-1934). Their daughter was **Gladys Loring Bailey** (1887-1915).

Among the children of Joseph T. Gilman and Mary E. G. Bell, were Mary Long Gilman (1860-1917) and Edward Harrison Gilman (1855-1 March 1901), who married Jennie Lois Crosby (1861-1915).

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (1840-1907), French author, translator, and critic.

Matilda Buffum Burleigh (1823-1911) was a South Berwick neighbor. Jewett regularly reported on this family building a new house.

Mary Harriet Denny (1840-1913) was a close friend of Mary Rice Jewett. She was the sister of Augusta Maria Denny Tyler, wife of a local physician, and she made one of Mary Jewett's party during her 1889 tour of Europe. In the 1890s, the sisters resided in Boston.

In these letters as well as Mary Jewett's letters from Europe in 1889, a person named "George" appears frequently, as if he were a relative. However, no living close relative of this name has yet been discovered. FamilySearch indicates that their brother George Parkman Denny (1826-1885) was deceased. One of his sons was George Kirkman Denny (1877-1939), too young at this time to be traveling abroad alone.

Louisa Loring Dresel (1864-1958), painter, photographer, traveler, a neighbor of Annie Fields.

Annie Adams Fields is sometimes referred to as A.F.

Mrs. Goodwin: The activities of this person are mentioned in nearly every letter by Mary Jewett. However, there were so many Goodwins living in and around South Berwick in 1892, that I have not been able to determine which one this is. The same is the case for virtually all of the other Goodwins mentioned in these letters.

Annie Elizabeth Johnson (1826-1894). She was the organizer and leader of the 1889 tour of Europe that included Mary Jewett. She had served as principal of the Bradford Academy in Haverhill, MA. There are conflicting accounts of her career, one of which places her at her own private school in Boston in 1892, but these letters make clear that she was still at Bradford in 1892. It appears that at this time, there was a typhoid outbreak at Bradford, closing it at least temporarily, and leaving her at loose ends, during which she visited Mary Jewett in South Berwick. Typhoid fever is spread by ingesting the feces of an infected person, often through contaminated water.

George Lothrop Lewis was pastor at First Church Congregational in South Berwick. Jewett reports regularly on the progress of the family's building and moving into a new house.

Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry / Auntie / Aunty: Jewett regularly reported on the extended Perry family, their maternal relatives in Exeter, NH. Often mentioned are:

Dr. William Gilman Perry, often called William, Lucretia's husband.
Dr. William Perry, his father.
Frances Perry, their daughter.
Dr. John Taylor Perry, Dr. William Perry's brother.
Sarah Chandler Perry, Dr. John's spouse.

Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922) was a South Berwick friend of the family. She probably is the "Mrs. Rollins" often mentioned in the letters.

Jane Sewall: The Sewall family were Jewett neighbors. They included Jotham Sewall (1847-1922) and his sisters, **Helen D. Sewall (**1845-1922) and **Jane Sewall** (1849-1952). See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 75 and Find a Grave.

Celia Laighton Thaxter: (1835-1894), American author and artist.

Tompy: This young friend of Theodore Jewett Eastman has not yet been identified.

Lizzie Wakefield, Mrs. Wakefield, and the Wakefields are mentioned fairly often, nearly always as visitors in the village. I have found no other information about them.

Hetta: Hetta Lord Hayes Ward, sister of William Hayes Ward.

Sarah de St. Prix Wyman Whitman: (1842-1904), American artist and designer of several Jewett book covers.

John Greenleaf Whittier: (1807-1892), American poet, frequently called "Thy Friend." Often mentioned in letters to and from him are members of his family: Joseph Cartland (1810-1898) and Whittier's cousin **Gertrude Cartland** (1822-1911) accompanied Whittier traveled together in summers, and he lived in their home at Newburyport, MA, for most of his last fifteen winters. **Phebe Woodman** (1869-1953), adopted daughter of Whittier's cousin Abby Johnson Woodman (1828-1921). Whittier's nephew **James Lewis Caldwell** (1839-1895) married Adelaide McClung (1843-1902). **Elizabeth Hussey** (1843-1909) was the daughter of Whittier's brother **Matthew** and namesake of his sister. She married Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the Portland *Transcript* and, later, biographer of Whittier. See *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 1, p. 337, *Memorabilia of John Greenleaf Whittier,* by Richard Cary.

Rebecca Young: A close family friend and neighbor who provided much help after Mr. Eastman's death. She seems to have been visited during the period by a relative, **Lizzie/Elizabeth Young**.

About the Manuscripts

In most cases, the location of a letter's manuscript is included in the accompanying notes.

However, unless noted otherwise, all of the letters by Mary Rice Jewett are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. The transcriptions of these letters are from photocopies held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

I have chosen not to trouble the Houghton Library to provide higher quality copies of these many manuscripts, and this has some negative consequences. Portions in pencil or faded ink are very difficult to read. Some of the scans available from MWWC missed small parts of some pages, resulting in extra guesswork in transcribing. In my judgment, these losses were acceptable for this particular set of letters. Should future scholars need more accurate transcriptions, they should consult the originals in the Houghton. Indeed, this is always the case, for I am as prone to error as any human.

Readers will note a number of eccentricities in these letters that I have tried to present as they appear. Perhaps most obvious is the inconsistent uses of apostrophes and quotation marks. Often apostrophes are omitted. Fairly often quotations begin and end with different marks, e.g. "mark.' When it seems important for clarity, I have added punctuation inside braces{.}

I am indebted to archivists and their helpers at all the institutions from which manuscript copies were obtained.

A Rough Itinerary of the Trip

22 February, Monday — Jewett wrote to Francis Jackson Garrison that she would sail within a week.

26 February, Friday — Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel that she was about to depart.

27 February, Saturday — Embarkation from New York City, destination Genoa, Italy.
Jewett sent her sister Mary a note from on board the *Werra* before sailing.

28 February — Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc wrote to Jewett, looking forward to meeting her and Annie Fields for the first time and asking for their itinerary.

4 March — Fields wrote to Whittier from Gibraltar, reporting on the crossing.

8 March — Jewett telegraphed sister Mary from Gibraltar, reporting a rough crossing. As this was a leap-year, the trip took about 11 days.

18 March — Death of Edwin Calvin Eastman, husband of Jewett's younger sister, Caroline.

20 March — Jewett wrote to Emma Harding Claflin Ellis from the Hotel Bristol in Rome. She reported visiting Genoa, Siena, Pisa, and Orvieto.

25 March — Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel from Rome. She was then ill with tonsillitis.

1-2 April — Annie Fields wrote to John Greenleaf Whittier and Thomas Bailey Aldrich from Rome.

17 April — Sometime not long before this date, Mme. Blanc wrote to Jewett, who was somewhere in Italy, about arrangements for when Jewett and Fields were to come to France. She expected them in late June.
Soon after this date, Blanc wrote again, with information about their projected visit to Aix-les-Bains. At that point, Jewett and Fields had left Rome.

April — a Thursday. Jewett wrote to Alice Greenwood Howe from Venice.

30 April — Fields received an invitation to dine with author and translator Linda White Mazini Villari in Florence.

11 May — Jewett wrote to Dr. William Wilberforce Baldwin from Venice, reporting on how his treatment of their various ills in Florence has led to their improvement.

20 May — Jewett wrote to her sisters from Venice, with a circumstantial account of her sight-seeing.

27 May — Jewett wrote to Dr. Baldwin from Aix-les-Bains, with a report on her medical progress.

30 May — Jewett wrote to Susan Manning Haven from Aix-les-Bains, reporting on stays in Rome and Venice.

June — Jewett wrote to Alice Greenwood Howe from Aix-les-Bains, reporting visits to the Grande Chartreuse, Chamonix, and Martigny.

14 June — Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel from Aix-les-Bains.

3 July — Jewett wrote to an unknown recipient from Paris.

6 July — Mme. Blanc sent a short note to Annie Fields about their plans for a trip to Barbizon.

8 July — Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman from Barbizon, where Mme. Blanc had joined her and Fields.

9 July — Jewett wrote to Alice Greenwood Howe and John Greenleaf Whittier from Barbizon.

14 July — Robert Collyer wrote Fields from Leeds, UK, anticipating a visit from Jewett and Fields.

27 July — George du Maurier wrote to Jewett from London, anticipating her arrival on this day.

August — Fields wrote to Thomas Bailey Aldrich from London, saying that they would sail home beginning 22 September. In about a week, they planned to go to Whitby and then Scotland.

13 August — Mary Augusta Ward wrote to Annie Fields, anticipating that Jewett and Fields would visit her at her country home in about a week.

20 August — Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman, reporting that she had been in Yorkshire, visiting Robert Collyer, in Surrey visiting Alfred Lord Tennyson, and at Tring visiting Mary Augusta Ward. She expected to leave soon for Whitby to see George du Maurier, before continuing to Scotland. She and Fields planned to return on the *Cephalonia*, expecting to arrive home on about 2 October. The Cunard line SS Cephalonia was in service from 1882 to 1900. However, they eventually sailed on the SS *New England*.

21 August — Mary Augusta Ward wrote to Jewett from Stocks, noting that, due to illness, she failed to understand who Jewett was on the previous Saturday, 20 August.

23 August — Jewett wrote to Mary Augusta Ward from London.

7 September — the death of John Greenleaf Whittier.
Mme. Blanc wrote to Jewett and Fields.

11 September — Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman from Edinburgh, Scotland, reporting visits to Canterbury and Whitby.

4 October — Jewett's aunt, Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry, wrote to welcome her home.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Katharine Peabody Loring and Alice James

South Berwick, Maine
3 January 1891 [*1892*]*

Dear Katharine and Alice. (for may I not say the "first name" because I always think it? —)

I send you most loving wishes for your new year — and my dear love. Somehow you seem very near today, it will just be growing dark in London and I can think of you together in the closest way, and how you think together and know each other's thought, as only those friends can who are

[*Page 2*]

very near and very dear, and for whom illness has pushed away everything but the best of life.

I have been thinking a great deal about this of late — and of what we call separation. Where one has gone on ahead into the new state of things, and what that one does for the one who stays on longer in this world — it seems to me that in the first place we learn to know the 'angel' at once — all that was really of this world fades out of mind. It is simply wonderful to me the nearness I feel

[*Page 3*]

to my mother* and the new love and completer understanding between us. Why should people ever have wished for spirit rappings* or for a "medicine" of any sort, when you feel sure of the warm love and instant presence in your own heart as nobody could ever persuade you of it. What will it be to be together again! to find the dear contentment of this world glorified in another and better world! "They are all gone into the light" — * but surely the light shines back into our dim eyes and the "separation" is only a

[*Page 4*]

perfecting [or *corrected from of?*] [*deleted letters* or *?*] continuing of the love and friendship here. Nobody who has truly loved and truly known a friend can help feeling this. It is only that we forget that there can be no gain without a smaller loss, and we hate to lose even for a little while any part of what made us happy. —

— I go writing on about this to you just as if I were with you and talking about it! The truth is that I ought not to be writing at all because my eyes are sadly out of repair

[*Page 5*]

and I have had to be disagreeably careful of them, else I should have written you many days or even weeks ago. There is nothing the matter, says Dr. Wadsworth,* except that I am a little run down and pretty rheumatic by nature and I gave them a strain by night in the summer & autumn. Dr. Morton said the same thing but the fact remains that I cant use them much, and feel rather naughty and pretty nice when I get a pen into my hand and my

[*Page 6*]

thumb & middle finger well inked which is always necessary to an ease of expression on their part.

Christmas went by, not very cheerful to our hearts here, but on the whole happy to look back upon. I went to the little Catholic Church to mass in the morning with my friendly, well to do Irish [and *corrected*] French-Canadian friends and neighbors, and I had a 'lot' of dear presents which always make you feel like a boy again, and then I took the night train and went to town after

[*Page 7*]

a pleasant dinner with my sisters.

Mrs. Fields had gone to her sister's* and I waited an hour or two before she came back, and I stretched myself in comfort on the green couch in the library and contemplated the heap of nice white paper bundles on the piano — Then I was a surprise party to A. F. and we sat up late and talked of many things. It is ten years since Mr. Fields died* and I spent my first Christmas there!

We still talk about going over

[*Page 8*]

in the spring, but no more definitely than when I wrote last: I am eager to have Mrs. Fields get a long rest and change, but the ^recent^ accounts of voyages in the North Atlantic dont allure me to plough the main just at present.

. . I wonder if you two have an acquaintance with the poems of Mrs. Katharine Philips "The Matchless Orinda" — ??* One day in the studio Mrs. S. Whitman,* my dear beloved friend, did read me the poem to Mrs. M.A. (Mary Aubrey) which Keats quotes in one of his letters. She had it in the Sydney Colvins book, and that sent

me back with delight to the old book itself. I do think

[*Up the left margin of page 5*]

that the Matchless Orinda knew what it was to "be friends" as well as anybody ever did and had a wonderful gift of saying the things that friends feel.

[*Up the left margin of page 6*]

There are some such lovely poems — one about a country life and to a little child that had died, but most of all these poems [of *?*] friendship.

[*Up down the top margin from the left margin of page 6*]

Do get them and read them over! How I should like to read them with you!

[*Up the left margin of page 7*]

Good bye dear Friends. God bless you and keep you both. I remember you every day with love and joy that I have you in my heart

[*Down from the left in the top margin of page 7*]

Yours ever

S.O.J.

[*Up the left margin of page 8*]

Mrs. Fields wrote me that she was going to "the Jo. Guiney's" to tea tonight with Dr. & Mrs. James.* a quiet Sunday night [to *?*] all by themselves — the which I [*unrecognized word*] envy her!

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Have I ever sent you one of these little pictures of [this *?*] old house

[*Down the top margin from the left margin of page 1*]

where I was born and still live — My own room is round the right hand corner looking over to the spruce trees but I am writing at our old secretary in the upper hall [at *? A seemingly unfinished sentence*.]

Notes

1891 [*1892*]: While this letter seems clearly dated 1891 in Jewett's hand, the fact that she speaks of her mother's recent death in October 1891, shows that Jewett almost certainly wrote the wrong year — perhaps out of habit — in one of her first letters of 1892.

Alice: Alice James "(August 7, 1848 - March 6, 1892) was an American diarist, sister of novelist Henry James and philosopher William James." Domestic partner of Katharine Loring, James suffered from both psychological and physical illness most of her life. By the date of this letter, James was just two months away from her death from breast cancer. Wikipedia.

Probably Jewett feels she is taking a liberty by speaking of Alice James, whom she knew less well than Loring, by her first name rather than as "Miss James."

nearness I feel to my mother: Caroline Augusta Perry Jewett died 21 October 1891. Sarah's experience of nearness to deceased friends and family is reflected in her writing from at least the death of her father, Theodore Herman Jewett in 1878. See the first two poems "To my Father," in Jewett's Verses, 1916.

spirit rappings: Jewett uses a judgmental term for Spiritualism, the contemporary belief system that included the ideas that spirits of the dead sought to communicate with the living and that some people, spirit mediums, were gifted with the power to facilitate such communication. In a séance, led by such a medium, a spirit wishing to communicate with a living person was thought to signal its presence by making a rapping sound.

Jewett and her friends had given these beliefs serious attention in the early 1880s. See *Spirits and Photos: Two Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2025, and Internet Archive.

"They are all gone into the light": Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) was a Welsh mystical poet who wrote in English. "They are all gone into a world of Light!" appears in *Silex Scintillans* (1655), which begins, "They are all gone into a world of light! / And I alone sit lingering here; / Their very memory is fair and bright, / And my sad thoughts doth clear." Jewett refers several times to this image in her writings, notably in her story "A Native of Winby" (*Atlantic Monthly,* May 1891).

Dr. Wadsworth ... Dr. Morton: It is possible that Jewett was seeing Dr. Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth (1838-1911), an ophthalmologist practicing in Boston who was, in 1892, a Professor of Ophthalmology at Harvard Medical School.

Dr. Helen Morton. Key to Correspondents.

little Catholic Church ... Irish ... French-Canadian friends and neighbors: St. Michael's Church, a short walk from the Jewett home in South Berwick, before being renovated into the current South Berwick Public Library, was the parish church attended by the many immigrant mill workers and their descendants in the area.

her sister's: A. F. is Annie Fields; her sister, Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916). Fields' husband, the publisher James T. Fields died on 24 April 1881.

"The Matchless Orinda": "Katherine or Catherine Philips (1632-1664), also known as Orinda, was an Anglo-Welsh poet, translator, and woman of letters. She achieved renown as translator of Pierre Corneille's *Pompée* and *Horace*, and for her editions of poetry.... After her death, in 1667 an authorised edition of her poetry was printed entitled *Poems by the Most Deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda*. The edition included her translations of *Pompée* and *Horace*." Wikipedia.

Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman. "To Mrs M. A. at parting" appeared in Philips, *Selected Poems* (1904), pp. 12-13.

John Keats (1795-1821), the British Romantic poet, discussed Philips in his letter to J. H. Reynolds of 21 September 1817. See *The Letters of John Keats: Vol 1* (2012) pp. 162-5.

the Sydney Colvins book: "Sir Sidney Colvin (1845-1927) was an English curator and literary and art critic, part of the illustrious Anglo-Indian Colvin family. He is primarily remembered for his friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson." Wikipedia.

However it is not clear which Colvin book Jewett refers to. His 1887 biography of Keats would seem a likely possibility, but an electronic search does not show that Philips is mentioned in this biography.

*friendship***:** Philips's "A Country Life" appears in *Selected Poems*, pp. 26-8. The poem on her deceased young son is "Epitaph," p. 23. While a number of the *Selected Poems* deal at least in part with the theme of friendship, one poem is entitled "Friendship," pp. 23-5.

James: "William James (1842-1910) was an American philosopher and psychologist who was also trained as a physician. The first educator to offer a psychology course in the United States.... He married Alice Gibbens in 1878." Wikipedia.

The identity of "Jo. Guiney" is not known. Timothy Guiney and his wife, Johanna Josephine" resided in Cambridge, MA at the time this letter was composed, but no information has been found connecting them with William James. Given that the Guineys apparently were working-class Irish immigrants, it is possible that Johanna worked in the James household and that Jewett may be joking about her power by identifying her as the host of the evening.

Timothy Guiney - 1920 Census Record

Cambridge Ward 9, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, United States
Timothy Guiney lived in Middlesex County, Massachusetts in 1920. He was the head of the household, 50 years old, and identified as white. Timothy was born in Ireland around 1870, and both of his parents were born in Ireland as well. In 1920, Timothy was married to Johanna Guiney, and they had thirteen children named Patrick J., Mary, Daniel, Catherine, Margaret, Helen, Anna, Lucy, John, Rose, Thomas, James, and William. He could read and write, owned his residence, and immigrated to the United States in 1894.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Beverly MA Historical Society in the Loring Family Papers (1833-1943), MSS: #002, Series I. Letters to Katharine Peabody Loring (1849-1943), Box 1, Folder 1, Undated Letters, A-Z.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*8 January 1892*]*

Will dear Miss Jewett lend her name to this list of patronesses of a Kindly little plan conceived by Dr. Clarence Blake?* I ask her to do so with all my heart. There are no responsibilities of office! I will be glad to explain the thing further sometime. Meanwhile I pledge myself that she cannot ever regret conferring on us the glory of counting S.O.J. as an ally.

New York. Jan. 8th 1892.

Notes

1892: This note is written on a visitor's card, with "Miss Guiney" printed in the center.

Blake: Dr. Clarence John Blake (1843-1919), Professor of Otology (anatomy of the ear) at Harvard University Medical School was the author of several books. His wife was Mary Alice Houghton Blake (1863-1919). With her help, he was instrumental in founding The Women's Rest

Tour Association of Boston, Massachusetts, which "comprised a network of middle-class members who collected information about travel abroad and shared it among like-minded American women who required trustworthy non-commercial and unsolicited confidential recommendations suitable for women 'who desire to visit Europe at the least possible expense consistent with comfort'." The organization was founded in 1891. Wikipedia. See also "A Summer in England" by Libby Bischof, chapter 9 of *Transatlantic Women: Nineteenth-century American Women Writers and Great Britain*.

In 1891, Guiney produced *A Summer in England. A hand-book for the use of American women*, published by the WRTA.

The manuscript of this card is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Ports. Jan 10th (92*

My dearest Annie:

I have been once more to town ^Camb.^,* flying back next day, to see my little boy,* who is growing stronger, heaven be praised, every day, tho he looks still pretty white & thin — but I think he is on the road to health & feel better about him. He clung to my neck. "Only one Granna," he said, "only one!" He frightens me, if he were fifty instead of three he could not say more thoughtful things....

[*Page 2*]

Dearest, how are you? Sickness & death* are so busy it is something awful here in this town. The streets are full of funerals, the doors are marked with black all over the town. A neighbor lost her fine husband & her son of 21 within a week! It is a trying time. Are you going away, dear Annie, to those lovely southern places, St. Augustine* or somewhere, presently? Do tell me. Next time I go up I must have a glimpse of you. If I leave Camb at 12, I could reach you at Noon when I should be likely to catch you & then have time to reach my 3.30 train in the Eastern road home all right. Dear Annie you have no need to hold out Mrs Winch* as a temptation! If I only could you would see more of me than you could bear, I assure you!

[*Page 3*]

I should be turning up at your hospitable threshold all days & hours, only too grateful for the privilege of seeing you & abiding for even so short a space within your beautiful gates.

I thought of you when I read that fine article of Emerson's* in the Atlantic. There is no one like him! Do you remember this passage —

"It is the property of the religious sentiment to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no good birth or breeding, no culture of taste, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, even no depth of affection that does not rise to a religious sentiment, can bestow that delicacy & grandeur of bearing which belong to a mind accustomed to celestial conversations. All else is coarse & external, all else is tailoring & cosmetics, beside this, for thoughts are expressed in every look & gesture, & these thoughts are as if angels had talked with the child."

I did not know who wrote the article as I turned the pages of the magazine, looking at the opening lines of each; & the moment I read the first words of this I found I could not stop, held by

[*Page 4*]

so fine a spell was I, &, turning to the cover to see who spoke with such a voice, lo! Emerson! No wonder I was held.

Dear, dear Annie, in little more than another week, perhaps a fortnight, I hope to go once more for a night to my children, & then see you with these loving eyes. My best to you & Pinny —

Your faithful

C.

Notes

92: This manuscript includes a number of notes & marks related to its inclusion in *Letters of Celia Thaxter*. These notes have not been included in this transcription.

Camb: Cambridge, MA.

boy: Thaxter's grandson, Charles Eliot Thaxter, was born 31 October 1888.

Sickness & death: The 1889-1890 influenza pandemic included subsequent outbreaks each year through 1895.

Mrs. Winch: William J. Winch (1847-), tenor, John F. Winch, bass, and Mrs. John Winch, alto,

made up a musical family performing in Boston from the 1870s.

See "Sweet Boston Singers," Boston *Globe* (13 October 1895) p. 28.

St. Augustine: Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett had traveled together to St. Augustine, FL, in 1888 and 1890.

Emerson's: American essayist and poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). The passage is quoted with slight differences from his essay, "Boston," which appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in January 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers & Addenda (1767-1914), mss FI 1-5637, Box 63 FI 1- 4165.

Fields & Lamb Transcription for *Letters of Celia Thaxter*

Portsmouth, January 10, 1892.

I have been once more to Cambridge, flying back next day, to see my little boy, who is growing stronger, Heaven be praised, every day, though he looks still pretty white & thin, but I think he is on the road to health & feel better about him. He clung to my neck. "Only one granna," he said, "only one!" He frightens me; if he were fifty instead of three he could not say more thoughtful things.

I thought of you when I read that fine article of Emerson's in the Atlantic. There is no one like him. Do you remember this passage? —

"It is the property of the religious sentiment to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no good birth or breeding, no culture of taste, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, even no depth of affection that does not rise to a religious sentiment, can bestow that delicacy & grandeur of bearing which belong to a mind accustomed to celestial conversations. All else is coarse & external, all else is tailoring & cosmetics, beside this, for thoughts are expressed in every look & gesture, & these thoughts are as if angels had talked with the child."

I did not know who wrote the article as I turned the pages of the magazine, looking at the opening lines of each; & the moment I read the first words of this, I found I could not stop, held by so fine a spell was I, &, turning to the cover to see who spoke with such a voice, lo! Emerson! No wonder I was held.

In little more than another week, perhaps a fortnight, I hope to go once more for a night to my children, & then see you with these loving eyes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to The Editors of *Century Magazine*

148 Charles Street
Boston January 12th [*1892*]*

To

The Editors of The Century

Gentlemen

A few days since Mr L. J. B. Lincoln* asked me for one of my sketches to be read at his Reading here, and I told him that if you made no objection I was willing that he should have a copy made of The Hilton's Holiday* which you have. Perhaps he has

[*Page 2*]

already spoken to you about it.

It occurs to me to tell you that it is possible that I may go away early in the spring for a number of months. So that if you should be writing to use this sketch within a year or more, perhaps it would be wise to have the proof ^[sent *?*]^ while I am close at hand. I remember that in printing

[*Page 3*]

'Dark New England Days'* you sent me a type-written copy first and you may think that sufficient now. I should like to have the manuscript kept for me.

Believe me

Yours sincerely
Sarah O. Jewett

May not I say with what sympathy and interest Mrs Fields* and I have watched

[*Page 4*]

for the accounts of Mr. Johnson's* illness and how very glad we were to know that he is better, and that we send now our kindest wishes for his recovery.

Notes

1892: The choice of this date is based upon Jewett's mentioning the as yet unpublished story, "The Hilton's Holiday," which appeared in

Century in September 1893. *Century* typically published Jewett's stories many months after acceptance. Jewett says she believes she is about to take a long trip. In March of 1892, she joined Annie Adams Fields for several months travel, mainly in Italy, France and United Kingdom.

L. J. B. Lincoln: Almost certainly, this is Luther Joshua Barker Lincoln (1851-1902). He married Mary Agnes Fuller (1858-1902). His father, Luther Barker Lincoln (1802-1855), served as principal of the Deerfield Academy, in Deerfield, MA. According to *The Author* 5-6 (1895) p. 231, Lincoln organized popular public readings at which well-known authors presented unpublished writing. He called these "Uncut Leaves." They took place in New York City, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, DC during winters. This letter suggests that such a reading is to occur near Manchester, but it seems clear that Jewett herself will not present the reading.

Dark New England Days: Jewett's story appeared in *Century* in October 1890.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Johnson's: Robert Underwood Johnson. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the New York Public Library, Century Company records 1870-1930s [bulk 1886-1918], Series 1, General Correspondence 1870-1930, b. 51, Jewett, Sarah Orne 1889-1901.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick
15 January 1892

My dear friend

I am so sorry to see by the newspaper that you have a touch of the grippe — I hope that the newspapers have got the story wrong and that it is only a very small cold that will soon fly away. I cant bear to think that you are sick! I have been wishing so much to write to you and to dear Mrs.

[*Page 2*]

Cartland,* but I have had a serious time since I saw you with an attack of rheumatism in my eyes. I have been able to read and write very little (and I never could cipher!) but now they are getting a little better.

Last week I saw dear Mrs. Fields* and we talked about you and our lovely visit on the birthday. She was so touched and made

[*Page 3*]

so glad by your poem about the wreath.* I dont know when anything has ever pleased her so — We thought you must be very well because you had written it — Now be just as good as thee can and take your medicine and dont play in the snow till Mr. Cartland says so! Do get well very soon for the sake of your

S.O.J

[*Page 4*]

My sister* sends her love and hopes that you will soon be better

Notes

Cartland: See note on Whittier at the beginning of this volume.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

about the wreath: See Whittier to Fields of 29 December 1891, which included his poem about a birthday wreath given him by Fields. The final stanza is:

> But still this rustic wreath of thine
> Of wintergreen, and bay, and pine,
> The wild growths of our forest land,
> Woven and wound with careful pains,
> And tender wish and prayer, remains,
> As when it dropped from love's dear hand.

A revised version, "The Birthday Wreath," with additional stanzas was collected in the posthumous edition of Whittier's *At Sundown* (1893). Whittier's recent birthday was 17 December 1891.

sister: Probably Mary Rice Jewett.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers I. Letters to John Greenleaf Whittier Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters; [1882]-1883., [1882]-1883. Box: 3 Identifier: MS Am 1844 (169).

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier Fragment

Sunday. Boston.
148 Charles St.
[Winter *1892*]*

My very dear friend:

I was sorry to learn that you were not quite strong enough to stay ^in town^ a little longer, but I hope you are now quite well once more.

I am sending you today what will look like a very uninteresting document, but it is the last report of our large system of using

[*Page 2*]

[and *corrected*] instructing the general benevolence of our city. I think you will like to run your eye over the first few pages. We are growing I think and learning to do our work better. I had a large company of the visitors to whom I was to "say something" the afternoon of Elizabeth's* reception and a tea afterward for them, so I really

[*Page 3*]

could not get away. I know "we have the poor always"* but there are special times when we cannot forsake the army of workers —

I write this because I am sure you felt as I did that it would have been better ^for me^ to go.

General Armstrong* speaks tonight at Trinity Church. I hope he will have a large company, but it is a trying position for him or anyone else to speak

[*Page 4*]

in Phillips Brooks's place{.} He has developed such a noble gift of persuasion and is so imposing upon his own ground that everything else pales before his "cry to the children".

I am reading ~~the~~ ^your^ four noble volumes* with the new headings to the poems with an ever growing interest. Mr. Samuel Longfellow* came in the other day and was soon absorbed in reading them —

[*No signature*]

Notes

1892: This letter must have been composed before the death of Samuel Longfellow in October of 1892, but almost certainly it was sent early in 1892, after the appearance of Whittier's four-volume poetical works. See note below.

Elizabeth's: Probably, Fields refers to her sister, Elizabeth Holland Adams, who in 1892 returned from 15 years in Germany, where she worked with German author, Hermann Grimm. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

always: See the *Bible*, Matthew 26:11.

Armstrong: Samuel Chapman Armstrong died in May 1893. Key to Correspondents.

Brooks: Phillips Brooks died in January 1893. Key to Correspondents.

children: It seems unclear why Fields places this phrase in quotation marks. Perhaps she alludes to the times in the Biblical Gospels when Jesus says that children should be allowed to approach him because of their openness to "the kingdom of Heaven." See Matthew 19:14, Mark 10:14, and Luke 18:16.

volumes: According to WorldCat, Whittier's *The Poetical Works* in four volumes appeared in 1892.

Longfellow: Samuel Longfellow died on 3 October 1892. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Sunday.
[*17 January 1892*]*

(Dearest Fuff

Miss Putnam's Mr Lincoln* sends us these tickets with a very nice note. Perhaps you will put them on your desk together! I have had a bad day with my eyes today — the bright sun on the snow seems to make them ache a good deal. Your letters have been so interesting. I hope that the reception went off well and Boylie's* visit.)

Monday morning — and what do you think is on this day but little Miss Grant's funeral*

[*Page 2*]

the poor soul having got through at last and suddenly — so Mary* and I are going down ^to Portsmouth^ to the service which is to be in the little hospital — I cant take it in that I shall see that lively, friendly quaint [busy *corrected*] creature no more! My stories are full of her here and there as you know and she has made a great part in the rustic side of my life and so in

the town side. Well! it is one of the moments when I am glad to think that 'there shall not be any more tears

[*Page 3*]

neither sorrow nor sighing' -----*

(I have been considering dear Fuff, and I wonder if since the Warners* aren't coming and I dont know anything else that we particularly want me for! — I wonder if I hadn't better stay here this week?

(Mary and I are going to Exeter tomorrow to stay tomorrow night, — I haven't been there since midsummer or a little after and all my dear aunts a growing old! — and after that I must keep

[*Page 4*]

to a plot with the dentist, which I could put [off *?, looks like* on] if there were special need — but it is better to see about it — I didn't go out yesterday even to Carrie's* but she was here, and seems better though not strong yet — She is going away the last of the week so it is a good time for me to be here — unless, as I say there turns up some special reason. Dear little Fuff I am looking for your letter today — do take nice care of you my darling.

[fm *?*] Pinny

Laura Richards' letter is so funny about its being "her portion to read the Pepper Owl."*

Notes

17 January 1892: Fields penciled "Winter 1897" in the upper right of page 1. However, it seems probable that Olive Grant, whose funeral is mentioned, died on Sunday 17 January 1892.

Parenthesis marks in this letter have been penciled in by Fields.

Dr. Lewis's: Dr. George Lewis. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Putnam's Mr Lincoln: See Jewett to The Editors of Century Magazine of 12 January 1892. Probably Jewett refers to Luther Barker Lincoln (1802-1855). Miss Putnam *could* be Bertha Putnam, daughter of the publisher of *The Story of the Normans*, George Haven Putnam. See Key to Correspondents.

Boylie's visit: This transcription is uncertain, but almost certainly Jewett refers to Fields's nephew, Zabdiel Boylston Adams, III, who usually went by Boylston. See Annie Adams Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Miss Grant's funeral: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett.

sorrow nor sighing: See Isaiah 35:10 and Jeremiah 45:3.

Warners: Charles Dudley Warner. Key to Correspondents.

Carrie's: Caroline Jewett Eastman.

Laura Richards: Key to Correspondents.

Pepper Owl: Jewett's "The Pepper Owl" appeared in *St. Nicholas* (3:492-496), June 1876.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Fields Transcription

Fields includes a passage from this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), pp. 208.

Monday morning — and what do you think is on this day but little Miss Grant's funeral, the poor soul having got through at last and suddenly. So Mary and I are going down to Portsmouth to the service, which is to be in the little hospital. I can't take it in that I shall see that lively, friendly, quaint, busy creature no more. My stories are full of her here and there, as you know, and she has made a great part in the rustic side of my life and so in the town side. Well, it is one of the moments when I am glad to think that there shall not be any more tears, neither sorrow nor sighing.

William Dean Howells to Sarah Orne Jewett

241 East 19th st.,
Jan'y 23, 1892

Dear Miss Jewett:

About this time I promised myself to begin feeling anxious if you had not yet sent me your story;* and I am keeping my promise to the letter. I hope I may see it soon.

If this should follow you to South Berwick will you give my love to my dear Theodore,* and tell him that we had a

[*Page 2*]

splendid time with those nests he sent me. I wish I could say how sweet a gift they were to me.

Yours sincerely
W. D. Howells.

Notes

story: See Howells to Sarah Orne Jewett of 8 February 1892. In 1892, Jewett's "Decoration Day" appeared in the June *Harper's Magazine*, where Howells was editor.

Theodore: Theodore Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Howells, William Dean, 1837-1920. 16 letters to Sarah Orne Jewett; 1875-1908. Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (105).

Francis Hopkinson Smith to Sarah Orne Jewett

150. E. 34
Jan 26. [*1892*]*

My dear Miss Jewett

I have sent your letter to *Page** — it will delight him immensely. He fell in love with M[rs] Fields at sight. And when he kissed her hand at parting it was quite as if he was kissing his own good mothers

[*Page 2*]

cheek — Her sweetness and gentleness combined with that alertness of mind which we who love her know so well, quite won his heart.

I missed you in Boston and especially in "my audiences.{"} Many good friends helped us by their faces, — so full of quick appreciation — but

[*Page 3*]

I missed yours all the same.

When I come again in a few weeks will you not be at 148?

Faithfully
F. Hopkinson Smith

My Venetian Sketches* are in Boston at Doll & Richards for two weeks — see them.

Notes

1892: See note below.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Page: This person has not yet been identified.

Venetian Sketches: Wikipedia says that Smith sketched on his vacations, mainly in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, but also abroad in various countries, including Italy. His *Gondola Days* and *The Venice of To-Day* both appeared in 1897. He illustrated these travel books with his own sketches.

Doll and Richards, a major Boston art gallery, published a catalog for his 1892 exhibit: *A Summer in Venice, A Series of Watercolors by F. Hopkinson Smith of New York.*

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

Wednesday night
half past eleven
[*January-February 1892*]*

34 Beacon Street*

Dear Mary

. . . . . Mary Wilkins and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton* and I were at one time in a cheerful company & were beheld by Mr. Aldrich* with much pleasure. I spoke of us frankly as the authoresses and we had a nice funny little time!! Miss Wilkins looked prettier than I ever saw her but a great deal older somehow, & represented herself to be toiling over a book. It is now 190,000 words & Mr. Alden* wants her to cut off half at least! I'd like to see me doing it! . . . . . .

Notes

1892: This speculative date is based upon the fact that Wilkins's only novel before 1900 to be serialized in *Harper's* began appearing in April 1892. See notes below.

*34 Beacon Stree*t: The Boston address of Susan Burley Cabot. Key to Correspondents.

Mary Wilkins and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton: For Moulton see Key to Correspondents. Mary Eleanor Wilkins (1852-1930) was an American

fiction writer. She met Dr. Charles Manning Freeman in 1892 and married him in 1902.

Mr. Aldrich: Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mr. Alden: Henry Mills Alden. Key to Correspondents. That Wilkins is working with Mr. Alden on her manuscript indicates that she is preparing it for serialization in *Harper's Magazine*, where Alden was editor. The only Wilkins novel serialized in *Harper's* before 1900 was *Jane Field: A Novel*, which began appearing in April 1892 (v. 84, pp. 815-32) and continued through November.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Undated Letters, Folder 75, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Richard Watson Gilder to Sarah Orne Jewett

February 1st, 1892.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett,
148 Charles Street,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Miss Jewett: —

I have asked the Art Department to take the name and keep in mind the young artist, Mr. C. H. Woodbury* of 175 Tremont Street, Boston. It would be very much better if he could send some examples of his work in a portfolio to our Mr. A. W. Drake [*unrecognized handwritten insertion*].* There is not so much demand, however, for landscape drawing as for that ^in^ which figures are more important.

That is a very charming suggestion of Mrs. Fields* of a Boston visit. Mrs. Gilder and I are both, unfortunately, so situated just now that absence from New York seems to be quite impossible. Mrs. Gilder was not well in the fall, you know, but is now holding her own splendidly and is gaining strength all the time, but she has to be very careful.

We have been having a great time with music this winter, getting especial pleasure out of Paderewski,* both his public and private playings. I hope you and Mrs. Fields have a good deal of that pleasure in Boston. I think you heard him there too.

With most cordial regards and thanks to both of you, I am, my dear Miss Jewett,

[*handwritten* Faithfully
R W Gilder]

Notes

C. H. Woodbury: Charles Herbert Woodbury. Key to Correspondents. Jewett apparently has recommended her friend to Gilder as a potential illustrator for *Scribner's Magazine*, where Gilder was an editor.

A. W. Drake: Alexander Wilson Drake. Key to Correspondents.

insertion: The insertion seems to give an address for Mr. Drake, but in the microfilm copy, the handwriting is too light to read confidently. It may read in part "to Newton: or "to New Town," but both ideas are mere guesses.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Paderewski: Ignacy Jan Paderewski (1860-1941) was a Polish pianist and composer, and an advocate for Polish independence. Wikipedia notes that after his first American tour in 1891, he frequently returned to perform in the United States, which became his second home.

A copy of this typescript is held on microfilm in the Richard Watson Gilder papers. Manuscripts and Archives Division. The New York Public Library. Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations, letterbooks volume 5, p. 674. Archival notes and marks have been omitted from this transcription.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

148 Charles Street
Saturday morning
[*February 1892*]*

My dear Sally

M^rs^ Fields* asks me to say that we shall come to you tomorrow with the very greatest pleasure, between half past four and five o'clock. It is delightful to think of seeing M^r^ and M^rs^ Kipling* — but we are sorry that there will not be time for them to come to us.

[*Page 2*]

= What a busy gray day this is! I find myself thinking a great deal about yesterday and missing you very much — What a shining little holiday it was!

Yours ever most affectionately
S. O. Jewett

Notes

February 1892: This date is a guess based upon the implication that the Kiplings are making a first short visit to Boston. This happened in early 1892, shortly after the Kiplings married in London on 18 January.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Kipling: Rudyard and Carrie Kipling. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Box 4 (124).

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

148 Charles St. Boston
February 4th 92*

My dearly beloved friend;

I was indeed rejoiced to see your handwriting once more and I fear you may think I have been more ill with cold than is true because I did not write immediately to tell you how Sarah* and I hung over each word of your dear letter.

"Thee knows" all about pilgrims!!*

[*2*]

and we have been very much occupied with Mr. & Mrs Dudley Warner* of Hartford{,} good neighbours of Mrs Stowe and "Mark Twain" you will remember. They have been passing a few days here — liking to see everybody and everything — and my letter has been a pleasant light on my desk every time

[*3*]

I could look in that direction but I have done little writing — Mr. Warner has taken Mr. Howells* place at Harper's "Study" and Mr. Howells has become Editor as you know of still another large magazine "The Cosmopolitan{.}" What is going to become of people who read all these things? We shall learn to say 'Blessed are the ignorant

[*4*]

for they shall have time to think on best things* ----

I rejoice that you are better and when you are strong [*several marks*] enough I should like to go to pass an hour with the dear family at "Cartlands Gardens!"*

I sent to New York for a choice kind of biscuit of which I heard hoping to send them to thee but they do not come so my note must go today without them.

With tender love from both Sarah and me I am your own Annie Fields.

Notes

92: In another hand, upside-down at the bottom left of page one beneath an added dividing line appears: Annie Fields 1892.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett.

pilgrims: It was a standing joke between Whittier and Fields to label as pilgrims the many strangers who traveled to Whittier's home to "look" at him.

Warner ... Stowe ... Twain: Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Key to Correspondents.

Howells: William Dean Howells. Key to Correspondents.

things: Jesus's "Sermon on the Mount" appears in the Bible's New Testament, Matthew 5. Included in the sermon are "The Beatitudes," each of which begins "Blessed are ...." Fields has created a new one.

Gardens: See note on Whittier at the beginning of this volume.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892., 1873-1892.

John McLary Hill to Sarah Orne Jewett

(1)

[*Letterhead with graphic design top lef*t]*

№ 2447.
B. A. Kimball, Prest. Jane Minet, Cashier
Capital $150,000
State Charter 1834 Nationalized 1880.
Concord, N.H. February 8, 1892

[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mifs Jewett: —

I read with much pleasure your article* in "The Youth's Companion," of January with reminiscence of "Capt. Nathan Lord," [who *?*] was grandfather of Mrs. Elisabeth [C. Hill *?*]. I have a silhouette of him, and also of his wife, ^and of^ Mrs. Chase, (his daughter); and also one of Mifs Temperance Brewster, ("Aunt Tempy.")

Young Lord entered the [army *?*] at the age of 16, and, with a company enlisted at Berwick, and in an expedition to Ticonderoga, under John Sullivan. John and James Sullivan, noted in the history of New Hampshire* were both born in Berwick. Sullivan and Lord were taken prisoner by the Indians, tied to a tree and about to be shot, when an English officer interceded and paid their ransom. They were subsequently liberated. This officer's name was James Edwin Parks Stanhope* for whom Mr. Edwin Parks Lord of Rollinsford was named. Young Lord [soon *?*] after enlisted in the navy on the Ranger under Paul Jones.

[*Page 2 also on letterhead*]

(2)

I have a print of matched pictures in my dining-room descriptive of the "Marriage of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Caroline of Brunswick,* [*unrecognized abbreviation*]. 1795." They are done in color and [portray *?*] the costumes and [apointments *so it appears*]. The one represents "the procession of the bride from the drawing room of the palace to the Chapel Royal St. James"; the other, "the marriage ceremony, performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury assisted by the Bishop of London in [presence *?*] of the King and Queen and many notables." In the first named picture, "the bride is led by the Duke of Clarence, preceded by a gentleman usher between two heralds, and attended by her bridesmaids, four ladies daughters of dukes," and others. This Duke of Clarence is the veritable middy with whom your Lord had the "set to." He was Prince William Henry, afterward William IV.*

[*Page 3 also on letterhead*]

(3)

I had read of this young man in Russell's Life of Nelson,* with whom a great intimacy existed. I had also heard the family legend of the boxing match, but had never located the [print *?*] Your article fixed the [capture *?*] of the story. I have hung the silhouette over the picture and have written out and appended the history of young Lord (for a portion of which I am indebted to you). I feel very much obliged to you for the details of the fisticuff on the British frigate. I would like to have you see the pictures. They were bought in Europe by an old ship-master, Capt. George Connell* of Newburyport,* were framed in N. in the year 1800, as shown by newspaper dates on their backing; and presented to my Mother on the occasion of her marriage in [1812 *or* 1820]. The frames are the originals [*two unrecognized words*] [and gold *?*].

I fear I may have wearied you with this [*unrecognized word*] note. I sat down merely to express my thanks for your article.

Very truly yrs

John M. Hill

Notes

top left: The design consists of a well-muscled right arm holding up a hammer. Outside the circle are a few leafy branches. Around the circle: MECHANICS NATIONAL BANK OF CONCORD. The 1889 *Banker's Almanac and Register* lists Hill as a bank director at Mechanics National.

The underlined portion of the letterhead text is filled in by hand.

article: Jewett's "Looking Back on Girlhood" appeared in the January 1892 *Youth's Companion*.

Find a Grave notes that John M. Hill (1821-1900) married Elizabeth Lord Chase (1825-1887). Geni genealogy says that her mother was Maria Lord Chase, who was a daughter of Captain Nathan Lord (1758-1808). Captain Lord's wife was Elizabeth Brewster (1744-1837), who, according to Find a Grave, is buried in the Old Town Cemetery in Rollinsford, NH..

Sullivan ... History of New Hampshire: John Sullivan (1740-1795) was an American general in the Revolutionary War, later a politician and judge. His brother, James Sullivan (1744-1808) also became a judge. He wrote *The History of the District of Maine* (1895).

Probably, Hill refers to *The History of New Hampshire* (1813) by Jeremy Belknap.

William IV: In "Looking Back on Girlhood" Jewett recounts the probably fictitious account of a challenge and fight between Nathan Lord and an unnamed British sailor, who turns out to be

the future King William IV (1765-1837). The account is problematic for several reasons, the most telling of which is that the young future king was about 12 years old at the time the fight supposedly took place, while Lord was about 19.

Life of Nelson: English author, William Clark Russell (1844-1911) wrote several books about Admiral Horatio Nelson, two of which appeared before 1892: *Nelson's Words and Deeds, a selection from the dispatches and correspondence of Horatio Nelson* (1890) and *Horatio Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England* (1891).

Capt. George Connell of Newburyport: Captain Connell appears on the internet as the father of American diarist Sarah Newman Connell Ayer (1791-1835). He was said to sail in the India trade out of various New England ports from Philadelphia, PA to Portland, ME., including Newburyport..

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Hill, John M. 1 letter; 1892. (96). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

Feb^{y}
[*1892*]*

Dr. Osler [came *corrected*] on Friday but he is still reflecting on the case. "Been going beyond your income of strength <u>always</u>" he pronounced at one point, and I suppose "time" will be spoken of more emphatically than ever. At any rate it is ^a^ delight~~ful~~ to me to see as ^delightful and so^ <u>great</u> a doctor. You would like him as much as I. I had such a sense of his power and genius and <u>charm</u> too —

Notes

1892: Dating this fragment presents challenges. In her own hand, Fields clearly dated it in 1892. But the date has been deleted in pencil, perhaps also by Fields, and changed to 1902. This is further complicated by knowing that if the letter was written in the U.S., it should have been composed in 1904, when Dr. Osler visited the U.S., including Boston and Cambridge, MA See note below.

However, on the back of this sheet is a note in another hand that reads:

[Fwd. ?]

Mrs. Fields,

34ª via Porta Cinciana.

This could suggest that Fields wrote her note while in Rome, where indeed she was in the winter of 1892. However, she did not arrive in Rome until early March.

None of the dates we have for this letter seem possible. However, because Fields clearly dated it in 1892 when she first composed it, I have placed it in that year.

Dr. Osler: Sir William Osler (1849-1919) was a Canadian physician and medical educator, one of the founding professors of Johns Hopkins Hospital. He presented his Ingersoll Lecture in winter of 1904, *Science and Immortality* (Houghton Mifflin, 1904). The Ingersoll Lectures on Human Immortality took place at Harvard University, beginning in 1896. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 16 letters; 1894-1901 & [n.d.], 1894-1901 bMS Am 1743 (64).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Saturday
[*February 1892*]

Dear Loulie

"The Werra* from New York to Genoa" on the 27<u>th</u> of this month! That is what makes a central point in my mind just now for Mrs. Fields and I have decided and are really going — perhaps you have already thought so?

I am sure that it is wisest

[*Page 2*]

and best, but it was very hard for me to come to a decision{.} My sister Mary* did not feel like going again just now and I am sorry to leave her for so long and my other sister,* too — but it is a great joy that they are close together here and that Mary wont really be quite alone.

When I see you I shall

[*Page 3*]

have much to say —

I liked that candy! Thank you for it and for much beside that is well remembered{.}

Yours affectionately
S.O.J.

I had a delightful call from Ellis* just after you went away, and he was so nice about my pictures!

Notes

Werra: Wikipedia says "The Rivers class was a class of eleven ocean liners of the Norddeutscher Lloyd (NDL), the first class of German express liners. The ships were built between 1881 and 1890, the first nine in Glasgow by John Elder & Co. or the renamed Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, the last two in Stettin by Vulcan. All were named for rivers in Germany." The *Werra* was completed in 1882.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett.

other sister: Carrie Jewett Eastman.

Ellis: For Ellis Dresel, see Louisa Loring Dresel in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Columbia University (New York) Library in Special Collections, Jewett. Transcription from a microfilm copy.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*5 February 1892*]

Dear Mrs. Fields:

I hope that what I see in the Transcript is not true, that Miss Jewett* is suffering from rheumatism of the eyes? It has been worrying me. Perhaps rumor has confounded her with Miss Longfellow,* and yet that is not great solace to me, for I should not like to think Miss Longfellow were in pain, either. May health speedily 'fly away with' you and all you love!

My little book* is coming out directly. May I send you in the unbound copy I have already? "The 'subject' is a very stirring young body, and he might help to amuse whichever dear convalescent you have with you. I am working hard

[*Page 2*]

out here, (whenever I am not rolling in the snow with my only dog) and often think of you on Saturn's day.*

Your faithful friend,
Louise I. Guiney

5th Feb. 1892. Auburndale, Mass.

Notes

Miss Jewett: Sarah Orne Jewett. Guiney has been reading the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

Miss Longfellow: Alice Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

book: Guiney's *"Monsieur Henri" a Foot-note to French History* (1892).

Saturn's day: Saturday.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 25: mss FI 1593.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Katharine Loring

6 February 1892
South Berwick

Dear Katharine

Your dear letter came yesterday = this is the answer.* A. F.* and S.O.J. putting out to sea on the Werra the 27th of this month for the port of Genoa just as was recommended by London friends! It is a great pull to get started and very hard for me to

[*Page 2*]

think of leaving home — as well as for A.F. to break up her comfortable house and scatter her good young maids and leave Ward VII and Deer Island* responsibilities and all her good works and ways.* But she needs a good rest and change and so do I — it is all true that you say in your letter dear, wise, and always helpful Katharine! And in the

[*Page 3*]

summer I go by order to Aix les Bains* in the capacity of rheumatic patient.

When we shall get to London I cant say but I shall be wishing and wishing, and to see you both is one thing thought of a great deal. I believe we are to be at the Isotta Hotel in Genoa* at first but as soon as I know about our banker I will speak you his name.*

[*Page 4*]

For I love to think that our letters will be only a day or two a-coming. And that some happy fine morning I shall go a knocking at your door. I hope that the char man* wont be too aged to hobble forward to let me in, in case he is near by. It is so about him. I read him to my sister and we laughed much. Thank you and thank you for the Cranford.* I have a feeling that it will come today

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

and I shall always be fond of it. With dear love to you and [you *meaning* yours?]*

Yours ever faithfully
S.O.J.

Notes

yesterday = this: Though Annie Fields often uses "=" to indicate a hyphen, a dash or a colon, Jewett rarely does this.

A. F.: Annie Adams Fields.

Ward VII and Deer Island: Boston's Seventh Ward, adjacent to Boston Common, was a wealthy part of Boston, where many of Fields's close friends resided, and may well have included the home of Annie Fields. According to Wikipedia, Deer Island, in Boston Harbor, contained an almshouse for paupers in 1892 and, therefore, was among those sites of interest to the Associated Charities with which Fields worked.

works and ways: In her letters, Jewett several times repeats this phrase, sometimes within quotation marks. The actual phrase does not appear, as one might expect, in the King James *Bible*, though it is suggested in several places: Psalms 145:17, Daniel 4:37, and Revelations 15:3. In each of these passages, the biblical author refers to the works and ways of God. Jewett may be quoting from another source or from commentary on these passages, which tend to emphasize that while God's ways are mysterious, they also are to be accepted humbly by humanity.

Aix les Bains: Wikipedia says: *"*Rising from the shores of the largest natural lake of glacial origin in France, the Lac du Bourget, [Aix-les-Bains] is one of the important French spa towns*."*

Isotta Hotel in Genoa: The Grand Hotel Isotta in Genoa.

I will speak you his name: The identity of Jewett's banker during this European trip is not yet known.

the char man: Like a char-woman, a char man does home maintenance work. In the United States, the more common term would be "chore man."

Cranford: Elizabeth Gaskell's (1810-1865) novel, *Cranford* (1851-3).

yours: See Jewett to Loring of 3 January 1892. Alice James died on 6 March 1892, about a week after Jewett sailed.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Beverly MA Historical Society in the Loring Family Papers (1833-1943), MSS: #002, Series I: Letters to Katharine Peabody Loring (1849-1943)**,** Box 1, Folder 2, Letters, 1879-1895**.**

William Dean Howells to Sarah Orne Jewett

241 East 19th st.,
Feb. 8, 1892.

Dear Miss Jewett:

"All my sad Captains"* is a delightful title, and the price is all right; but the sketch is not one of your first=best, and I sh'd so want one of your first-best! I have bragged to Mr. Walker* over your account to write for the "[Captn *?*]," and I can't bear to have you come short of my brags in my first number!

[*Page 2*]

Can't you send me something, I don't care how short, like Going to Shrewsbury or Mr. Teaby's Quest?* And let me send you this back to get a little more story into it, or something. It seems to go along, [and *?*] not to get there — without any sort of sense of arrival. Forgive my frankness. I expect to take it when you've done your utmost to it; for I asked you to write it and a bargain is a bargain. But there seems the mak=

[*Page 3*]

=ing of so much more in it. How would it do to take that part III, and amplify it with [some *?*] other seafaring figure, and let it stand, just for a lot of characteristic talk about times and folks and [long past *?*] [*possibly deleted marks*] bits of reminiscence, etc.? I don't care how slight it is.

What stunning news you tell me! I do hope we shall see you both before you sail.*

Yours sincerely
W. D. Howells

Notes

"All my sad Captains": Jewett's story eventually appeared in *Century Magazine* (September 1895), not at *Harper's* where Howells was then editor.

Mr. Walker: Probably this is E. D. Walker, then editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine,* formerly editor at *Harper's*. However no further information about him has yet been located.

Quest: Jewett's "Going to Shrewsbury" (July 1889) and *The Quest of Mr. Teaby* (January 1890) appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, where Howells was then editor.

sail: Jewett and Annie Adams Fields sailed to Italy on 27 February 1892.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Howells, William Dean, 1837-1920. 16 letters to Sarah Orne Jewett; 1875-1908. Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (105).

Mary O. Long to Sarah Orne Jewett

Exeter Feb. 9th 1892
Tuesday P. M.

My dear Sarah

Your note this morning was indeed a bombshell! I knew that you had in mind another trip abroad at some time, but did not dream it would be this winter. It makes me shiver to think of it, at my more than fourscore

[*Page 2*]

years! But you are young & full of hopes & energy, & I trust will realize all your fondest anticipations.

You must come to me dear, for my "blefsing" — bring your bag & stay at least one night. If you & Mary* will share one bed — I have but one spare room now — it will be so lovely to have you both together.

As for my promised

[*Page 3*]

visit from Mary, I would not be so so cruel as to ask for it till after the 27th as I know she would not willingly be separated from you — so tell her my dear, with my love that I give her her freedom till after that date!

Please let me know when you will both come.

My love to you three interesting sisters.

Always affectionately your
Aunt M. O. Long.

Notes

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. At the end of the note, Long mentions three sisters, the third being Caroline Jewett Eastman. Jewett planned to sail for Italy on 27 February.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection MWWC0196_02_00_020_01.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

February, 1892.

The whole living and breathing world beside has been filing in platoons before my weary eyes, but here is a Thursday afternoon with a great snow storm going on outside, and I flatter myself, — Alas for human ignorance! at this moment I hear the voice of ---- in the hall below, and all is over. . . .

Midnight.

And all was over, for the fashionable caller who goes, rather than comes, came not, but the affectionate few who go not but stay did appear. . . .

Notes

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*13 February 1892*]

Dear Mrs. Fields:

Saturday the twentieth would be a delightful day for me! and I shall come in joyfully to dine and sleep in "the house of Pindarus."* I

congratulate you with all my heart on the new prospect of Italy.*

My ink-bottle has been hard-driven all day, and you see how it begins to revenge itself! Pray commend me, even in these pale characters, to Miss Jewett and Miss Longfellow.*

Yours faithfully
Louise I. Guiney

Auburndale, Mass., 13th Feb. 1892.

Notes

Pindarus: Pindar (c. 518-438 BC) was an ancient Greek lyric poet. Presumably, Guiney alludes to Fields's deep interest in classical Greeks, as reflected in her 1881 poetry collection, *Under the Olive*.

Italy: Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields sailed to Italy on 27 February 1892.

Miss Jewett and Miss Longfellow: Sarah Orne Jewett and Alice Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 25: mss FI 1594.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*18 February 1892*]

Alas, dear Mrs. Fields, Friday won't do for me, "intoirely"! If I could wrench it to any such pleasant end, I wouldn't fail to try. And I would have liked, moreover, to call and say so, in person; but here I am, with plenty of Women's Rest Tour Work* &c. upon my desk. That very thing, however, gives me a glimmer of hope. Is it possible that I may see you and Miss Jewett* at Mrs. Clarence Blake's* on Tuesday evening? Your presence would be a real benediction to the Dr.'s kindly scheme, so that I wish you may find the time to be there, (though the ways and means whereby you can make out to do so, so near the parting-day, be dark to me) and very earnestly,

[*Page 2*]

for the sake of all the others and for my own sake. That would give me a little chance, at last, for an affectionate goodbye, and a hearty Felicità! to all your hopes of Italy.*

Louise I. Guiney

Auburndale, Mass., 18th Feb. 1892.

Notes

Women's Rest Tour Work: "The Women's Rest Tour Association of Boston, Massachusetts. See Guiney to Jewett of 8 January 1892.

Miss Jewett: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Blake's: Mary Alice Houghton Blake (1863-1919) was married to Dr. Clarence John Blake (1843-1919), Professor of Otology (anatomy of the ear) at Harvard University Medical School and the author of several books. Dr. Blake, with the support of his wife, was instrumental in founding the WRTA.

Italy: Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields sailed to Italy on 27 February 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 25: mss FI 1595.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

The Brunswick
Friday night
[*26 February 1892*]

Dear Loulie

I must send a word of good by from this spot where I seem to be keeping my last foot ashore! We had an excellent journey on — and found Miss Lizzie Adams* which was a great pleasure and tonight dear Jessie Cochrane*

[*Page 2*]

is coming to see us —

I send you the picture which I didn't* care about and found among the papers in my desk when I was having my last clearing up — It seems quite tragic to be sending ^back^ your picture on the eve of sailing. !!

Good bye dear Loulie. I

[*Page 3*]

shall look for a letter.

Yours always lovingly
S. O. J.

And love to mamma and oh a great deal to you dear child —

Notes

26 February 1892: Jewett writes from the Brunswick Hotel, where she and Annie Fields often stayed when visiting New York City. On Saturday 27 February 1892, they sailed for Genoa, Italy from New York City. Though these dates seem to fit together well, still it is possible that this letter is from April 1898, when Jewett and Fields again set sail for Europe.

Lizzie Adams: Elizabeth Adams, sister of Annie Adams Fields. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Jessie Cochrane: Key to Correspondents.

didn't: Jewett's underlining is ambiguous, but she seems to have intended underlining the whole word.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Princeton University Library, Princeton, NJ: Robert H. Taylor Collection of English and American Literature RTC01, Box 10, Folder 12.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Carrie Jewett Eastman and Mary Rice Jewett

[*27 February 1892*]*

Sister is so glad to be started, she dreaded it and feeled so bad about it!

I have been up on deck & found the steamer chair all right. — It is lovely and fresh and I begin to feel as if I should get my going boots on pretty soon. We send ever so much love

[*Page 2*]

and were so glad to find Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson* who is always so friendly & nice with his wife{.} Mr. Gilder was waving to us from the wharf but I couldn't show him to you —

Do write a word to Thy friend* & say we got off all right & send

[*Page 3*]

our love to him —

Good by dear Sisters, & Stubby. You have been so kind and dear. I hope you will have a lovely time in New York. & give my love to George [& Ann *?*], and the Wards* and all dear friends.

Your loving
sister Siddie

Notes

1892: This date is added at the top right of the page in another hand. Saturday 27 February was Jewett and Annie Fields's departure date.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson … wife: for details about Johnson and his wife, Katherine, Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Gilder: Richard Watson Gilder. Key to Correspondents.

Thy friend: John Greenleaf Whittier.

George [*& Ann ?*]: Ann is believed to be a Jewett family employee, Annie Collins. This may also be the case for George. The Wards were Susan and William Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Sarah Orne Jewett

28 February [*1892*]*

Dear Miss Jewett, dear, very dear friend, your letter has filled me with joy. To prevent my answering it immediately required a set of overwhelming circumstances. Indeed, with my work and my continuing concern for my son's health,* and rushed preparations for my nephew's* departure, a young engineer sent on a mission to Guadeloupe. The Miss Kings,*

[*Page 2*]

whom I have had the great pleasure of seeing occasionally, will perhaps have told Mrs. Fields how busy they found me. In this case, you will have forgiven me. Some good days of chatting together are better than all the letters in the world, even were they as delicious as yours. Don't fail to keep your promise, dear friend. I rejoice at the prospect of kissing you

[*Page 3*]

for real, on your lovely face, of which, until now, I have had only a picture. And also, I will be so glad to meet Mrs. Fields! First, then, tell me the exact time of your arrival, so I can arrange my spring accordingly. I have planned only one

extended absence, during June, when I always visit my friends in Gascony. All the rest of the time, we will get along very well. If you are going

[*Page 4*]

to Aix, I will refer you to an excellent doctor, who is one of my dearest friends and a fine poet as well as a scholar, Dr. Henri Cazalis.*

Until we meet, I am forming the most delicious plans, dear friend, which will include you. Please accept my ardent affection.

Th Blanc-Bentzon

28 February

Send me your itinerary as soon as possible

Notes

1892: This date is supported by Blanc's anticipation of meeting Jewett and Fields face-to-face for the first time. This meeting took place in early July 1892.

son's health: For Blanc's son, Édouard, see her entry in Key to Correspondents.

Miss Kings: Grace King (1851-1932) was an American author based in New Orleans. She developed a close relationship with Mme. Blanc. She had two unmarried sisters, Annie/Nan and Nina. Wikipedia.

Dr. Henri Cazalis: French symbolist poet and physician, Henri Cazalis (1840-1909). Wikipedia.

This letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: b MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, Blanc, Thérèse (de Solms) 1840-1907. 10 letters; 1892-1906 & [n.d.], 1892-1906, Identifier: (23).

Transcription

Chère Miss Jewett, chère, bien
chère Amie, votre lettre m'a
comblée de joie. Il a fallu
pour m'empêcher d'y répondre
tout de suite un concours de
circonstances écrasant pour moi.
J'ai eu en effet à travers mon
travail et le souci que me
cause encore par moment
la santé de mon fils, à
précipiter les préparatifs du
départ de mon neveu, un
jeune ingénieur envoyé
en mission à la Guadeloupe.
Les Miss King que j'ai eu

[*Page 2*]

le grand plaisir de voir
quelquefois, auront peut-être
dit à M^rs^ Fields combien
elles m'avaient trouvée
affairée. Vous m'aurez pardonné
en ce cas. Quelques
bonnes journées de causerie
valent mieux que toutes
les lettres du monde, fussent-elles
délicieuses comme
le sont les vôtres. Ne manquez
pas de tenir votre promesse,
chère Amie. Je me réjouis
tant de vous embrasser

[*Page 3*]

tout de bon sur l'aimable
visage dont je n'ai eu
jusqu'ici que l'effigie.
Je serai si heureuse aussi
de connaître M^rs^ Fields! Surtout
dites-moi au juste le moment
de votre arrivée afin que
j'arrange mon printemps
en conséquence. Je ne ferai
qu'une ^seule^ absence prolongée
au mois de Juin que je
passe toujours chez mes
amis de Gascogne. Tout le
reste du temps nous pourrons
nous entendre. Si vous allez

[*Page 4*]

à Aix, je vous recommanderai
à un médecin excellent qui
est l'un de mes plus chers
amis et un grand poète aussi
bien qu'un savant, le docteur
Henry Cazalis.
A bientôt, je forme les
plus agréables projets en
vous y mêlant, chère
Amie. Croyez à mes sentiments
de vive affection.
Th Blanc-Bentzon
28 février
Envoyez-moi
votre itinéraire
le plus tôt possible

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Nearing Gibraltar — At Sea
March 4th 92

My dearly beloved friend:

Forgive a note written in my berth. Sarah and I often are thinking of you, and this early morning when I can see the early [sunbeams *corrected*] first beginning to gladden the face of the awful sea and while the passengers

[*Page 2*]

are yet asleep I long to send you a message of our welfare. The first two days were bad enough — Sarah was thrown from her berth and hurt, but thank heaven not seriously — Since then we have been on deck every day, with skies of wonderful beauty over us and the brilliant stars of evening and the moon by night. We lie there and half forget and half remember! Only the thought of our beloved is [dearer *or* clearer] and more constant than the sun and the stars — Then I can even forget that I am Jonah* in the whale's belly!

We shall write soon{.}

[*Page 3*]

From your

Annie Fields

with Sarah's love

Notes

Jonah: The Biblical prophet, Jonah the son of Amittai, whose story is told in the Book of Jonah. According to the story, he was swallowed by a large fish or whale while trying to evade a command from God. This account also appears in the Quran. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Western Union Telegram Form not duplicated here*.]

Date received: March 8, 1892.
From Gibraltar via South Berwick, ME
To: Mary R Jewett
Care Chas Willis.
Netherwood- via V*
Rough well.

S O. Jewett

Notes

The identities of Charles Willis and Netherwood are not yet known, though Netherwood, New Jersey is a likely reference.

The manuscript of this telegram is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*About 8 March 1892*]*

On the train —

Now I report more in full of the last week, & of this day, and of all time! The day has been quite a wonderful one, & I am embarked from Boston after such a greeting and hospitality, as one only finds in such a city-country setting I believe.

My heart was so warmed that it makes me feel like an infant now — a smiling infant: not the more familiar one, "crying in the night", dear friend. —

Mrs Warren & her friend Mrs Cabell* & about 1700 [*deletion*] kind people who seemed to have roses & tulips growing all over them, & the dearest little comfortable hall, & only you not there! Well it was a

[*Page 2*]

good [thing *corrected*] to come, & I have $25 — so [$ordid *so written*] am I.

I go away mainly [*unrecognized word*] & return plus [supper *?*] & a paint box and we must keep the oath: & I have a vision of trucks against a Hartford [She *?*] [*two unrecognized words*] of a great Literary Lady — Tell this to the [*unrecognized word*] of Europe and see what the result is upon an [effete civilization *?*] . — — -

Since you & my A.F. went away which seems a hundred years ago I have kept at the familiar jobs and made all the speed I could, but with tragically little result — and today I have been

[*Page 3*]

subjected to a mighty temptation, for Mrs Brimmer* is ordered to Bermuda for a month, and has invited me to go with her & Mr. Brimmer and consider the lilies of the field instead of my moral obligations — Having said no, I confess to feeling in a state of collapse: but the Sunday Class will pull me out of this — - that hour being in reality a period in which one's self is the main audience — one's own [reform *?*] & correction & re-construction

[*Page 4*]

the main [outcome *?*]! —

Tomorrow also, I shall see "Mary E Wilkins"* — (that little author being here in charge of Mrs Dickens* — a lady who seems to have no [*unrecognized words*] relationships, but is enveloped in a penumbra of suppositions and at this moment abides at 18 Louisberg Square) and she is to come to view the landscape [over *?*] at the studio.

O darling I think you are not so far from dry land now: and that land — Italy. And Beauty / Rapture await you there. Hail & farewell.

S.W

Notes

About 8 March 1892: Someone has written "1892" at the top right of page 1. If this is correct, then since Whitman reports writing at about the time Jewett expected to land in Italy, this would be about 8 March on her 1892 voyage to Europe. This probably is correct, but Jewett also traveled by ship to Italy in March of 1900, then en route to Greece.

Warren ... Cabell: Mrs. Warren probably is Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912), who traveled often in Europe and moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe, 1870-1871* (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii. Find a Grave.

Mrs. Cabell has not yet been identified. It is possible that she was Mary Virginia Ellet Cabell (1839-1930). Wikipedia.

Brimmer: Marianne Timmins (1827-1906) was the wife of Martin Brimmer (1829-1896), an American politician and first president of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Wilkins: Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Key to Correspondents.

Dickens: Mrs. Dickens has not yet been identified, but as she seems a sort of celebrity, perhaps she was Elisabeth Matilda Moule, the wife of Charles Dickens, Jr. (1837-1896). Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 5, Item 234.

Louisa Loring Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett

328 Beacon Street
March 10. 1892

Dearest S.O.J.

The Transcript told us two days ago that the "Werra" had passed Gibraltar, & tonight we hope to read of your safe arrival in Genoa.*

People have an unreasonable way of waiting for the first letter from the Wanderer, as if this were [neccessary *so written*] before giving news, but I think the first weeks away seem the longest & that just in this first time one wants home letters most & rages inwardly when friends persist in waiting to write till they hear whether one has been sea-sick or not! There is this excuse for the stay-at-homes, time flies very quickly when one keeps along in the same old

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ruts, and it is hard to realize how many days go by, while a sea-voyage seems to chop life in two distinct halves, & when one begins to exist reasonably again it seems as if eternities had passed since the other half was ended.

So you see you have been having many happenings, & I very few, & today there is not much for me to say — or rather to tell, for I shall doubtlessly say a good deal first & last, & probably tell ł very little.

Of course we are longing to know how you & dear A.F. have fared, & of course we have speculated much upon all sorts of un-knowable points, — there was a snow-storm that came up from Virginia, the Sunday after you sailed & we wondered whether you sailed into it, or whether you were already in warmer waters? — It was the snow-storm of the season, & drifted finely, & I plunged through

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it valiantly on the way to my painting, & was most glad that you & A.F. escaped it, especially the little after-show of snow slides & slush & lakes six inches deep across Tremont St. For it was a very quick thaw, & since we have had rain, & it feels almost like Spring today. Boston is Bostonier than ever just now, but nothing thrilling has occurred. Mme. Joachim* is giving recitals, & the Hendschels* are coming, & everybody else you ever did, or didn't, hear of, is giving recitals too — Musical ones I mean. Other kinds of course too. Then there is to be a wild Orgy of Italian Opera at Mechanic's Hall, with Patti* & other people —

Mrs. Agassiz* has gone to California with her niece Miss Mary Felton, — perhaps you heard she was to go —

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This seemed rather a sudden jump from Patti, but I was trying to tell you the news!

I saw Mrs Whitman through the crack of her studio-door the other day but was not invited in, because she was trying to make a portrait of a sitter aged One year, who was kicking & wriggling & doing everything but "sit", so interruptions were undesirable.

There is a loan exhibition of Louis Ritter's* paintings at the Botolph just now — Over 80 pictures — very interesting, as it is like a little resumée of his life, & if one knows when each one was painted, as I do, it is like reading in an open book — And it is a very touching & pathetic story to one who can read between the lines. It is not <u>great</u> work, but <u>good</u> work always — true & faithful & full of sentiment

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& lovely feeling. I have felt badly that so little has been said in the papers, & hope this Exhib. will give the opportunity for somebody to say what he was. But possibly only a minority ever will appreciate the best he was — this seems the fate of the truest artists always, & "success" in the usual sense does not come to those who do the finest work, but to those who do the most "successful" —

— MacKnight* has had pictures at Doll's, & people love them, but I don't like them a bit — Somebody called it a "Pyrotechnic Display" & I felt like the Fourth of July* when I came out! Do you like [Verestshagin* *?*]? Mrs. Lincoln started a subscription & one of his Mosque pictures has

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just been bought for the Art Museum. It is a Courtyard with people praying, & a fascinating row of red slippers in the foreground. I like it immensely — which proves I am not utterly conservative & narrow-minded — Ellie accuses me, you must know, of being as conservative as an old-fashioned Chinese mandarin!

The day you sailed was the day of Ritter's funeral — in Trinity — Bishop Brooks* read the services, & there were lovely flowers, and quite good music, but principally there were many people, & all friends, so that there was a real feeling, which made the occasion a comfort & a help in one way, though it does bring a horrible conviction of "over-ness" which the mere fact of death does not quite, It is very hard to realize

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it, is it not? And much more when a person dies not at the end, but at the beginning of a career. I think no one can fill Ritters place to me, and every day brings a pang, for I am trying to keep up the painting, but there is always a feeling of the aim being gone. Of course I do not work for the approval of one person, but he was my Artistic Conscience, & I feel cut adrift & not a bit sure of my own judgement, & unwilling to trust any one else's! It seems queer to remember now, that in one of the last lessons he said to two or three of us at the Studio, "You'd get along better without me! you all ought to be painting by yourselves now; you all depend too much on me."

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— Mamma has been better the last week or two — She seems a little stronger I think, & can use her eyes somewhat. Dr. Ahlborn* has been giving her something that has perhaps helped, & then one day I had Dr. Helen Morton* come, & that was a good influence. Especially as Mamma succeeded in getting her to say that perhaps Europe would <u>not</u> be [neccessary so spelled]! — I think it will be Beverly for us; — & though I think Europe w'd be better for our healths, still I should be relieved not to take this journey when my mother feels so about it, & I myself feel neither the strength nor the energy to undertake it for <u>both</u> of us, so to say. In fact, our faces seem turned away from Europe, & I am

beginning to dwell on the advantages of staying at home.

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You see, going with Mamma & staying all winter is much more of an uprooting than just a flying trip alone, like last summer's — And I do not think an uprooting would be good for me — I must try to strike a deeper root in my New England soil — I do like the winters in Boston, & feel busy & of use if I can only keep tolerably well. It is harder in the summer, — it always was a bit lonely, but the loneliness is now at times very hard to struggle against, for the associations that our Beverly place has at every step are all with my father,* and having been away last year makes it harder to go back there, & live without him in the place that he

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made & cared for so much —

But perhaps I shall care for it more, ^for that very reason^ — I do ^care for it^ — in one way, for there is no other place in U.S.A. where I should be willing to go for a summer! —

In June I hope to do some painting with Turner's Class,* & that will be a good start, & if I get plenty of outdoor sketching I shall get along all right.

— It is Mamma's month for visiting the Vincent Hospital,* & I went with her the other day — It is such a cosy & homelike little place, so cheerful everywhere. In the Mrs Lodge Ward there were two or three young girls, playing some game at a table, and another not quite so well, on a sofa, who told us that she had been in the hospital three weeks, and had read <u>all</u> the books in the little bookcase and "just loved Miss Jewett's books."

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She didn't know we knew you, and that we liked to hear her say this. All the patients seem to be in a state of bliss in general, & adore the hospital, the nurses & the doctors, the Matron says they all come back to make calls after they have gone home well! there has been an Armenian woman who could speak no known language & now there is a little music teacher in whom Mamma is especially interested.

I went last night to hear a little Jap lecture — he was a little dear, & very bright & droll. He told us much about manners & customs of his native islands, & often gave our civilization a well deserved little slap. For instance, speaking of the Japanese custom of having only two or three pictures on the wall at a time & changing them ~~about~~ every little while

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for others . . . "while you in America have all the pictures at once, all every one you own, on the walls all the time; — <u>All the same chestnut pictures</u>, year after year!"

I meant to tell you, that the time after next of "Uncut Leaves"* is to be at our house! After having rather suggested it herself, Mamma is a little scared at the idea, but it is a trifle compared to Bach Clubs I feel sure! I wish they were going to read your story here in our house, but I believe you said that it would be read the very next time.

Now there is no reason why this letter should be longer, because it has not been very interesting. Next time we shall do better, let us hope, but I had to write & tell things this way because there was no prospective chance of seeing you soon. I miss the idea very much, but till you have been

[*Across the top and up the right margins of page 1*]

away a little longer, or till I get a letter, I cannot believe that you are not in Berwick after all still! It was <u>such</u> a comfort to get yr. card from the ship & know that you started under good auspices. And your dear note! And thank you for the " [bad little *?*] photo"{.} I hope that you & A.F. are basking in the sunshine & flowers when this reaches you, & I send you both dearest best love & so does A.L.D.* yrs. Loulie

Notes

Genoa: Jewett and Fields, after a rough Atlantic crossing, arrived in Genoa, Italy soon after 8 March, when they telegraphed home from Gibraltar. They had departed New York on the *Werra* on Sunday 27 February.

Mme. Joachim: Amalie Weiss Joachim (1839-1899). The "wife of the famous Hungarian violinist, Joseph Joachim (1831-1907), made her own career as a concert and operatic contralto after separating from him in the 1880s." Wikipedia.

Hendschels: George Henschel (1850-1934), "German-English composer, conductor, and

baritone" and his wife, Lillian Bailey Henschel (1860-1901), the American soprano "whom he married in 1881, the year he became first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra." See Wikipedia. Dresel has added the "d" to their name. Wikipedia.

Patti: Adelina Patti (1843-1919), "a coloratura soprano born in Spain of Italian parents, [who] came to the United States as a child, early achieved international fame, and became the most highly paid singer of her time. On this occasion she was making her first appearance in three years — a series of six operas at the Mechanics' Building Grand Hall — in von Flotow's *Martha*." Wikipedia.

Mrs. Agassiz ... Miss Mary Felton: Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz. Key to Correspondents.

Mary Felton (1839-1896) was the daughter of American educator Cornelius Conway Felton (1807-1862), 20th President of Harvard University, and the step-daughter of Agassiz's sister, Mary Louisa Cary Felton (1821-1864). Find a Grave.

Louis Ritter's: According to the Vose Gallery website, landscape painter and lithographer, Louis Ritter (1854-1892) "was born in Cincinnati, Ohio and received his early training at the McMicken School of Design between 1873 and 1874. He later traveled to Munich to paint with the charismatic artist Frank Duveneck. Ritter followed Duveneck to Florence and Venice, but by 1883, perhaps following friends Theodore Wendel and Charles Mills, Ritter came to Boston and took a studio at 12 West Street. He began to teach in Boston and at Wellesley College, while painting landscapes along the north shore." It appears that his studio closed as a result of his death, which would account for Dresel's sadness at the loss of her "dear teacher" and the breaking up of the studio.

MacKnight: American watercolorist, Dodge MacKnight (1860-1950). The Lusher Gallery (New York) web site offers a biography of MacKnight that says he exhibited annually at Doll and Richards most years after 1888.

Verestshagin: While this appears to be what Dresel wrote, she refers to Russian artist Vasily Vasilyevich Vereshchagin (1842-1904). Wikipedia notes that he became world famous after he settled in Munich, Germany and began exhibiting throughout Europe in the 1880s. The painting Dresel mentions may be "The Pearl Mosque at Delhi," sold by the Boston Museum of Art in 2011. The image includes a row of red shoes as mentioned by Dresel.

Fourth of July: Celebrations of the U.S. Independence Day typically include fireworks.

Brooks: Phillips Brooks. Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Ahlborn: Probably this was homeopathic physician Dr. Henry Christian Ahlborn, who, according to Back Bay Houses, practiced in the Back Bay area. According to Find a Grave, he may be buried at the Pine Grove Cemetery in Lynn, MA, having lived 1824-1904.

Dr. Helen Morton: Key to Correspondents.

father: Dresel's father, Otto Dresel, died 25 July 1890.

Turner's Class: According to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Ross Sterling Turner (1847-1914), "was a painter, watercolorist, and illustrator, active in the Boston area, known for his landscapes and floral subjects."

Vincent Hospital: Dresel's mother served at one time as President of the Vincent Hospital, founded in 1891 as a hospital for women, it was absorbed into Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and is now the Vincent Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

Presumably the Mrs. Lodge Ward was named for Jewett correspondent Mary Langdon Greenwood Lodge (1829-1889), who was active in Boston philanthropy.

"Uncut Leaves": Luther Joshua Barker Lincoln (1851-1902), according to *The Author* 5-6 (1895) p. 231, organized popular public readings at which well-known authors presented unpublished writing. He called these "Uncut Leaves." They took place in New York City, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, DC during winters. This letter suggests that such a reading is to occur in Boston, at the Dresel home. Jewett, however, made it a policy — with very rare exceptions — not to read her own work in public.

See also, Jewett to the Editors of *Century Magazine*, 12 January 1892.

A.L.D.: Dresel's mother, Anna Loring Dresel. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Schlesinger Library of Radcliffe College in the Ellis Gray Loring family Papers, 1824-1925: Call Number: A-115; Box 2.

18 March 1892
Death of Edwin Calvin Eastman
husband of Jewett's younger sister, Caroline (Carrie)
and father of Theodore (born 4 August 1879)

Sarah Orne Jewett to Emma Harding Claflin Ellis

Hotel Bristol. Rome*
20 March 1892

Dear Mrs Ellis

I thanked you so much for your thought and kindness in sending me your friend's address and the card of introduction and I wish that it had been possible for us to have the pleasure that the use of it might have brought. When your note reached me we had only two days more in Genoa and

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the weather was very bad, and we found beside, that Madame Roffo's* villa was several miles away down the coast near Nervi,* so that we were forced to give up making an attempt to see her. If we had gone to stay at Nervi as we planned in the beginning, it would have been very easy ^to see her^ and delightful to have had so charming a neighbour. There was snow two or three days after we landed and we have hurried southward, after Mrs. Fields

[*Page 3*]

saw some very old friends{,} Mrs. Cowden Clarke and the Novellos but we both caught cold and I have had a serious time with the effects of a fall I got one night on the [*unrecognized word*] which banged my head shockingly. We stopped at Siena* two or three days however and enjoyed a great deal and spent nights at Pisa and Orvieto so that our days journeys were not too long and now we are in Rome for a little while in delightful sunny rooms, with dear friends close at hand on the same floor and we shall soon pick up and

[*Page 4*]

be equal to anything and everything. I got a letter from Mary while she was staying with you and so I have shared in the pleasures of her visit. Mrs Fields sends her best regards and best thanks just as if we had had the pleasure of using your card ^it was so kind of you to think of it^.

Please remember me to Mr. Ellis and Mary and Annie* and believe me always yours most affectionately

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Hotel Bristol: Richard Cary notes that the Grand Hotel Bristol Bernini in Rome "was in the Via Veneto and Piazza Barberini quarter."

Madame Roffo's villa ... Nervi: Nervi is a former fishing village, now a seaside resort on the Italian coast 12 miles north of Portofino. Madame Roffo has not been identified.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke and the Novellos: Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898), British author, Shakespeare scholar, and friend of Annie Fields. See also *The Dictionary of National Biography*, Volume 22, pp. 453-4.

Siena ... Pisa and Orvieto: Italian hill towns north of Rome.

Mr. Ellis and Mary and Annie: Emma Ellis is Mrs. Claflin's step-daughter and the mother of Mary and Annie. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Rutherford B. Hayes Presidential Center in the Governor William and Mary Claflin Papers, GA-9, Box 4, Miscellaneous Folder J Ac 950.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

New York, March 24, 1892.

I am writing from New York on my way to Bermuda for two weeks. . . . I take with me the munitions of war, oil paints, pastel, and even water colours, for who shall say of what complexion the emotions of Bermuda will be?

Notes

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

Hotel Bristol, Rome
25 March
[*1892*]*

Dear Loulie

I wonder why you show such a preference for tonsilitis! Now that I have tried it again I like it no better than ever, and in this first week in Rome too! I scolded to A. F.* as I lay in my bed yesterday that I might just as well be in Wenham and Hamilton* (they sound so impersonal when you hear them named in the train!) as here, but today I got up and even went to the Pincian to drive, so that

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I shall soon be as good as new now, if one could only remember what new felt like!

Luckily we have the pleasantest of neighbours — being in two rooms of a corridor where Alice Howe is at one end and Miss Garrett* of Baltimore whom we like very much — at the other — It has been nice for A. F. who has taken her walks abroad & her drives and already looks much better for she was quite pale when we landed. It was a [pretty *corrected*] bad voyage, bad rough weather all the way, but there was a very pleasant ships company and at the last I didn't mind how much

[*Page 3*]

the Werra rolled (she's an awful roller!) and I got used to pitching, as I always do, very soon — I got a frightful fall and blow on my head the first night out and I haven't got over it yet — but my black eyes faded out some days ago —

We had a very nice time in Genoa ^staying^ four or five days — though there were some good New England snowstorms and squalls and we found it so cold in that part of the country generally that we left it without trying Nervi as we meant to ^at any rate^ for a week or two. The Isotta* was really very comfortable indeed and we found friends and saw a good deal of 'Villa Novello.'* So we have saved Nervi for another time or later this very spring perhaps, and we spent one

[*Page 4*]

night in Pisa and two or three in [Sienna *?*] which I loved — and one in Orvieto where I began to be ill, and then came here and liked it very much. You see I haven't much to tell you yet, Loulie dear — you will have to fill in the Roman landscape with A. F. & me for figures! I send a great deal of love in it though, to you and Mrs Dresel.

A. F. and Miss Garrett have gone together to the Villa Pampli-Doria and afterward to call upon Mrs Story.* Mrs. Howe has gone to the Villa too, but I'm going Monday if you please.

Goodbye — with love from
S. O. J.

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

There never was anything so nice as my nightgown [case *?*]. I like it more and more and A.F. does hers. We "keep them out" when they are not on the road { — } they are such a nice colour."*

I suppose we shall go to Almalfi from here but I dont know how soon.

Notes

1892: Jewett mentions various events she recounts in other letters from her 1892 travels in Europe.

Hamilton: Richard Cary points out that these are two towns between Ipswich and Beverly Massachusetts, now a densely populated area.

Garrett: Alice Greenwood Howe and Mary Garrett. Key to Correspondents.

Isotta: The Grand Hotel Isotta in Genoa.

Villa Novello: Jewett refers to the home in Genoa of Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke.

Story: Richard Cary notes:

Mrs. William Wetmore Story, née Emelyn Eldredge of Boston, married the American poet, essayist, and sculptor in 1843 and lived with him in Rome from 1847. Henry James quotes him as saying, "She was my life, my joy, my stay and help in all things" (*William Wetmore Story and His Friends* [Boston, 1904], II, 316). James described "the admirable efficacy of Mrs. Story's presence in her husband's career — a presence indefatigably active and pervasive, productive in a large measure of what was best and happiest in it" (II, 317). They celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in October 1893, she died shortly thereafter in the spring of 1894, and he followed in the next year.

colour: Jewett appears to have added the quotation mark here.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1— Folder A14: to Louisa Loring Dresel., 1886-1898. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday Mch 26th
1892

Dear Sarah:

This is one of the days when everything seems to come together for callers have been here off and on since breakfast time, and here is your letter unwritten.

We were overjoyed to get your letter from Genoa Wednesday but none has yet come from Gibraltar so we are still ignorant why you have black eyes, and of several more points touched upon in your letter.

I hope some of our letters reached you soon after your arrival, that you might hear from us promptly, for I well know the delight I had at getting my home letters the first time.

Nobody will ever know how I hated to send you the news of Mr. Eastman's illness and death, for it seemed

[*Page 2*]

as if I couldn't bear to spoil your comfort and pleasure, by telling you all that we had been through.

Carrie is doing her best, and I am glad to say is gaining very day, so that she is down stairs part of the time, and I am getting quite rested and stronger, so you needn't worry about either of us in the least.

Above all do not for one moment think of coming home, for you can do us no greater good than by staying where you are and getting strong and well ^at^ the fastest rate possible.

Mr. Yeaton* is eager to help us in all the business affairs, and keeps coming to us, and Mr. Barrows* is coming to see about the valuation of the store which Carrie is advised to dispose of at once, and then we shall feel free to go and come as we think best. Mrs. Creamer* is over with Caddy all [Sundays *?*] and has been of greatest

[*Page 3*]

possible help.

Susy & Lizzie have been here all the week but have gone to Portsmouth & Exeter respectively for last night.

I have a hope that perhaps Auntie may come back with Lizzie but am not sure.

Caddy has kept Mrs. Hubbard for she has needed her until today, and she has made her so comfortable by giving her baths &c.

The shock brought on one of those times of heaving that she has, but that is over and she eats her regular meals again at the table, so I think she will be all right very soon physically.

Caroline Barker is less strong and Annie is greatly troubled about her of course. She has just been in and says she has made a bargain with Fanny Linton to come when she is needed which will be such a good thing for them both.

Mrs. Rollins* told me yesterday

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that Dr. Lord* has rented the house for this summer, and he and Annie will probably go abroad for three months unless his courage fails him before July. I believe he wants to go to Devonshire for the summer which will be charming for them.

Mrs. Goodwin* came yesterday and stayed nearly all the afternoon with me. I never knew her so open her heart and say what she really felt as she did then, so I never liked her so well in all my life.

She said she should so like to come up with Augustus, but hinted that he wasn't favorable. You know he is all alone except for a boy in the house, the housekeeper he had having departed. Tomorrow Lizzie Young comes for her vacation so Becky is going home until that is over, and then she will come back either to Caddy or me as may seem best.

Stubby dear child is so manly and

[*Page 5*]

good. He really is considerate and thoughtful beyond [his *corrected*] years, so I hope he will be good always to his mother.

Today he has been busy in the yard painting a gallant doghouse that Sam Hale* gave him for Timmy, in which the little dog will be lost it is so big, but it is a great amusement to the child. We have had another nasty little snow so that the roads are muddy and deep in spots, and we shall be martyrs to the usual depths of mud for a few weeks probably.

I haven't much to tell you beyond the limits of our own household you see, but I want to tell you to set your mind at ease about us as much as possible for by the time this letter gets to you we shall have passed by many of the things that remain to be done, and I will do the best I can for Carrie and myself I promise you.

Caddy will be [Admix *so spelled*] of the estate and Theodores Guardian of course, and after

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the store is sold there will be very little to be done, beyond looking after her own affairs as the rest of us do.

I keep thinking how glad the poor fellow was to see us home two weeks ago tonight, and how little we thought that a week from that time he would be dying. It is strange how all the bad symptoms ^of the peritonitis^ seemed to disappear and then heart failure followed so soon. It seems more and more as if the grippe had left something behind that we did not recognize. Becky sends her love to you and give mine to Mrs. Fields. I am so glad that you found the Howes* so soon and it will be nice if you see Katechin. Ann Johnson's place of business is closed because of typhoid fever if you please! which will not help things for her next year will it?

Again I send you my love, and every good wish, and am yrs affly

Mary R. Jewett

John & the girls send their love.

Notes

Yeaton: Probably, this is George Campbell Yeaton (1836-1918), a prominent South Berwick attorney.

Barrows: This person has not yet been identified.

Creamer: This person has not yet been identified.

Rollins: Among the Jewett family's South Berwick friends was Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922). Lucy could be Lucy H. Lambert Hale of nearby Dover, NH, widow of abolitionist U. S. Senator John Parker Hale (1806-1873).

Dr. Lord ... Annie: John Lord and his daughter, Annie. Key to Correspondents.

Goodwin ... Augustus: The Goodwin family in the South Berwick area was very extensive. These Goodwins have not yet been identified.

Sam Hale: Probably this was Samuel Hale (1856-1910) of the Portsmouth Manufacturing Company. Old Berwick Historical Society and Find a Grave.

Howes: Almost certainly Alice Greenwood Howe, whom Sarah Orne Jewett met in Italy while traveling in Europe. Key to Correspondents.

Katchen may be Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden's older sister, Kate Hoffendahl. See Walden in Key to Correspondents and Mary R. Jewett to Sarah O. Jewett of 14 August 1889.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett c/o the J.P. Morgan & Co. Bank in London & forwarded to the hotel Tramontain in Sorrento, Italy via W.J. Turner in Naples. The cancellation in South Berwick is not fully readable, except that it appears to have been cancelled on the 26th of the month.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday March 28
1892

Dear Sarah

Your letter from Gibraltar has just come, and after being read to this household has gone to gladden the one across the yard.

What a blow you must have had to be slung out of bed in such a fashion. [Cats *?*] and Pavonias* do not behave so, therefore give me a good Cunarder.

A proud and pleased Stubby received a letter today from Genoa and we laughed at its beginning.

We are getting on as well as we can. Carrie gains slowly, but I think steadily, and has been out for a little ride two or three times, but both she and Stubby are beginning to realize their loss more with every new day. They were so

pathetic yesterday for that was always their pleasant day. I hope in a few days now that

[*Page 2*]

it will be dry enough to let us out doors more which will be the best thing possible.

The roads are said to be at their worst outside the village, but there has been so little snow that I cannot see why there should be a long pull of deep mud.

We heard of a safe [pony *corrected*] for Theodore in Haverhill and he and John went over to see it today, to find that it had a bad foot, and could not be driven either since it was only trained to guide by the neck.

I think it would be such a good thing to get him something to ride even if we give it away in the fall if he gets tired of it.

Tucker will find him something I am sure before very long that will be safe and willing.

I seem to have very little to tell from one day to another.

We have somebody to call nearly

[*Page 3*]

every day, but people are merciful and spare us a good deal. I hoped to have Auntie to spend Sunday, but at the last minute she was prevented, and will come soon. Lizzie and Susy have come back and are with Caddy & me respectively while Becky went home Saturday for Lizzie's vacation, though she is evidently quite willing to come back! After the two girls have to go home, I'm going to get Caddy to get her over there for she will need her more than I do.

Annie Barker at last has got Fanny Linton over there because Caroline has been very poorly and it really was not right for her to be there alone with her at night.

Such a dear letter as I had from Thy Friend* the other day in answer to one that I wrote Mrs. Cartland to let her know that we had received news from you. He said that he

[*Page 4*]

is on the whole gaining though he has not yet got over the effects of the grippe. We were so glad that you got our letters promptly, for the time seems so long until they come{.} We have already had four from you since last Thursday, and feel that you are so much nearer at hand in consequence.

I didn't take kindly to the inside of the Werra for she looked very cramped as to passages and that grimy paint was such a contrast to the clean Pavonia which was all glittering white, but she did look pretty sailing away for all that. I am so glad that you found pleasant friends on board, but it was quite too bad that the voyage was so rough and tumble.

Sometime I hope to see Genoa with my own eyes, but somehow I can picture a great deal of it with its steep streets, and blue

[*Page 5*]

sea and sky and trees.

When I think how we should have felt to have ^both^ been across the sea from Caddy when Mr. Eastman died, I cannot be thankful enough that I yielded to the feeling that told me to stay at home, in spite of my great desire to see Italy with you.

Helen Sewall was in Saturday, and says that her mother is still in bed but she thinks she is better. I have an idea that it is a great relief to them that she is willing to stay in one place — and not over do.

Freeland* spent Sunday night here, because he was away from home when Mr. Eastman died, and did not hear anything until Friday{.} He was very nice, and Susy & I were really glad to have him.

John and the girls gather to hear every word of your letters, and are much pleased with every mention of

[*Page 6*]

their names. They are well and would send you some message if they knew I am writing you{.}

Princess had a noble treat of potatoes yesterday morning, and then stepped off to take Sister Carrie to ride.

I was informed by Mr James Collins just now that a week of good weather would dry the roads wonderfully and then a warm rain was spoken of.

Mrs. Rollins* was in at Caddys this afternoon when I was, and said that the Wakefields want to come this summer and she is quite anxious to have them, because she can manage with them easier than with "John & Annie.{"}

Such a lovely letter as Caddy had today from D^{r}. Lord. You must certainly see it by and by.

Everybody has been more than kind to us, and I cannot tell you how much sympathy has been given us in all this dreadful time.

[*Page 7*]

Just as soon as she is a little stronger Caddy will have a good deal to do which is a lucky thing for her, and I shall try to keep her busy with her affairs.

It is such a mercy that the summer and not winter is coming, for now many things will be [coming *?*] to find her occupation and pleasure. Just now she must stay here until some arrangement can be made, but a little later I hope we can go off for a long drive somewhere together, which will be a great thing for us all.

It does not seem possible that one whole month of your absence is gone already, and before we know it it will be autumn and we shall be looking for your return.

I laughed so about your nightmare about Becky, and so will she when I tell her.

She & Lizzie dropped in here for a

[*Page 8*]

call today, real clever like.

Mr Simpson,* the Baptist parson has broken down and they have given him leave of absence, so I believe he and his wife are going abroad leaving the four children scattered about in the parish.

I must hold my peace and [go to bed *?*] especially as I seem to have no more particulars at this time. Except Susy's love to you, and [mine *corrected*] to Mrs. Fields and you too, and I am always yours affly

Mary R Jewett

Mrs Pratt* did send the check which I set in the bank for you if you please.

Sister to see a palazzo shes self —

No sign of the Academy book* yet except a question from the printers Saturday relating to something half way in the catalogue{.}

Notes

Pavonia: While I remain unsure of the reference to "Cats," I suspect Mary Jewett refers to another contemporary Cunard steamship, the *Catalonia*. When she traveled to Europe in 1889, she crossed to Liverpool on the Cunard steamship *Catalonia* and returned home aboard the Cunard liner *Pavonia*.

Friend: "Thy Friend" was John Greenleaf Whittier. Whittier often resided with his cousin Gertrude Cartland (1822-1911). See note on Whittier at the beginning of this volume.

Freeland: Son of Annie Freeland Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Rollins ... Wakefields ... "John & Annie": The Wakesfields have not yet been identified.

John and Annie probably are Dr. John Lord and his daughter, Annie. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Simpson: The Simpson family has not yet been identified.

Mrs Pratt: Eliza Pratt. Key to Correspondents. It is likely that the check is payment for Sarah Orne Jewett's most recent story to appear in *Wide Awake*, "Peg's Little Chair," which appeared in August 1891.

Academy book: *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy* provides an account of the centennial celebration of the founding the Berwick Academy, which took place on 1 July 1891.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett c/o the J.P. Morgan & Co. Bank in London & forwarded to the hotel Tramontain in Sorrento, Italy, cancelled in South Berwick on 29 March.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

March 31st 1892

Dear Sarah;

Your nice letter from Rome has just come and been read with such pleasure, and Susy and I skipped over to read it again to Caddy and her family. Lizzie is still over there and will stay until Monday I believe, when either Susy or Rebecca will take her place, for it would be too forlorn for Caddy to be left alone. [She *corrected*] is gaining every day, but of course it is slow, for it will take her a great while to get over the great shock of Mr Eastman's death. ^She goes to drive every day now, & yesterday

came over here{.}^ Today I took her for a little drive round the square and we stopped to speak a minute with Mrs. Doe* too before we came home.

It is getting quite dry in the village now, so we hope to extend our bounds a little in a day or two, especially as the more Caddy is out in the air the better it will be for her. Of course she and Theodore realize their loss more every day, and are more and more pathetic; but John has taken Theodore in hand

[*Page 2*]

and keeps him amused a good deal so he is getting on better than he did a few days ago. A pelter* is being sought for but meanwhile the [broncho *so spelled*] is present so Thider gets a daily ride and he could do no more with one of his own, and perhaps the pursuit will be quite as interesting as the possession! Today an expedition of one went to Portsmouth, but all in vain, and the Haverhill expedition also proved a failure. Tuesday I went to Exeter to see Mrs. Eastman who was better than I expected, and was very reasonable and pleasant, which is something to be thankful for. I think the excitement of coming here and getting back again and of people going to see her has tided her over the worst shock and of course she will never feel the loss as if he had died at home twenty years ago. Uncle Will and Aunty and Frances were dear, and dear little Aunt walked in after I had been there a few minutes to see if there was any news of us. I have a feeling as if I had told you all this before somehow. I wonder if I did?

[*Page 3*]

I will mention the fact again however that the check came promptly from Mrs. Pratt* and was set to your credit chez Rebecca.

Lizzie Young came and had a long talk about Rebecca yesterday. She blamed herself for not coming home, but said that Rebecca declared herself to be much better so that there was no need of it, and behaved in such a way that Lizzie felt it was best to let her have her own way &c. She actually cried when she spoke of our kindness &c, and then laughed when I told her of the remarks that got made to her, saying that she never should dare to do it! She goes away Sunday I believe, and then Becky will come back again. I think I told you that Mr. Simpson* is sent abroad by his doctor for three months and this morning he came to ask me for suggestions about places ways & means{.} He stayed a good while, and we had a very pleasant talk, for I like him so much. Saturday* Miss Ann Johnson may be expected to spend Sunday. The fever in the Academy is still unaccounted for I believe by anything that they find about the building but now they are calling in experts to see about the water and milk that have

[*Page 4*]

been used. Meanwhile all the teachers and pupils are adrift, and poor Miss Johnson is evidently very much on her own hands and begged privileges of coming. Caroline Barker is very poorly, and it seems to me that she is failing fast from what Annie says. Fanny Linton is there fortunately, or Annie would drop by the way, but we try to stay her with flagons when she comes in, and send her to ride as often as we can.

Dear Princess was so knowing and funny today when I was driving her. She seems very well, and I think has heard of the pleasant prospect before her this summer. Ticky, Jen Ann, and Susy are all well, and send you their love I am sure{.} Timmy was the hero of a rat killing yesterday and another today, and so plumes himself as never was, funny little Tim that he is. The matting came from Mrs. [Fields *?*] Tuesday and just as soon as a nice rainy day comes when we can clean the books we shall put it down. I think it will be lovely in the library, and don't see how Mrs Fields ever was pious enough to let you have it! Some small and inoffensive house cleanings have been entered upon, but not

[*Page 5*]

much as the weather is still cold enough for a frost every night though ^at^ high noon it is warm and nice mostly.

The Hydrangeas are coming on well and I hope the front door will not look worse [that *so written*] than it did last year to say the least. I long for a good go at the garden again, and how soon the time will be here. How very hard it must have been for Miss Loring* to lose her friend and that away from home too. Don't you think it a little strange that I didn't see any mention of it in the Transcript but it just occurs to me that it may have been while I was away. There was a great tempest stirring because Pres. Eliot* said something that was construed to mean favor to Mormonism but it as speedily subsided in a few

days{.} I've been looking for an interesting Transcript to send but it hasn't seemed to be a time.

Just now I am deep in Peter Ibbetson and David Grieve* at the same time, and hope to live long enough to finish the latter which seems with its fine print like the story without

[*Page 6*]

an end. I will give the copy that came down with the [matting *?*] &c to Susy Oakes* at the first opportunity. I didn't know what you meant until it appeared for I didn't hear Mrs. Fields say any thing about it. Aunty is coming down next week, and after her I hope to have Mary Harriet who has volunteered a visit at my pleasure, but I shall be glad to have her after it is a little warmer so we can ride and walk about more. Lizzie Burleigh* and her flock have come and Elizabeth promptly called on me.

There is a story going that they are not going back to their house where they have all been ailing all winter, but I do not know how much truth there is in the talk. Mrs. Burleigh is better [Mr Davidson *?*] says. Fortunately for her the congestion was in one lung, so she pulled through with less damage to herself than they feared, but she is still far from strong and cannot come home for some time yet. Meanwhile the first story of

[*Page 7*]

the new house is done, and the hut that was built over it to shelter the workmen is torn away, so we can get an idea what it is like already & I send you our sympathy for your two colds which we hope are now things of the past, and it is lovely to think of you in Rome and Napoli if that last is the proper ending. We are so glad you are going there really, for you have always wanted to so much. It sounds so pleasant to hear about Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Merriman* and all the other friends whom you meet by the way. I laughed about the paragraphs upon which I laid out my best endeavor to carry out some recent instructions from a nice sister, but you cannot complain of this. I am afraid the [Netherwood *?*] letter was slightly colored by a blooming bilious attack I had while there, which I expect to be in the [better *?*] of the rest of my life. I only wonder I didn't have a bilious fever from the state I evidently was in. Since I came home I've been taking a tonic and feel so much better than for months. So there now! You must not worry about us dear child, for truly we are all doing well. Of course we feel tired and spent with all we have been through since you saw us, but every day is helping that, and we are beginning

[*Page 8*]

to go on again. I beg you not to worry about us, because if there is any reason [I will*] surely let you know, as I should wish to be done by, and it would seem a pity for you to lose all the object of your long journey, and come back now. Especially as it could undo nothing that has come to us. Caddy sent you special love and so did Stubby, when I said I was coming home to write you. Susy is over there having a session with Liddy this evening but it is about time to come home with the particulars. Shall you fall in with Aunt Liz and Aunt Jule* anywhere by the way do you think? I had a dear note yesterday from Al-ice* who had just heard of all that has befallen us. It was so dear that Caddy begged it to keep for herself. How much would I give for even an hours talk with you, but it will take you quite a time to read all this, in which I seem to have touched on as many points as one of Parson Lewis's sermons, but you can forgive the wanderings I know of old, and read all the love that is between the lines from us all. John comes in so [radiant *?*] when he has a letter tucked away from you and they come every day or two now instead of our waiting until the

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

first of the week. The [*unrecognized word* or two] was brought up for me to see last night and it such a beauty. My love to Mrs Fields, and so much for you from an affectionate

O.P.

Notes

Doe: Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogswell) Doe. Key to Correspondents.

pelter: In the Jewett family, "pelter" usually means a horse. The origin of this usage is obscure. In Chapter 20 of *A Marsh Island* (1885), a character describes a horse rider as "peltin' along," which in that context implies maintaining a quick pace.

Pratt: Eliza Pratt. Key to Correspondents. It is likely that the check is payment for Sarah Orne Jewett's recent story in *Wide Awake*, "Peg's Little Chair," which appeared in August 1891.

Simpson: The Simpson family has not yet been identified. Mr. Simpson was a local Baptist minister.

Saturday: The lack of punctuation at this point is confusing. It appears that Jewett stopped her letter of 31 March here and then resumed on Saturday 2 April.

Mrs. Fails: This transcription is uncertain, and the person has not yet been identified.

Loring: Katharine Peabody Loring was the domestic partner of Alice James (1848- 6 March 1892). James was in London when she died. Key to Correspondents.

Pres. Eliot: Charles W. Eliot (1834-1926), President of Harvard University (1869-1909). Wikipedia.

A vocal advocate for religious liberty, Eliot spoke on the topic at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City in 1892. See "How Attending Elite Universities Helped Mormons Enter the Mainstream" at the Smithsonian/Arizona State University website: *What it Means to be an American*.

Peter Ibbetson and David Grieve: Franco-British author and Jewett correspondent, George du Maurier was the author of *Peter Ibbetson* (1891).

British novelist and Jewett correspondent, Mary Augusta Ward, published *The History of David Grieve* in 1892.

Susy Oakes: Susan Marcia Oakes Woodbury. Key to Correspondents.

Lizzie Burleigh ... Mr Davidson: Mrs. Burleigh probably is Matilda Buffum Burleigh (1823-1911). Mr. Davidson may be James Thomas Davidson (1856-1901).

Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Merriman: Alice Greenwood Howe and Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

will: The ms. page is torn at this point, and I have had to guess at some of Jewett's words.

Aunt Liz and Aunt Jule: These people have not yet been identified.

Al-ice: It is not yet known which of the many Alices among Jewett's acquaintance this may be.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Rome 1 April 1892

Dear Loulie

Your letter should not have been spoken of as empty — it was such a nice letter. I have been reading it over again. You were very good to tell me about the reading of my story which I have been thinking about — I am sorry too that a person of foreign tongue had to read it. I thought it was to be M[rs] Winslow all the time! but never mind! as dear M[rs] Lodge* used to say so cheerfully that I never say never mind! myself without thinking of her. I am quite "on my pegs" again, and I have had

[*Page 2*]

an enormous amount of pleasure in these last few days though I dont give myself time to get quite strong. A.F. used to take a half holiday now and then for sight seeing while I was so ill, though she doesn't seem to have got ahead much because I make her go to see most things over again. We have had beautiful good times together and with Mrs. Howe* you may be sure, and almost every time we go out we meet friends — you know how it is in Rome! I think that we shall go to Naples the first of the week and stay for awhile there and at Amalfi &c before we turn northward again.

I have grown very fond of Rome

[*Page 3*]

and I am glad of it — I never looked back to my first visit with the pleasure one ought, but I fairly love the relics of fighting and arch-building Rome, and the churches and pictures begin to be like symbols of the faith and religious feelings of the past — not like idols, and the tools and cheats of superstition as I think they do to many people — But when I viewed the Bambino* yesterday at an expense of one franc and thought what that chubby cheerful little dolly had meant to thousands of sick and sorry souls, I couldn't understand about him!

It is lovely weather now, the grass is tall and green and the flowers are

[*Page 4*]

thick out in the country — and this morning in the Palaces of the Caesars all the blackbirds and nightingales were singing — — I begin to forget the voyage — but I used to lie in my berth and think how glad I was you and Mrs. Dresel weren't coming! — I am so glad that you are going to join the Ross Turner* class "again" — Be sure and tell me about it when the time comes. Dear Loulie I send you a great deal of love and many wishes. I shall be looking for your next letter. Please give my love to "Mamma" — and Mrs. Fields would send hers to you both, but she has gone into Mrs. Howes

room a-gossiping! At the other end of [our *corrected*] short entry in the hotel is Miss Garrett*

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

of Baltimore — dont you remember her being in Boston a year ago? We like her very much and do things together. I think she will go with us to Naples, which will be very nice —

Yours lovingly always

S.O.J.

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 2*]

Please give my love some day to your dear aunts the Kings* — it seems

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 3*]

as if one ought to write them the Queens to be quite proper!

Notes

Winslow ... Lodge: American journalist and editor, Helen M. Winslow (1851-1938). She was the author of "Some Literary Cats" in *St. Nicholas*, August 1900, which opened with a story of one of Jewett's cats. Wikipedia.

Mary Greenwood Lodge died in 1889. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Howe: Julia Ward Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Bambino: Jewett refers to the Santo Bambino of Aracoeli, a venerated wooden image of Jesus as a child at the Basilica Santa Maria in Aracoeli. The image has been reputed to have healing power.

Ross Turner: Ross Sterling Turner (1847-1915) was an American painter, water-colorist, and illustrator in the Boston area.

Miss Garrett: Mary Garrett. Key to Correspondents.

the Kings: Caroline Howard King and her sister, Susan. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. AS Autograph file J, Box 101.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Rome. April 1st 1892

My dear friend:

We have been so full of this wonderful place ever since we recovered from the voyage enough to get here that it has been almost impossible to write.

We came to shore in cold weather — snow was washing the faces of the roses in Genoa but leaving everything so green and fresh and the mountain tops so brilliant against

[*Page 2*]

the blue sky, that is was more like one of our frolicsome May scurries or late April than like the March we know.

In Genoa we saw Mrs Cowden=Clarke* and her sister and brother — They [live *corrected from* like] in a lovely spot on the shores of the Mediterranean, the bright water below, the snow mountains above, with vines and roses and laurel, the two last in bloom the year long. We asked her about Shelley* and the other

[*Page 3*]

fine spirits she has known so well and her memory being astonishingly clear she could recall with minuteness scenes which passed forty and fifty and sixty years ago! We enjoyed the hours spent at the Villa Novello where the poets of our day were not forgotten, but loved and read. We hoped to stop at Spezzia and Lerici sacred to Shelley's memory but the weather was still too cold for us to make such excursions. Therefore we stopped at Siena where I found these photographs which are enclosed. They give an excellent idea

[*Page 4*]

of the reverent splendor which adorned the churches and of the forbidding magnificence of the palaces in which the nobles lived. Siena is well preserved. It is one of the places Walter Savage Landor and the Brownings* loved and frequented — sacred to the memory too of Catherine whom they call "St — " and whose good deeds after her early death still stand recorded in fresco painting.

Rome is an awful place! Black and dirty and dark with evil deeds of evil clergy, but sweet and flowery and exquisite in God's sunshine which is now bathing the old tombs and monuments [

deletion] surrounding us on every side not to speak of the wide and silent Campagna stretching out to the Alban mts and the sea, one of the most interesting spots to me is the gate by which Luther entered, the old church he first trod

[*Page 5*]

and the convent where he slept. But even Luther seems now far away from the needs of humanity and the world looks hopelessly on as if nothing was ever to ^be^ done. I seem to hear however a stirring in the air! There [a *for* are *?*] two or three places where plans are starting up for the relief and physical care and education of the poor like those we have at home. There are a few kindergartens. There is a great deal of [*unrecognized word*] faith in Catholicism which by and by "must make the service mute" although I must confess that humanly speaking

[*Page 6*]

the day looks far away. I am far from wishing to distrust any true faith the people possess but they seem in their helplessness and ignorance to have drifted far away from the present forms and to have nothing to take their place.

We met Mr. & Mrs Clemens (Mark Twain & his wife) yesterday as we were

[*Page 7*]

going to the Sistine Chapel and we stood to watch a Cardinal pass before us followed by his servant. No earthly potentate could bear himself now with such arrogance as this man put on, but I will do this class ^(the clergy)^ the justice to say that I have seen many devout faces and men eager for service. It is said however that these true men are very inconvenient

[*Page 8*]

to the church — They ask too many questions!

Sarah sends you her dearest love with mine. She has hardly yet recovered from the effect of the voyage but she is getting rapidly better with the growing warmth and sunshine. We are rejoiced to hear indirectly that you were gaining, though I fear it must be slowly.

We think back! to you every day.

Affectionately. your
Annie Fields

With our love to the dear friends Gertrude & Joseph.

Notes

Cowden=Clarke: Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898), British author, Shakespeare scholar, and friend of Annie Fields. See also *The Dictionary of National Biography*, Volume 22, pp. 453-4.

Shelley: British poet Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822). He was residing near Lerici on the Gulf of La Spezia when he died by drowning in the Gulf.

Landor ... Brownings .. Catherine: British author and activist, Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864).

British poets Elizabeth Barrett (1806-1861) and Robert Browning (1812-1889).

Caterina di Jacopo di Benincasa (1347-1380) was an Italian Catholic mystic and author who was canonized as St. Catherine of Siena.

Luther: Martin Luther (1483-1546) was a German priest, theologian, academic and author who became a leader in the Protestant Reformation.

He traveled once to Rome in 1510, where he was disillusioned by what he saw as the corruption of the Roman Catholic clergy and their contempt for true piety. There he experienced a sort of vision in which he heard repeatedly the words of the Apostle Paul: "the righteous shall live by faith." This was the beginning of his critique of the Roman clergy that led eventually to open rebellion against the church hierarchy. See Josep Palau Orta, "How Martin Luther Started a Religious Revolution," *National Geographic* (11 October 2017).

mute: See British poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), "Vivien's Song,"

> In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
> Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
> Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
>
> It is the little rift within the lute,
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening slowly silence all.
>
> The little rift within the lover's lute
> Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
> That rotting inward slowly moulders all.
>
> 'It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
> But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
> And trust me not at all or all in all.

Clemens: Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

Hotel Bristol,
2nd April 1892

Dearest Coolidge

I have thought of you many times but I am just beginning to feel like writing letters because I nearly cracked my head — such as it is — by a fall on the steamer and when I got to Rome I was ill for a week or more with just such a throat as I should have had at home. But now I am very brisk and so is A.F. and I am flying round to catch up with my sight-seeing! It is lovely weather

[*Page 2*]

for Easter I suppose and you must think of us a little. This letter will reach you in time to [give *corrected*] you an Easter wish from A.F. and me. I have never said how much I cared about your dear letter on the [steamer *?*] and my beloved key ring! And A.F. has taken great pleasure in Elsket* and so have other friends. She will be writing you soon but I thank you for her now, just the same{.} I never was in Rome before except for one week in late summer when I could not see it as I can now. I love the fighting

[*Page 3*]*

arch-building Rome and all its relics, but the Rome of the Bambino* is more and more perplexing — How that chubby cheerful little old dolly can have meant so much to thousands of sick and sorry people — but then it has, Coolidge! and we mustn't make remarks.

Do write soon and tell me about things — tell us about being in Boston and what you did and where you went.

Yours most affectionately
S. O. Jewett

Speak of shop a little and what

[*Page 4*]

you are going to do this summer with your writing. I'm on a 'alf-'oliday I am and I like to hear of the works of others. Please give our love to Dora* and if this gets to you in Boston you must give my love to dear S.W.* and send me an Easter flower from the class. I shall be thinking about things.

Notes

Elsket: American writer Thomas Nelson Page (1853-1922) published *Elsket, and Other Stories* in 1891.

Page 3: At the top center of this page someone has written "2." This does not appear to be Jewett's handwriting.

Bambino: The Santo Bambino of Aracoeli, a venerated wooden image of Jesus as a child at the Basilica Santa Maria in Aracoeli. The image has been reputed to have healing power.

Dora: Theodora Walton Woolsey (b. 1840), youngest sister of Sarah C. Woolsey. Wikipedia.

S.W. Sarah Wyman Whitman. Whitman led a Sunday School class for adults at Trinity Church, Boston. Key to Correspondents.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection. Trafton's notes indicate that the manuscript is held by the Johns Hopkins University.

Annie Adams Fields to Lilian and Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Roma, Hotel Bristol
April 2d 1892

Dear, dear friends:

Ever since our faces were washed by a lovely snow=storm in Genoa which only served to make the roses look brighter in the gardens by the way, I have been looking for a spare corner of a table and a second free from the iron grasp which seems to belong to the covers of

[*Page 2*]

"Baedecker"* to write you a word of loving remembrance{.} We passed our afternoons in Genoa always at the Villa Novello where dear old "Mrs Cowden"* as she is called (she is now 82 years old with a mind clear as the sound of a silver bell) wished immediately to know if I was acquainted with the works of "an adorable young American poet by the name of Aldrich." His poem of "Elmwood"* she said was wonderful but she was a great lover of all his poems.

[*Page 3*]

I modestly confessed to living a few streets away about as near as it would do lest I should be struck blind! and she appeared satisfied with the spirit of my reply. "What message may I carry to him" I said, hoping to be possessed of a new adjective which would be somewhat nearer the ordinary forms of speech than the words she has already used{.} "O tell him I find him an adorable poet! "she said —

So I send you my message. She said when a while ago she tried to write about

[*Page 4*]

Mrs Shelley* in one of the magazines the critics said "Mrs Clarke insists upon painting everything rose=color" but she said indignantly "I thought they wanted to know what a poet's love was like and if I said her ~~throat~~ ^neck^ and arms were exquisitely beautiful and her face most lovely with chestnut hair curling about her brows & throat I only said what was true whether they liked it or not"!

We are possessed with the loveliness of Rome and heard our first nightingale from the Palace of the Caesars yesterday — Ah! spring in Rome is indeed the most poignant season of all — the blossoms

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

are hanging over every tomb in spite of the [humble crows *?*] who

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

croak despair. Good bye. (Sarah's love goes with mine) Your Annie Fields.

Notes

"Baedecker": German publisher Verlag Karl Baedeker published popular world travel guides during the 19th century.

Cowden: Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898) was a British author and Shakespeare scholar. She made her home in Genoa, Italy, at the Villa Novello.

Elmwood: The house, Elmwood, is best remembered as the birthplace and longtime home of American poet, James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents. Aldrich's poem of that title was written in memory of Lowell.

Shelley: Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797-1841), British author of *Frankenstein* (1818) and spouse of the poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, MS Am 1429, Box 6, Items 1446-1538.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday
April 4th 1892

Dear Sarah;

John produced your letter from a pocket this morning having kept it until the last as usual, and it was very welcome though we were so sorry to hear you had been sick again. The telegram said that you were well however so I hope it was all a thing of the past and could be packed away with other disagreeables of the voyage. The bad beginning ought to make a good ending in your case, for between the rough sailing and black eyes, cold weather and snow, and now sickness and bad news you ought to have a turn at something pleasant. Caddy was so gratified for your telegram today which I suppose rested over Sunday in Boston since there is no getting the Post office operator there. You will never know how I hated to send the answer I did, but I suppose you got the letter today

[*Page 2*]

perhaps so there was not much time to wait. I sent two messages one to London and one to Rome direct, not knowing which you would get, and the Rome one came back as unknown{.} I thought you might have made an arrangement for delivery and so get it quicker than if you waited for a transfer from London and the bankers{.}

We are all better every day. Caddy goes for her daily drive and has her daily round, so that I can see that she gains all the time, but of course it will be [sometime *so it appears*] before she is strong again. Lizzie and Susy are still over there, though Lizzie goes home in a day or two now. Rebecca came back today after Lizzie went back to her school and seems so glad to be here again. She insisted upon getting the children down for over Sunday, but I do not believe she will try it again, as she got clean tired out getting them off on the morning train she said.

[*Page 3*]

Miss Johnson arrived by Saturday evening, and is most amiable. The school is still closed

because three girls are still sick there and even after a months vacation there is no immediate prospect of reopening!

Caroline Barker has been very ill for a week, but Fanny Linton has watched her night and day so she is improving somewhat now, if it will only hold. Annie looks gray as ashes, but now that Caroline is better she will be. We are having lovely weather, even too warm for comfort with winter clothing, and the grass is getting so green in spots that even John admits the necessity of clearing up and part of it has already begun. The tulips were discovered way up this morning, so you need not think you have all the beauty.

The roads are dusty in places, and we are waiting for our promised [warm *?*] rains to [settle *?*] the muddy spots, and

[*Page 4*]

then look out for the splendor of the new go cart. Princess went to the forge to get her slippers on [foreward *so spelled*] this day and never looked better.

We have been somewhat stirred in our domestic arrangements by 'Uncle's'* severe illness with pneumonia and a weak heart. He had been ill for ^nearly^ a week before they got the doctor and was 'prepared' this morning, but Hannah came running in tonight saying a turn for the better had come. Auntie went down yesterday after a good deal of urging on my part to take care of him, and finally braced up enough to send for the doctor, but Hannah has stayed by me faithfully. Tomorrow Mrs. Pray will be here, and afterward if we need her. So we shall do well. My late bilious attack as been blessed to my good already and I am so glad that it is well over with for this season. I will send you the Nation, and humbly crave pardon for forgetting it before, and I will also

[*Page 5*]

send you the Wilkins story* as soon as I lay my hands on it which may be tomorrow. Mr Davidson has [found Thidder *?*] a box of electrical odds and ends to work with but the barrel is slow in arriving by freight, so no great works can be begun for a day or two. We have had no success yet in a pony, but are still on the lookout{.} We have viewed several but so far they have all had some grand objection like weak knees or the like. " [We *or* Me] & Kingsbury" guess* will go up Wednesday and look round, [*a mark*] but I don't build any high hopes on that. I think it might be a good plan to set Charles Butler* on the search, for you know he is up at the Yeatons, and might be glad to make a little commission.

I had a long talk with Mr Oakes* today about the Academy, and we both thought it so strange that no word has come from Mr. Fogg about that

[*Page 6*]

new building, for he had so much to say about his desire to push the thing along so rapidly when he was here.

The "Memorial volume" has not been finished yet, but I suppose it must be in the very last stages of preparation for it was [four *corrected*] weeks ago that I sent the proof back to them. Then comes the [setting *?*] them off which will mostly come on William Tompson after the arrangements are made with him.

The violets you sent in todays letter were lovely and bright. I wonder if you will get down to Naples to see the almond blossoms in their beauty{.} Do you remember how Miss Mary Hale begged you to come over to see them. Caddy and I were so amused at ["Vis *" ?*] turning up after all this time. What does Willy* look like now? When you speak of such subjects we feel like putting out long arms to gather you in and get all the rest

[*Page 7*]

of the particulars. I wonder if Harry will ever let them come home again and how did they find you out?

How very nice that you [have *corrected*] that Miss Garrett* for a travelling companion{.} Dear me how little the world is to be sure. Wasn't it the Bishop of Derry* who was to [fess *?*] letters from somebody and be attended to? I saw that he was to preach at Trinity Sabbath day, and it seemed to me I had associations with him. A dear letter from Mary Harriet tonight. I am going to bid her here after Easter, for she cannot come before as [*mark*] Edward* and wife are expected and then the Easter solemnities of Sunday and [Sewing *?*] School are to be put through. Today somebody told me that Jane Sewall is going for a long talked of week at Orange next week, it being Helen's vacation{.} I wish Helen could go too, for Mr [*unrecognized name*] has been sick and she has had to work pretty hard. Tomorrow I am going to

[*Page 8*]

see that my Ann is conveyed by Mr Tucker to call on Mary Drummond. I don't feel as if I could undertake that business just yet, but am willing that she should{.} I hoped to get great works of cleaning up going on this week, but with Annie off, that will have to be laid aside for awhile. In any case I do not believe she will be gone many days, for Mary Driscoll seems to have taken good care of [him *changed to* her *?*] ^father^, and he will either be better or worse in a day or two. Will is hiding from the police who are after him for some stealing scrape he got into over in Rollinsford{.} I only wish they could get him and put him where he belongs — scamp that he is. With the coming of better days I hope to have better particulars to write, but now is one of the times when there is little or nothing to tell, and one cannot go much abroad for joys until the roads are better{.} My love to Mrs. Fields, and we hope that you are both strong and well again.

Oh! Caddy asked me to ask you to bring her some black silk stockings. 9 1/2 I think{.} Anyway it was your own size she said.

[*Page 9*]

Mr. Oakes told me today that the Woodburys* had sold $2000 worth of pictures since they came home — the last sale bringing in $1200.

Isn't that well for them? They are going back again to Holland this spring he says, but I dont know whether Mrs. Oakes is going or not — Mr Oakes is very stiff and lame with rheumatism, and I should not think she would quite dare to leave him.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Think of this being Uncle Toms* 79th birthday{.} Can you believe it? Mrs Jack Gardner* sailed last week so you will be seeing her soon{.} I suppose I must stop but am always affly yours.

M.R.J.

Notes

"Uncle's": This seems to be James Collins. The "Auntie" who goes to care for him almost certainly is a member of his family, not Jewett's "Auntie," Lucretia Perry.

Wilkins story: "Juliza" by American author, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Key to Correspondents.

The story appeared in *Two Tales* 1 (12 March 1892) and is collected in *The Uncollected Stories of Mary Wilkins Freeman* (1992).

guess: What Jewett means here is obscure, and Kingsbury has not yet been identified.

Charles Butler: This may be a South Berwick neighbor, Charles Samuel Butler (1827-1894).

Yeatons: The Yeaton family was prominent in South Berwick. Pirsig's maps, pp. 21 and 28, in *Placenames of South Berwick*, show the Yeatons living near the Oldfields cemetery and the Yeaton Mills. Isaac P. Yeaton (1805-1886) operated the mills during Jewett's lifetime.

Mr Oakes ... academy: It is likely that Jewett refers to Abner Oakes (1820-1899). His wife was Susan Maria Bennett (1830-1918). One of their daughters was Jewett correspondent Susan Marcia Oakes Woodbury. According to the Old Berwick Historical Society, Judge Oakes served as treasurer and trustee of the Berwick Academy. In 1894-5, the Jewetts were deeply involved in the design and construction of the Fogg Memorial Library at the academy.

memorial volume: *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy* provides an account of the centennial celebration of the founding the Berwick Academy, which took place on 1 July 1891.

William Tompson: John Tompson and his son William operated a South Berwick book store. See "John G. Tompson" at the Old Berwick Historical Society web site and Find a Grave.

Mary Hale: This may be Mary J. Hale (1835-1916) of York County, Maine. Find a Grave.

Willy: Probably Jewett refers to the family of the Jewetts' distant cousin, Henry Jewett Furber, his wife Cynthia Elvira Irwin and oldest son, William Elbert Furber. Harry may be either the father or their middle son, Henry Jr. See Cynthia Elvira Irwin Furber in Key to Correspondents.

Miss Garrett: Mary Garrett. Key to Correspondents.

Bishop of Derry: The Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry in 1892 was John Keys O'Doherty, D.D. (1833–1907). It is more likely, though, that Jewett refers to the Church of Ireland bishop and author, William Alexander (1824-1911). Wikipedia.

Edward: Edward and his wife have not yet been identified.

my Ann .. Mary Drummond: Ann probably was Annie Collins. Possibly, Mary Drummond was Mary Drummond Sewall (1813-1898).

Will: It is likely that Will was William Collins, brother of Jewett family employee, Annie Collins. Key to Correspondents.

Woodburys: Charles and Susan Woodbury. Key to Correspondents.

Uncle Toms: This uncle has not yet been identified.

Mrs Jack Gardner: Isabella Stewart Gardner. Key to Correspondents.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

April 7th 1892

Dear Sarah:

Our eyes were gladdened by the sight of your best round hand again tonight, and it was a beautiful letter all about Prince Barberinis* good funeral which I condole with you because you didnt see. I have always wanted to view one like it, haven't you? Then there were the lovely long ride you had, and all the Pamphilj things to be speaked about. I have great views of sending the letty to Thy Friend* [*perhaps 5 faded & unreadable words*] one because I could ask the return of it you know, and he would so enjoy it. A lovely letter came from Georgie Perry* too, which I must send you after Caddy has had privileges of it. We have had lovely weather for days only varied by gusts of warm wind, which have rapidly dried up the [road *?*] in many places. John conveys

[*Page 2*]

Lizzie & Susy and Caddy with Dick and Jane today, but I never thought to ask them where they went.

I took Miss Johnson out for an airing this morning but we did not go far, because the air was so pleasant we went poking along in the sunshine. She went down to call on Mary Drummond* the other day which I hope will do for me for a while. Tomorrow is set for departure and I have had such a pleasant little visit from her. Caroline Barker has been so ill this week that like some of Mothers bad attacks it has not seemed possible for her to live another day, but she seems to have rallied somewhat again, and likely to live on for days or even weeks. Annie Collins has been gone since Sunday for her father has been very ill with pneumonia, but he is better again. Meanwhile we get on so beautifully with Hannah

[*Page 3*]

and Mrs. Pray carries over in the morning and stays until after dinner, that I do not care if the absence is somewhat prolonged! Caddy is better every day, and now I mean to take her away every afternoon for a long drive, and so help her over the tide of callers she has to see, who are kind, but are not all people for whom we care of course.

Lyddy daily announces her intention of taking the afternoon train but is as often "over persuaded{"} to remain but I believe tomorrow is finally settled upon as the proper moment. The Duchess will probably start her annual tour as soon as Lizzy comes home — , only I hope she will be moved to visit us on her return voyage, for I don't want her yet, for there are so many things I am anxious to do before it gets too warm. The double windows are off, and the yard is nearly all

[*Page 4*]

raked, and now the lilac bushes show little specks of green at their tips, only we have had no rains for weeks and the dust is really pretty disagreeable in places.

Thider had a beautiful ride on the [broncho *so spelled*] yesterday over the fields and pastures. He really does pick up so fast the moment he can ride and now I think he is beginning to come out a little from the cloud that has hung over him since his father died, and he eats and sleeps well, and begins to gain flesh and color and looks quite like himself.

We had a letter from Horace Jewett* yesterday saying that he had been ordered to Ft Niagara near Buffalo at once which seemed a great pleasure, but they must hate to pick up and have another moving so soon. He has been to see John Jewett who is still in bed, but free from pain he said. What a winter

[*Page 5*]

Mary Yeaton* must have had, [for *?*] John with sciatica couldnt be very patient. Perley Doe* came over this evening of an hour and was very nice. He wants to take Theodore down river with him this summer and teach him to swim &c which will be good for him, won't it? There was a screed in Rebeccas Journal today about Olea

Bull having joined Julia Marlows company, and Fru Ole* has denied that she had gone on the stage but said she was with them for the purpose of dramatic study. What will they do next, for they will exhaust all the resources known to cranks soon at this rate? Do you know that it came over me suddenly a day or two ago that you had actually been gone a fourth of your time if you stay six months, and it was such a joy that I keep thinking about it!

[*Page 6*]

not that I want to shorten your good time in the least, but it will be more than delightful to have you here again. Miss Johnson told me today that Mrs. Warren* is going over to Aix, and wondered if you would fall in with her? She was talking of you the other night and spoke of your having given her a little [Fenelón* *so spelled*] which made her understand what had shaped your life when she read it. Now wasn't that a good compliment? Ayah!

I do not know when Miss Johnson has seemed so rested and at peace with all the world as now, so the enforced vacation has been a good thing for her surely. She was pretty tired when she first came for she had been at Mrs. Warrens where a good deal was going on but the quiet here was good for her and I hope she will pull through the rest of the year well.

[*Page 7*]

We are really getting on well here, so you mustn't be under concern of mind about us but have all the good time you possibly can. I hope and surely think that Caddy will soon be quite strong again, for she looks and is so much better, and I will do all I can to keep her outdoors which is well for every Jewett at all times.

Thider had a long letter from [Elizabeth *?*] Perry* with engaging new stamps by the dozen tonight, so happiness reigned. They would send so much love if they knew I am writing. We talk enough about you every day to make you hear us where you are it seems to me. It doesn't seem half so far away now that the letters come every two or three days does it? Our love to Mrs. Fields and I condole with her about the purse. How lovely it will be to go to [Timble *?*]* won't it? Affly your sleepy sister, O.P.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Becky has just declared 4% if you please which will add to your finances* the next time{.} [So down to the bank Sammy never comed Sarah!]*

Notes

Prince Barberinis funeral ... Pomphili: To which funeral Jewett refers is not yet known. There may be an account of this funeral in Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier of 14 May 1892.

Galleria Doria Pamphilj is a private art collection in Rome, Italy. Wikipedia.

Thy Friend: John Greenleaf Whittier.

Georgie Perry: Presumably a Jewett relative, this person has not yet been identified.

Drummond: Possibly Mary Drummond Sewall (1813-1898).

Duchess ... Lizzie: The identity of this "Duchess" is not known, but if Jewett refers to Lizzie Young, a relative of Rebecca Young, then perhaps Jewett is conferring a title upon Rebecca Young.

Horace Jewett ... John Jewett: This branch of the Jewett family is not well-known. Horace may be the son of Thomas Jewett (1790-1864) who was born in 1834. However, Horace was a relatively common name in the Jewett family, though not so common as John. *History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America*.

Mary Yeaton ... John: Documentation of the Yeaton family is difficult to locate. Possibly, Mary was Mary Jane Wentworth Yeaton, mother of George H. Yeaton, a local cattle breeder. The identity of John is not yet known.

Perley Doe: Presumably a relative of Edith Bell Haven Doe (Key to Correspondents), this person has not yet been identified.

Rebecca's: Rebecca Young.

Olea Bull ... Julia Marlows: Sara Chapman (Fru Ole) Bull and her daughter, Olea, and Julia Marlowe. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Warren: This may be Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912), who traveled often in Europe and moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe*, 1870-1871 (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

[*Elizabeth ?*] *Perry*: The identity of Elizabeth is uncertain, as is the transcription. She may be a relative about whom little is yet known, except that she may be the Elizabeth Perry (1880-

1982), who in 1908 married Theodore's Harvard classmate Henry Lyman (1878-1928). See Caroline Jewett Eastman to Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary Rice Jewett of 1 October 1896.

Timble: In late July, Fields and Jewett traveled to Timble in Yorkshire to meet their correspondent, Robert Collyer in his home town. See Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel of 9 August 1892.

finances: Rebecca Young worked at the South Berwick Savings Bank.

The sentence in brackets is what Jewett appears to have written.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to S.O. Jewett c/o J.S. Morgan & Co, in London, cancelled in South Berwick on 9 April.

Helen Bigelow Merriman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Hotel Minerva
Florence April 8 —
[*1892*]*

Dear Sarah,

I am so afraid of losing track of you — Do send me a line to tell me of your next [move *?*] and to assure me, of what I was hoping, that you are quite well of the attack of [tonsilitis *so spelled*], and are enjoying yourself <u>with freedom</u>.

[*Page 2*]

I have no fresh news to give you except that I enjoy Florence prodigiously. I am entirely well again and there is some pleasant thing to do every minute, so that I quite begrudge the sleeping and resting times.

Robert Bancroft* and his very pretty and charming wife are at this hotel, and kindly let me share their

[*Page 3*]

little table at meals, which is a great pleasure, and the Lorings* are kindness itself.

My news from the East comes slowly — I can hardly realize that it is my quickly-responsive and daily-writing husband who keeps me on such short commons in the way of letters — but I get assurance by an occasional telegram that he is all right{.}

[*Page 4*]

Dear Roger* writes me lively letters from Paris — I have decided [dearly *?*] not to go to Greece and have written Dan so — I shall be sorrier than ever if you and Mrs. Fields would have gone too, but I feel no question that I ought not to undertake such a long journey [in *?*] such a short time — So Dan and I shall probably meet in prosaic Bologna, instead of romantic Athens!

Home news looks as if we should go back to the church in Worcester for another [spell *?*] of indefinite length, <u>with an assistant to be responsible for almost everything but the preaching</u> — I shall be rather glad to have it so — It would be hard to enjoy "individual freedom" where the people need so much — Dan's work has been so [peculiar *?*] that he is almost pledged to [set *?*] it forward in person — I did not mean to write all this, and

[*Page 5*]

things may not turn out this way after all, but we have a habit of making you our confessor — so [dear *?*] you —

Much [love *?*] to Mrs. Fields — I have rather made up my mind not to buy the "Morning Glory" ^[Vedder's *?*]^ but to be satisfied with the "Heart of the Rose"* and the Poppies — was the [bronze *?*] Miss _____ (I cant think of her name) bought the one from the picture "Waiting for Judgment"? Good bye —

dear Sarah — from
Helen

Notes

1892: Penciled in another hand in the upper right corner: 92? This guess at a date probably is correct, for Jewett did suffer from tonsillitis during her 1892 trip to Europe, as she reported to Louisa Dresel in a letter from Rome of 25 March.

Robert Bancroft: Ellen Bancroft (1838-1912) and Robert Hale Bancroft (1843-1918) were the surviving children of cotton merchant Thomas Poynton Bancroft. (1798-1852) and Hannah Putnam (1799-1872). According Back Bay Houses, Robert was an insurance broker who retired in the 1870s, thereafter traveling abroad several times with his sister. He married in 1891. The Bancrofts had a summer home in Beverly, MA.

Lorings: Probably, this is the family of Katharine Peabody Loring. Key to Correspondents.

Roger: Helen and Daniel Merriman's son. See Merriman in Key to Correspondents.

Heart of the Rose: Merriman refers to purchasing art. The transcription of "Vedder" is uncertain, but American painter Elihu Veder (1836-1923), with a studio in Rome, did produce a pastel and charcoal drawing entitled "Heart of the Rose." This work is assigned various dates; Artnet places it in 1891-2. His "Memory (Girl with Poppies)" is dated 1877 and "Cypress and Poppies (1880-1890). Wikipedia dates his "The Morning Glory" to 1899. Wikipedia.

Louise Chandler Moulton reports seeing Vedder's "Waiting for Judgment" in Rome (*Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere* (1896).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 151 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Alice Mary Longfellow to Annie Adams Fields

Victoria
Apr. 10. [*1892*]*

My dear Mrs. Fields,

I am grieved to see how the days have slipped by since your welcome letter came, which I meant to answer at once.

It was very good of you to write under such trying circumstances. I only hope as soon as you entered the Mediterranean all remembrance of the ocean slipped away. Your letter was three weeks reaching me from the Gib-

[*Page 2*]

ralter post mark, & it made you seem very far away.

You can hardly imagine how seriously I have missed you both, but March was cold & stormy & you were well away from it. Lately we have [had *corrected*] ten days of lovely summer weather, suggestive of all pleasant things. Mrs. Prince & Helen [huddled *?*]* at the hotel one day. She was [soon *?*] leaving for Manchester.

It must have been [very *?*] sad for dear Sarah to have such sad

[*Page 3*]

news from home almost at once. I felt so grieved for all. I have written to Mary,* but have not heard from her, so I know nothing about them.

I still keep on that [*unrecognized word*] with Mifs [*unrecognized name*, Woberg *?*] and Mrs. D. till I think I must be a lineal descendant of the [Casabianca *?*] family, or the lost soul in Cecilia de Noel.* [*Unrecognized word*] I have improved a good deal, & all existence has been summed up for me in hearing Paderewski.*

[*Page 4*]

I was perfectly transported, & never imagined anything [save *?*] the music of the spheres could say all he did. He is a true musician, & a divine messenger. I shall never wish to hear a piano touched until he comes again.

We have had a fine exhibition of Monets,* very interesting & beautiful.

Fanny* is very well & comfortable at [*unrecognized name*] [S.C. *?*] & constantly improving.

Do write a line whenever

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

you can to your loving A.W.L. dearest love to S.O.J.

Notes

1892: As shown in the notes below, this letter was written when Fields and Jewett were in Europe, soon after the death of Edwin Eastman, Jewett's brother-in-law.

Mrs. Prince & Helen ... huddled: Helen Choate Pratt Prince and her daughter, also named Helen. Key to Correspondents.

The word "huddled" is a guess. It appears that someone else has written a question mark above the word.

Sarah ... Mary: Sarah Orne and Mary Rice Jewett.

Longfellow refers to the sudden death of their brother-in-law, Edwin Eastman on 18 March.

Woberg ... D.: These people have not yet been identified.

Casabianca family ,,, Cecilia de Noel: The transcription of "Casabianca" is uncertain, but if it is correct, Longfellow may refer to a narrative poem by English author Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835), "Casabianca" (1826). Also known as "The Boy Stood on the Deck," the poem tells of the heroic child of a naval captain who refuses to abandon his post without an order from his dying father during the 1798

naval Battle of the Nile in the Napoleonic wars. It was a popular poem for memorization in the 19th century. By 1898, it also had been parodied frequently.

Cecilia de Noel (1891) was a ghost story by Scottish author Mary Elizabeth Hawker (1848-1908).

*Paderewsk*i: Ignacy Jan Paderewski (1860-1941) was a Polish pianist and composer, and an advocate for Polish independence. Wikipedia notes that after his first American tour in 1891, he frequently returned to perform in the United States, which became his second home.

Monets: French Impressionist painter, Oscar-Claude Monet (1840-1926).

Fanny: Probably this is Longfellow's niece, Frances Appleton Dana de Rham (1883-1933).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 313, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Louisa Loring Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
328 Beacon Street
[*End letterhead*]

April 11. 1892

Dearest S. O. J.:

Your letter from Rome, the first one from you, has just reached me. I am very sorry I did not give you the brass piggy after all — the George Medal* has evidently not done the work! Or you would not have had sore-throat & a fall from out of your berth at sea — But without your medal who knows how much worse you would have fared! — there is always that to be considered.

I truly hope that after these sorrows by land and by sea you and A. F.* have entered upon a season of sunshine and rest, and are both gaining by double handfuls what you went to seek. I have been thinking of you so constantly since you left that I hope the wet element has not proved entirely a non-conductor, and that you have felt sure of my good wishes that follow you everywhere.

The question of a European trip still swings in the balance, & is beginning to be an awful nightmare! I feel so "stranded" and there seems no light given. Since I wrote last Dr. H. M.* announced that she thought we had

[*Page 2*]

better go! but finding how Mamma felt, she began to waver & doubt, just as I have, and we are as far from a decision as ever! But the longer it is put off, the less probable it seems, & I imagine June will find us in Beverly.

Till I think of Venice and such things to paint, I feel not uncontented with the prospect of the Ross Turner* Class and the Beverly shore, but the thought of Venice makes all else pale before it, & I am filled with wicked envy of any one who goes there. Where will this note reach you? At Amalfi, or north again, Florence perhaps?

The Ritter Studio closed March 31st. And as I did not wish to chop off any endeavours so suddenly, I have enlisted at Miss Johnston's Studio for a month. G. Cary — & others of the type work there, & there is a certain somnolent & soothing quality about working in this class which is a grateful influence upon wrought-up feelings! I used to draw with Miss Johnston in the very same studio when I was an atom of a girl, eleven or twelve years old, & it gave me a queer feeling to go back there.

[*Page 3*]

The top-light is the only distracting feature. I find it rather upsetting to all pre-conceived ideas of shadow & color, never having worked under a sky-light before. But a change is good discipline. It was very sad to have the Old Studio break up, — a little of the presence and inspiration of our dear teacher seemed to linger there, and it was a new parting —

I went the other day to see your little Woodberrys* — he had a special Exhib. in another room in the same building — but I asked for her & went into the studio and saw her & a good deal of her work, which is more interesting than his to me, though I think his is in some ways more mature, it seems to be less full of promise than hers. I think hers shows that she has more mind than he — he is such a small little man outside, & he is so blond, & he had a long checked necktie tied in a bow, and looked as if he lived principally on crackers! She made much more impression on me, & interested me decidedly. But his work is really good — better than hers, technically — he had some capital sketches — & his use of pencil

[*Page 4*]

is very uncommon. I mentioned you to them both, & she instantly became very cordial, and he remarked that you were "A very fine woman," which way of putting it took me so aback that it took me some minutes to recover my equanimity! He looked so small when he said it. But his size was emphasized by the presence of my giantess friend, Alice Stackpole* who went with me, so it was not quite his fault. She paints, & is a disciple of Ritter too, & wanted to go to the little Woodberrys Exhib. so we went together.

There has been a Monet Exhib. at the Botolph,* & there has been fierce war waging pro and con in the papers, — to my surprise I found myself liking many of them very much. There is much that is very true, but only a trained eye can appreciate it — & I think a good many people talked twaddle and pretended to see things which they didn't. Lafarge* also had an Exhib. at Doll's — & there are Art Clubs ad. lib.

Did I tell you of my last call on Dr. Holmes?* He was so interested to have news of you & A. F. He seems to be quite enchanted with Mrs. Whitman's* portrait

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2.

of himself, & delighted to have it admired by his friends. He only regrets that it is not to stay in Boston. He seemed as bright & lively as possible, & full of pretty speeches. When I left he begged me to come again, and added "It is only seeing delightful people — such charming people as you — that keeps me alive now!" A little pathetic wasn't it? But it was he that had been talking and entertaining me, and I only listened.

I think he likes me because when I say anything I can make him hear without shouting, & like everyone who is a little deaf, he hates to have people raise their voices unnecessarily. He propounded the ingenious theory that agreeable voices and agreeable expressions of face went together always! I wish he were right! So many sweet~~-voiced~~ ^faced^ American women look like angels till they speak, & then become peacocks — birds of quite another feather.

Mr. Lang* is getting up another Parsifal-Performance in Music Hall{.}

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Mrs. Joachim* is giving a series of historical concerts; the Hendschels* are to sing in the Passion music, also in the next Symphony concert. I leave Parsifal severely alone, but am booked for the other shindies.

The Opera was wonderfully good. The de Reszkes* are the finest singers I know of. They are coming in October again, & then you must go to "Faust" too*

I have been reading "Villette"* for the first time. I think the uncertainty of the end is most distressing. A sort of "The Lady or the Tiger" business! I suppose she means he really was lost at sea — because being a morbid creature it would be just like her — (C. Bronté, I mean) but it seems to me quite an unnecessary thing to happen.

How nice to be with Mrs. Howe* in Rome. Please give her my dearest love if you are still with her, or when you next see her. I suppose you will be in Venice with her.

I hear that the O. B. Frothinghams* are going to Aix! Mrs. F. has rheumatism & is dragging the hapless old Rev. across

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the ocean. He totters & sways on his feet & doesn't look as if he could survive an ocean-voyage, though I dare say he is daily in more danger in Boston from electric cars and fast driving!

Mamma & I called on "the ladies" a day or two ago. Miss Howes* seems very bright & well now. The next day she sent Mamma a very large & very fat cut-glass cologne bottle, (!) which looks so exactly like the donor that we have to call it "Miss Howes."

— I suppose spring has now reached you, & you are revelling in blossoms of every kind. But, if you had gone to Nervi,* you would have really been warm! Even with a snowstorm at Genoa —

The difference is incredible, unless one has experienced it — & in May the hotel is already closed I believe — It must have been horridly chilly in Sienna & those regions, but you have seen heavenly things — which I have often longed to see{.}

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It was very nice to get your letter, but it will be a good while before I get another. Which is a

disadvantage — If you were in Berwick it w'd be time for another Boston visit now, and I begin to miss you quite in earnest.

It is late, and I must go to bed. Goodnight — love to Mrs. Fields.

I send you dearest love & best of wishes for all your wanderings.

Always yours,

Loulie.

N. B. A better letter next time — tonight I was too tired for a longer one or a better one.

Notes

George Medal: This and the brass piggy seem to be mysterious private jokes about items Dresel might have given to Jewett for good luck on her voyage. Perhaps the most likely reference for the George Medal would be Saint George, sometimes described as the patron saint of scouts and guides. However, 1889 was the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington as the first United States President, and at least one medal was issued as part of the celebration. Though there is as yet no way to be certain this is relevant, 19th-century "piggy banks" often were made of brass and in the shape of actual pigs.

H.M.: Dr. Helen Morton. Key to Correspondents.

Ross Turner: Ross Sterling Turner (1847-1914), "was a painter, watercolorist, and illustrator, active in the Boston area, known for his landscapes and floral subjects. ... Loosely associated with the 'Duveneck boys' after about 1879, Turner painted in Venice and Florence, and he also worked in Rome. In 1882 he settled in Boston, exhibiting more watercolors than oil paintings."

The Ritter Studio ... Miss Johnston's Studio ... G. Cary: American artist, Louis Ritter (1854-24 February 1892). See Dresel to Jewett of 11 March 1892.

While this is not certain, it seems likely that Miss Johnston's studio was that of Charlotte Constance Johnston (1845-1917). Her obituary in *The Sacred Heart Review*, Volume 57, Number 6, 20 January 1917, says:

One of her brothers, Thomas M. Johnston, was a celebrated painter. A sample of his work may be seen in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, under the title " Stella Matutina." The other brother, John B. Johnston, was an eminent landscape and cattle painter. Her sister, Sarah J. F. Johnston, is a painter of rare skill. About sixty years ago, the Johnston family moved to their Dorchester home. Here Miss Johnston attended the Grammar and High Schools. After graduating from the latter with high honors, she went to Doctor Gannett's private school where she specialized in music and art. She then opened an art studio in which she did some fine work. Being an ardent lover of nature, she spent much of her leisure time in fields and woodlands admiring God's handiwork and doing out-door sketching. As a source of recreation, she translated many stories from the French, some of which have been published by Little, Brown and Company. A few years before coming to the Sacred Heart Review, she opened an artistic print shop in which she did some very creditable work in brochure and book printing.

The only French translation currently credited to her in WorldCat is of George Sand, *The Master Mosaic-Workers* (Boston: Little Brown, 1895).

G. Cary is likely to be Georgina S. Cary (d. 1933), daughter of Richard Cary (1836-1862) killed in the Battle of Cedar Mountain/Hill) and Helen Eugenia (Skelton) Cary (d. 1904). See Back Bay Houses and Richard Cary Letters.

Woodberrys: Charles Herbert and Marcia Oakes Woodbury. Key to Correspondents.

Alice Stackpole: According to "Back Bay Houses 292 Beacon," attorney Joseph Lewis Stackpole built the house at this location on Beacon Street, Boston, the same street on which Louisa Dresel lived. After her parents' deaths, the artist Alice Stackpole (1866-1949) remained at the address until about 1922.

Monet Exhib. at the Botolph: WorldCat lists a catalog: *An Exhibition of paintings by Claude Monet: St. Botolph Club, March 28th to April 9th, 1892*. According to its website, The St. Botolph Club for gentlemen "was founded in a golden epoch of the City of Boston. Arts, literature, music, architecture, clubs and public affairs, as well as the vast commercial, shipping and professional empires that supported them, were all experiencing a great flowering. Many of the eminent individuals connected with all these were original members of the St. Botolph Club. The Club was founded on January 3, 1880.... The early years began weekly meetings and monthly suppers and, especially after the Club settled at the great house at 4 Newbury St. with its magnificent gallery, art exhibits. There were

shows for many artists, including some of the Club's own."

Wikipedia says: "Oscar-Claude Monet (1840-1926) was a founder of French Impressionist painting, and the most consistent and prolific practitioner of the movement's philosophy of expressing one's perceptions before nature, especially as applied to *plein-air* landscape painting. The term "Impressionism" is derived from the title of his painting *Impression, soleil levant* (Impression, Sunrise), which was exhibited in 1874 in the first of the independent exhibitions mounted by Monet and his associates as an alternative to the Salon de Paris." One may sample a little of the controversy over Monet's show in the Boston *Evening Transcript* on-line: Monday 28 March 1892, p. 4, "The Fine Arts."

Lafarge: John LaFarge (1835-1910), was an American visual artist in several media. Wikipedia. Dresel appears not to have capitalized the "f."

According to James L. Yarnall in *John La Farge, Watercolors and Drawings* (1990), LaFarge spent 1890-1 in the South Seas producing popular travel sketches. Returning in late 1891, he mounted a remunerative show of his sketches at his dealer, Doll and Richards of Boston (60).

According to the Smithsonian Archives of American Art, "The Doll & Richards gallery originated in Boston in 1866 as an art gallery and framing shop owned by Charles E. Hendrickson, E. Adam Doll, and Joseph Dudley Richards. The gallery was a well-known Boston establishment for over 100 years that represented William Stanley Haseltine, Winslow Homer, William Morris Hunt, and Andrew Wyeth, among many other notable American painters, sculptors, and printmakers."

Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman.

Cary notes:
In *Amiable Autocrat, A Biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes* (New York, 1947). 383, Eleanor M. Tilton writes: "When he [Holmes] forgot his sittings for the portrait Mrs. Whitman was doing for the Philadelphia College of Physicians, he wrote verses to the painter to announce his coming for the postponed sitting:

Some in rags
Some in tags
And one in an Oxford gown."

On September 17, 1891 Holmes indited an untitled poem of four quatrains to Mrs. Whitman — "From Nature's precious quarry sought" (Thomas Franklin Currier, *A Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes* [New York, 1953], 343-344). Mrs. Whitman contributed decorative line-cuts to the title pages of Holmes's *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* and *Over the Teacups* Birthday Edition, 1890, 1895).

Lang: Cary identified Benjamin Johnson Lang (1837-1909), "Salem-born organist, pianist. teacher, composer, and conductor, studied in Germany with Liszt, introduced the European masters to America and especially promoted the music of Wagner."

Parsifal (1882) is an opera by Richard Wagner based on the story of the quest for the Holy Grail. According to John Louis DiGaetani in *Opera and the Golden West: The Past, Present, and Future of Opera in the U.S.A.,* a successful production of *Parsifal* was performed on 15 April and again on 4 May at Music Hall in Boston (162).

According to the New York Metropolitan Opera Archive, the de Reszke brothers appeared in Boston in the Mechanics Building Auditorium during March of 1892 in Met performances of: *Les Huguenots* by Giacomo Meyerbeer*, Roméo et Juliette* by Gounod*, Faust* by Gounod*, Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* by Wagner*,* and *Lohengrin* by Wagner. However, there is no record in the archive of a Boston performance of *Faust* in October of 1892. Which performances Dresel saw is not yet known.

Charles-François Gounod (1818-1893) was a French composer, whose best known opera is *Faust* (1859), the story based on Goethe's dramatic poem of the same title.

Joachim: Cary identified Amalie Weiss Joachim (1839-1899). The "wife of the famous Hungarian violinist, Joseph Joachim (1831-1907), [she] made her own career as a concert and operatic contralto after separating from him in the 1880s."

Hendschel: George Henschel (1850-1934) was German-born British composer, conductor, and baritone. In 1881, He married Lillian Bailey Henschel (1860-1901), an American soprano. He became first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dresel has added the "d" to their name.

de Reszkes: Cary identified "The Polish deReszke brothers, Jean (1850-1925) and Edouard (1855-1917), stars of Paris and London opera houses, who became respectively the

leading tenor-baritone and bass singer of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company for more than a decade beginning in 1891" See Wikipedia for Jean, who was a tenor. Edouard was a bass.

Villette: Dresel refers to two stories with unresolved endings.

British author Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855) published her novel in 1853.

American author, Frank Richard Stockton (1834-1902) is best remembered for his fable, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" (1882). Wikipedia.

Mrs. Howe: Mrs. George D. [Alice Greenwood] Howe (1835-1924). Key to Correspondents.

Frothinghams: Octavius Brooks Frothingham (1822-1895), American Unitarian minister and author. His wife was Caroline Martha Curtis (1825-1900).

Miss Howes: Probably this is Elizabeth Howes, sister of Susan Burley Cabot. See Mrs. Cabot in Key to Correspondents.

if you had gone to Nervi: Dresel points out to Jewett that Genoa tends to be colder in the spring than towns further northward on the Italian coast, such as Nervi. Sienna, among the hill towns north of Florence is inland and cooler yet in winter and spring.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, MS Am 1743 (50). An annotated transcription by Richard Cary appeared originally in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49. New transcription and notes.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday April 11th
1892

Dear Seddy: It isn't often that you see such economy of space in a letter as this, to be sure [*mark*] and I expect to have it set down to my credit. I wish you could look in at the peaceful scene of me and Becky the one at her desk and the other seated at the table to work on her new gown.

Jane Sewall has just gone, having dropped in to say a tender farewell before leaving for Orange, "Good Janes &c". She was a splendid spectacle with a new jacket, and a new long garment with a cape all on at once to see if they would be warm enough to make it safe to leave her winter garment at home! Helen had a vacation this ^[*unrecognized word*]^ week so she will mount guard at home. "Aunt Tharah, I've got a pony and my mouth won't stay shut it grins so!" The expedition to Porchmouth* proved a grand success, for they found a small horse a size smaller than Princess, of a golden sorrell instead of a chestnut, 9 years old, sound and kind in saddle, harness & stable, and

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with every Christian virtue, all for $90. He* came home with such a [wistful *?*] look on his face. {"}Oh Aunt Mary she's such a beauty, & Tucker says so, Aunt Mary it all depends on you", and what could one do? She really is a dear, with one white hind foot and a white strip on her face, and such a head! I was asked to ride with her yesterday, and such a pageant as it was. Really she [will *corrected*] be large enough for him for several years for she is only one hole in the harness smaller than Princess if that is any guide to you. You never would grudge the money if you could see how the child has heartened up and seemed to take new courage, to say nothing of the pleasure of Mr J. E. Tucker{.} Do you know I have views of trying her some day when the new has worn off a little, for John could go with me on Princess before she goes to hard labor in the pasture!

Caddy is so much better that it does

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my heart good to see her. Her mind is at rest too because Mr. Barrows* has sold the store to a man from Lawrence who comes very highly recommended and intends to be here permanently. He will keep Ernest* gladly, and we are pleased at that because he has shown himself such a good fellow. Everybody advised Carrie to dispose of the business at once, because there is all the risk attached to any possible mistake, and the longer such a place is kept without a head it grows less and less valuable of course, and I am glad the question is decided.

Liddy departed Friday afternoon but Susy is still here with Caddy.

Miss Johnson went Friday morn and seemed so much better for the change and rest. Jimmy Collins is getting on well, but slowly. Hannah goes down every evening, and is doing so well for me. I haven't had such peaceful housekeeping for a long time and wish we might keep on. Really

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if winter was coming instead of summer I should be tempted to dispense with Annie altogether and have Mrs. Pray over for sweeping [and *corrected*] extra occasions.

Today I spent most of the morning in the shed chamber in the annual packing of sleighs and robes, and feel like saying a hymn now that they are done. Things outside are at a standstill because of a whooping wind that sets everything whirling, and blinds you with dust. We have had no rain for weeks, and the top of the ground is very dry in consequence { — } Splendid bendy places in the roads, if you please, but no deep mud anywhere now that I know of, though I havent been far from home to see what things are like. There was an excellent fire early this morning when that big white house in the corner of the road opposite Sam Rollins' where you turn to go to Ed. Goodwins* all [*mark*] burnt up! but none of us knew it until [Becky fessed *?*] the particulars at noon. I didn't know why the tidings that butter was wanted were received so cheerfully a little later. Dr. Spaulding* is all deaded up to Newburyport but it is not unexpected, for he has been failing fast in mind and body for a good while. Will* wrote me Saturday that Tabby had at last taken a turn for the better and was sitting up a little every day, having set the 17th for being up and about the room, which is hopeful for if she really

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sets herself about it she will be round again very soon. We hope Auntie will come down this week for a few days, the day having been set before, but she had to give it up. Caroline Barker is up and down, one day frightening them she is so very low and the next acting as if she might any day get down stairs again{.} Of course she is never any better really only she revives a little, and I am afraid Annie will be spent before she really dies. Fanny Linton is to the fore there, or I do not know what Annie would do, but she has to be walked softly before at times, Annie says! The yard is beginning to look quite green, but we are longing for some warm rains that will set everything on so fast, instead of which we have blustering northwest blows. The trees are all feathery with swelling buds until they look like great plumes in some places. There was a new notice in one of the papers about the Appleton Brown* pictures which were said to be charming this year, and Mrs. Brown

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got more than the usual amount of praise. I sent you what I considered a choice selection of literature this day, and thought you would be especially pleased with the mention of Grandma Bruens* 100th birthday being passed. I have looked for that Two Tales with the Wilkins story in it, but I am afraid it must have slipped into the waste paper basket and got burned for it was lying round on my desk I think, but I may come to it yet. We hoped for a letter from you today for I saw that three steamers were in, but perhaps they got in too late for this mornings mail and we shall get our [grist *?*] tomorrow morning.

I'm anxious to get many things done about the house and yard, but with only Hannah indoors, and no good weather without things do not gain very fast, but perhaps it is just as well not to be too fast.

I've been reading A. H. Clough {'}Prose Remains' for a day or two, and enjoyed

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the book a good deal for it seems to touch so many people we know much about. I have meant to read it, but was specially brought to it by Miss Cloughs death{.} Miss Johnson had letters to her, but she was away when we could go to Cambridge, which I always regretted so much. How I wish we could look in upon you tonight though it probably would be to find you sound asleep for it is bed time here, and I must stop my pen. I think I needn't assure you at this point of the letter that we are doing well in view of all I have said before. I only hope you are quite recovered from your illness in Rome, and do take good care of yourself{.} All your friends are so eager for news of you, and send love over and over.

Becky wishes me "to tell her my age and send my love" which was always Aunt Susans message you know. She is better and full of affairs of every name and nature. Think of her giving up the S.S. class* for a season! My love to Mrs. Fields, and to all other friends who come in your way. Mr. Brown has requested an interview with [*unrecognized name*] for eight o clock tomorrow so I hope something may come of it about paying for the horse. Goodbye my dear & God bless you says your aff. MRJ.

Notes

Porchmouth: John Tucker and Theodore Eastman have found a horse for Theodore in Portsmouth, NH. Key to Correspondents.

He: Presumably, Jewett refers to the male Theodore rather than to the female horse.

Barrows: This person has not yet been identified.

Ernest: This person has not yet been identified.

Sam Rollins' ... Ed. Goodwins: These persons have not yet been identified; therefore, this location is uncertain.

Dr. Spaulding: This person has not yet been identified. One likely possibility is Rev. Willard Spaulding (1823- 11 February 1892). Find a Grave.

Will ... Tabby: Referred to as Abba and Tabby, Abby Fiske was a Jewett cousin, daughter of the sisters' maternal aunt, Abby Gilman Perry (1824-1868) and Francis Allen Fiske (1818-1887) of Concord, NH. Her brother was William / Billy Perry Fiske (1853-1914). Tabby Fiske was one of Mary Jewett's traveling companions during her 1889 European tour.

Appleton Brown: John Appleton Brown. Key to Correspondents.

Grandma Bruens: The Jewetts probably were acquainted with Mary Anne Davenport Bruen (10 November 1793 - 11 December 1892), the widow the Rev. Mathias Bruen (1793-1829). Mrs. Bruen corresponded with Fields's friend, the British poet, Matthew Arnold. However, Mrs. Bruen died at age 99, and her birthday was in November. Conceivably, there were inaccurate reports of her age.

Wilkins story: "Juliza" by American author, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Key to Correspondents.

The story appeared in *Two Tales* 1 (12 March 1892) and is collected in *The Uncollected Stories of Mary Wilkins Freeman* (1992).

A. H. Clough: British poet Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861). His *Prose Remains* appeared posthumously in 1888.

His sister was Anne Jemima Clough (1820 - 27 February 1892), first principal of Newnham College, Oxford, a suffragist and activist for women's education. Wikipedia.

S.S. class: Sunday school.

Mr. Brown: This person has not yet been identified.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

Bermuda, April 12, 1892.

It is a little world all by itself and a world of colour, as its main attribute. Such a Sea, such a Sky! A dream of beauty different from anything else and I can see amazing pictures to be painted at every turn. . . .

The local incident; the white houses built from the coral of which the island itself is made, . . . the negroes and their picturesque methods, the acres of lilies all in fragrant bloom, these things one can only glance at in writing, but some day I will tell you a pretty chapter of geography and history made out of this strange island in the sea, so lovely and so serene.

Note

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday Apr 14
1892

Dear Sarah

Here is letter day again and I came near skipping it, for I was mixed up about the day of the week.

No letter has come from you since last week Friday which is a cross but we shall get all the more when the next steamer gets in probably. John insists upon it that you must be coming home because you haven't written! The wind has howled and roared all the week, and the dust has been disagreeable, but we have had two or three good rides in spite of it. Auntie came yesterday to stay until Saturday, and seems so glad to get here, and so dear as never was. We speak of you so often and wish you could be here too, for she misses you so much. I wish she could stay longer, but it happens that Frances* has some great works and ways

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for Easter, so she thinks she must go home to set her free. Becky is bidden by Miss Lizzie

Parks for Easter, so she will go away Saturday afternoon and stay until Thursday which will be quite an outing for her.

Mary Harriet had views of coming next week, but meanwhile Edward* and wife have arrived for a long talked of visit, and M.H. wrote dolefully that she couldn't tell how long they might stay!

Auntie brought no special particulars from Exeter, except that little aunt had had a cold, from which she was recovering however, it having been taken in season.

Today I had a postal to say that the Memorial* had been shipped yesterday, 997 volumes and when the bill comes I will try to straighten out the price and send out the postals as fast as possible. I will send you one as soon as they come you may be sure,

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and hope you will like your work.

We do not get on very fast with our out of door works and ways, for with the high winds and the lack of rain much digging and raking are made impossible, so we wait with what patience we may. Yesterday the Co. Counc^{rs} came about widening the street and the old tree is safe, for they have decided to make the sidewalk in the inside, so I hope that is the end of that fuss for the present at least. Caddy and Theodore are well, and were both here [at *corrected*] tea tonight with Auntie. Susy went down to [*unrecognized name*] Goodwins,* and I was so glad to get Caddy over, it being the first time I have been able to. Theodore was greatly excited because 'Tompy' had cut off the tip of his thumb with a hatchet which may cause him to be more careful with his own members. "Betty" the pony is greatly beloved, and still is well behaved. We have been afraid that a cold she had

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when she came might prove a long one, but she seems to be getting over it well. Thider rode her round [Hilton *?*] yesterday with great delight, and is longing for the time when "Aunt [Tharah *corrected*]" will be home to go on Princess, who by the way never seemed heartier. Annie Collins hasn't come back yet, but her father is getting on well and sits up now most all day. Hannah does so well, and Mrs. Pray comes over now Auntie is here, so we get on well. Poor Caroline Barker is better and worse. We got [Auntie *?*] out yesterday and took her over Eliot bridge and the Flagg farm to her great delight. Caddy went too, so you see she is getting on well. Yesterday Mrs Burleigh* sent me a box of the most delicious oranges I ever tasted, which was a real treat, for it is getting late for Floridas now. I keep thinking of you and wondering where you are all these wonderful moonlight nights.

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when it seems too beautiful to be indoors, and I wonder if you are where you can see the sea and sky. I sent for the Country Parsons Twenty five Years of St. Andrews* being led thereto by the favorable notices, and it came today, and looks so charming that I can hardly wait to devour it. Lizbeth [Jones *or* James]* [send *so it appears*] it on to you{.} Auntie read it this morning and said it was good. Things are very quiet in the town, so I have no news to tell you{.} We have callers daily, and go to drive{,} eat, sleep, read and sew much after the old fashion. Early in the week I hope to have the books in the library dusted and then put down the new matting, the money for which I sent Mr. Beal* 'by way of no harm'. Did you tell me to send [#10. *so it appears*] to the Art Museum? I think you did, but am not quite sure however? Mrs Oakes was here yesterday and says that the Woodburys* are going over the first of

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July and coming back in November{.} I think it is in the air that she is to go with them, but she didn't say so directly, and of course it will depend upon Mr. Oakes health, for he has been poorly with rheumatism lately. [Their *?*] sale was very successful, and she seemed to be in great [spirits *?*] about them. Very soon I hope to begin drawing again at home for I doubt if I go to town for any more lessons now that it is so late, and very soon Katy Doe* will coach me a little, for she will be coming home. I have lots of things to do, and next week I mean to begin and carry on my small affairs as fast as possible, for I feel quite like myself again for the first time since I was in New York. Iron & Strychnine* pills seem to have done it finally you may be glad to know!

I try to keep a watch of the papers to see if I find things to send you, but either they have been very bare or I very thick

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headed, but I haven't found much to send, lately. My family is in bed, and now I am going too, for it is quite late.

Auntie and Rebecca sent their best love to you, and so do I and to Mrs. Fields. You'll never know how I wish I could see you, but the summer will soon go, and I rejoice in all your good times. John is well, and never did better in his life. Betty at present is his chief joy, though I heard him tell Princess that she was 'best one of the lot" the other day. Mr Brown* has hopes that he may get something yet for the horse that was killed, which I hope may be realized. Now good night, and I hope you'll have a better good time every day, and that you are quite done with your 'sore throat'. Stubby and Tompy went over to the hut yesterday and were delighted to find it all right after the winter. No more at present from an affectionate though long winded sister O.P.

Notes

Frances: Frances Fisk Perry Dudley. Key to Correspondents.

Edward: This couple has not yet been identified.

Memorial: *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy* provides an account of the centennial celebration of the founding the Berwick Academy, which took place on 1 July 1891.

Goodwins: This family was so large in the South Berwick area, that there is little chance of identifying this person in the absence of a given name.

Burleigh: Mrs. Burleigh probably is Matilda Buffum Burleigh (1823-1911).

Andrews: Scottish clergyman and author, Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd (1825-1899) published a two volume memoir, *Twenty-five years of St. Andrews, September 1865 to September 1890* (1892-3). Wikipedia.

James: This transcription is uncertain, and the person has not yet been identified.

Beal: The Jewetts were friends of the Beal family of Annie Fields's sister, Louisa Jane Beal. Jewett's letter of 31 March 1892 indicates that Fields was in some way responsible for supplying new matting for the Jewetts. Key to Correspondents.

Oakes: Jewett refers to the family of Abner Oakes (1820-1899). His wife was Susan Maria Bennett (1830-1918). One of their daughters was Jewett correspondent Susan Marcia Oakes who married fellow artist Charles H. Woodbury. Key to Correspondents.

Katy Doe: Probably Catherine Bell Doe, daughter of Edith Bell Haven Doe. Key to Correspondents.

strychnine: Wikipedia notes that strychnine in small doses was once used medicinally to strengthen muscle contractions. Other sources indicate that it also was used medicinally in combination with iron. In earlier letters, Jewett complained of "bilious attacks," for which she may have taken the pills.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Before 17 April 1892*]*

Certainly, dear friend, I will make myself available for the period you are talking about, regardless of my previous plans. I expect this will happen towards the end of June, and I look forward to meeting you then, with great regret that it could not be sooner. How good it would be to be with you in this time of trouble for you and

[*Page 2*]

which I hope will end soon. Well, the Cazalis* will be at your disposal for all your wishes. I wanted to secure for you the advantages I have enjoyed for the two previous years, of staying with them, but this year, they take a new villa, where they have no spare rooms. Their old house (right next door) is becoming

[*Page 3*]

a modest and comfortable pension in the hands of a Mme. Dupuis,* who winters in Cannes. You could write her now, Route d'Antibes, Pension Wagram, mentioning Mme. Henry Cazalis, saying that she promised that you could find good rooms with Mme. Dupuis. Or, better, you could tell me exactly

[*Page 4*]

what you want and what price you are willing to pay (this can vary from 10 to 12 francs per day and per person — living room additional —). Knowing the place, I would make the choice of apartment and reserve for you, leaving you free to change if it does not suit you. I believe this would serve you well, avoiding the crush and the expense of the big hotels in Aix, and insuring

[*Page 5*]

that you are, first, close to your doctor, and also close to a house (his house) where you will

come into contact with all that is interesting in Aix, without coming out of the semi-seclusion that suits your grief.* To return to the pension. There is on the first floor of this Maison Lamartine a good apartment composed of two bedrooms and a small living room with windows onto a balcony from which one can see the Dent du Chat beyond a small garden. Do you want me to find out how much the rent would be?

[*Page 6*]

You haven't said how long you will spend in Paris, where I want to do the honors of showing you around, before you depart to Provence. Forget the idea of poor Nohant,* a fragment giving little idea of what it once was. Soon I will send you a little itinerary. Certainly I will return from Gascony by 25 or 28 June. I embrace you dear, wishing you a speedy recovery, and I charge you with my best compliments to Mrs. Fields.

In Florence, would you like to become acquainted with my friend, Vernon Lee, and other English women

[*Cross-written down the left margin of page 6*]

less famous, but also very pleasant!

.. It goes without saying that I will be charmed to receive your friends,* but none of them has come yet, and I'll be off right after Easter.

Notes

1892: In mid-June of 1892, Jewett and Fields were in Aix-les-Bains, where Jewett sought help for her rheumatism. During March through May, the pair traveled in Italy, having departed the U.S. near the beginning of March. Easter that year fell on 17 April; Blanc says that Easter is in the future.

Cazalis: French symbolist poet and physician, Henri Cazalis (1840-1909). Wikipedia.

Dupuis: Mme. Vie Dupuis was the proprietor of two hotels in the 1911 *La Savoie Pittoresque: Bulletin des Syndicats d'Initiative de la Savoie*: the Hôtel-Pension Wagram in Aix-les-Bains, on Rue Lamartine, near the "Etablissement Thermal," and another of the same name during the winter in Cannes.

grief: Jewett's brother-in-law, Edwin Eastman, died on 18 March 1892.

Nohant: French author, George Sand / Aurore Dupin (1804-1876). Jewett admired Sand and, apparently, had planned to visit her home village of Nohant. See "House of George Sand" in Wikipedia.

Vernon Lee: Key to Correspondents.

This letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: b MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, Blanc, Thérèse (de Solms) 1840-1907. 10 letters; 1892-1906 & [n.d.], 1892-1906, Identifier: (23).

Transcription

Assurément, chère amie,
je me rendrai libre pour
le temps dont vous
me parlez, quels qu'aient
pu être mes projets
antérieurs. Je suppose
que ce sera vers la
fin de Juin et je
me réjouis de vous
rejoindre alors avec
un grand regret que
cela ne puisse pas
être plus tôt. Combien
il me serait agréable
de vous tenir compagnie
dans ce temps de souffrance
que vous traversez et

[*Page 2*]

qui, j'espère, aura bientôt
un terme! — [Et bien *?*]
les Cazalis seront tout
à votre disposition pour
ce que vous pourrez
désirer. Je voulais vous
assurer l'avantage, dont
j'ai joui deux années
de suite, de demeurer
chez eux, mais cette
année ils prennent une
nouvelle villa où ils
ne pourraient disposer
d'aucune chambre.
Leur ancienne maison
(tout à côté d'eux) devant
une pension modeste et

[*Page 3*]

confortable à la fois entre les
mains d'une M^{me} Dupuis qui
l'hiver est à Cannes. Vous pourriez
dès à présent lui écrire Route d'Antibes
pension Wagram, de la part de
M^{me} Henry Cazalis en lui disant

que celle-ci vous a promis que vous
trouveriez chez elle des conditions
avantageuses. Ou bien, ce qui
serait mieux, dites-moi exactement

[*Page 4*]

ce que vous voulez et le prix
que vous désirez mettre (cela peut
varier de 10 à 12 f. par jour) et
^par personne — salon en plus — ^
Connaissant la maison, je
déciderais du choix de l'appartement
en réservant que vous êtes libre
de le quitter si vous ne vous
y trouvez pas bien. Je croirais vous
rendre service en vous évitant
la cohue et la dépense des grands
hôtels d'Aix et en vous assurant

[*Page 5*]

le proche voisinage de
votre médecin d'abord
et ensuite d'une maison
^(la sienne)^
où vous rencontrerez tout
ce qui passe d'intéressant
à Aix, sans que vous
sortiez pour cela de
la demi-retraite qui
convient à votre deuil.
^Pour revenir à la pension.^
Il y a au premier étage
de cette Maison Lamartine
un bon appartement
composé de deux chambres
à coucher et d'un petit
salon avec fenêtres donnant
sur un balcon d'où l'on
aperçoit la Dent du Chat
au-delà — d'un petit
jardin. Voulez-vous
que je m'informe de ce
qu'on le louera?

[*Page 6*]

Vous ne me dites pas combien
de temps vous passerez à Paris
dont je veux vous faire
les honneurs, avant [l'on *?*]
[gassisations de votre
pièce ?] en provence.
Ecartez l'idée du pauvre
Nohant, [morcélé *?*] de figure
qui ne vous donnerait
aucune idée de ce qu'il
fût. Je vous [soumettrai *?*]
prochainement un
petit itinéraire. Soyez
sûre que je m'arrangerai
pour être revenue de
Gascogne du [25 *?*] ou 28 Juin{.}
Je vous embrasse, chère
amie en vous souhaitant
une prompte guérisison
et en vous chargeant de
tous mes meilleurs compliments
pour M[rs] Fields. Th Blanc Bentzon
Désirez-vous faire connaissance
à Florence avec mon amie
Vernon Lee et avec d'autres Anglaises

[*Cross-written down the left margin of page 6*]

moins [célèbres *?*], mais crois agréables aussi!

[*Cross-written up the upper right corner of page 6*]

Il va vous dire
que je serai charmée
de recevoir vos
amis, mais aucun
n'est encore venu
et je m'absente
aussitôt après Paques

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday Eve Apr 17,
1892

Dear Sarah:

I wish you were here to have a good talk, for I am quite alone in the house and see what a chance for a dish! Aunty and Rebecca departed yesterday afternoon, and I can imagine Rebecca sitting up with Miss Lizzie Parks, having a beautiful time at this moment. It was a great pageant that going away! Aunty never was dearer in all her life and I wanted to keep her longer but she felt obliged to go back by the afternoon train with Becky, but four days was a pretty good visit from her. Miss Carrie Barker died yesterday morning early. I am so glad both for her and for Annie, for Annie could not have held out much longer even with all the assistance she had from Fanny Linton and other friends. She begged me to go with her to Rochester to the funeral tomorrow, for she has no relatives you know and tonight I had to go to tea with her, being lonesome Sarah! Your dear letter and

[*Page 2*]

Mrs. Fields came to Carrie yesterday, and I am so glad she has really heard from you both at last, for it seemed to be a great comfort to her. She and Theodore are both much better. Mrs. Hubbard* went home Friday, and I think Caddy will get on all right with Susy for company now. Of course every day brings some fresh remembrance of the sorrow, but that must be, and must be lived through. I am always so glad when the Sundays are over, for that is the hardest day. This afternoon Theodore took his mother for a long drive with the well beloved Betty, and they came home like two children, so pleased that if I had to live on one meal a day until Betty was paid for, I should still be glad I bought her for him. How he is looking forward to having you go out with him in the fall!

Thider is in school again which is well, and Caddy comes over here nearly every day besides going for a drive

[*Page 3*]

of several miles, so you see she is better, and really doing well. John appeared at the fore door with the new carriage Thursday, and you never sat in such an easy one I really believe. I just wish you could see it horses and all for Dick and Jane are full of life and never went so well. Princess is well also Sarah and gets treated uncommon to lumps. Tomorrow is set for cleaning the books in the big book case, and Tuesday for putting down the matting &c, after which I hope to get my carpet up and down this week if we only are blessed with a little rain which we are fairly longing for, the dust being equal to any corner on the Back Bay that you can mention. This day I viewed the Loomis* house, and admired it even to the extent of John's wishes. I wish you could have seen the way the sunshine fell on the distant landscape where we were. The letter I should have had from you the first of the week

[*Page 4*]

didnt come until last evening, all about [seeing *?*] Katechen* and other friends. I wonder if none of my telegrams reached you, for I sent three in answer to yours, two Friday and one Saturday, but you spoke as if my letter got there first, though perhaps I didn't read the letter straight{.} I wonder where you finally decided to go for Easter* too. I pulled my courage up to the point of going to church, but afterward I wished I hadn't, for though the sermon and the flowers and the music were all good, I couldn't get beyond the vacant seats in the pews since last year, and was glad when the door was open for me to come home again. Caddy bid me to dinner and it would have brought tears to your eyes to see Stubby sitting in his fathers place, and carving the roast. The quiet dignity of character that child has shown all through these last weeks [has *written over* have *?*] really surprised me, though I knew he had a good deal. He had a little note from 'Mith Howths'* last night stating that she had sent him a book about Indians which is yet to arrive however.

Three big packing cases of Memorials* came last night, & I shall send you one by this mail, for I am sure you

[*Page 5*]

will be glad to see it. I shall get it out as fast as possible now, as soon as I get the bill and set the price. Annie is still away, and there is no word yet of her return, but I think she will not be long now probably, for her father is up and round his room all day. I have an idea that 'Mary' does not want to keep him any longer, from things she has said, but it will be hard for him to find as comfortable a place elsewhere especially if he is not able to work for a season. I was greatly moved by the death of Miss Edwards* yesterday which seemed sudden to me, for I had not happened to see that she was ill. I dare say that it might have been in the paper either while I was away or while Mr. Eastman was ill{.} I hope you will not miss seeing Miss Bradbury* too when you get to England. How very nice about the good offices of Mme Blanc* isn't it? I long to hear of your meeting her, and what your first impressions are so be sure and tell me sister, won't you?

[*Page 6*]

I hope soon to try my hand at drawing again but perhaps not this week. There are so many interruptions these days, that I do not get on very fast with anything. Hilborn* is bespoken for the garden, or rather to do the last touches of clearing up this week and then we shall feel quite proper until a rain comes and makes gardening possible. The high winds have been so disagreeable for two or three weeks past that most everything has been in the air. John got off all the double windows except ^some of^ the up stairs ones [more *corrected*] than a week ago, but he nearly got blown off the ladder window and all, and here we still are waiting for a calm day to get the rest down, — meanwhile it is

exasperating to have the weather reports say rain, at least every other day!

Charlie Raynes* is nicely and down stairs again. Just think of his living and Mr. Eastmans dying, and who can tell why it should be so in either case for nothing seemed more improbable.

[*Page 7*]

Mrs. Burleighs new house is rising fast, but they fear it will not be done for them before another spring. It is rather early to speak of it to be sure, but I think those yellow bricks are not going to be very harmonious with all the green trees and background of grass on the higher hill. Anyway they [bark *?*] at me now as I drive past. Caddy had lovely flowers sent her for Easter which were a pleasure. I wish you could see some roses that came from Miss Johnson for they grew so big and bloomed way out.

Give our love to Mrs. Fields won't you and thank her for me for her kind letter to Carrie, which she doubtless will thank her for herself before long. I am so glad that you were not here through all these days, for it is hard enough where you have to hear it, without having to live through it, but you must not worry about us for we are all well truly, only of course we were tired and spent at first. Caddy will write you very soon herself, and I saw Stubby [writing *corrected*]

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

you a [screed *?*] this very night. [I can't *?*] tell you how often we talk about you, and wish we could look in upon you.

Affly
M.R.J.

Notes

Hubbard: This person has not yet been identified. The Hubbards were a prominent family in the area.

Loomis: This person has not yet been identified.

Katechen: This may be Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden's older sister, Kate Hoffendahl. See Walden in Key to Correspondents and Mary R. Jewett to Sarah O. Jewett of 14 August 1889.

Easter: Easter fell on 17 April in 1892.

Howths: Probably Elizabeth Howes, sister of Jewett friend Susan Burley Howes Cabot. Key to Correspondents.

In Mary Jewett's 21 April letter, she says that the book's author was British artist and museum curator, John Lockwood Kipling (1837-1911), the father of author Rudyard Kipling (Key to Correspondents). It seems likely that the book Theodore received was *Beast and Man in India: A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in Their Relations with the People* (1891).

Memorials: *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy* provides an account of the centennial celebration of the founding the Berwick Academy, which took place on 1 July 1891. The older Jewett sisters oversaw its editing and production.

Miss Edwards: Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831- 15 April 1892). "In 1882, she co-founded the Egypt Exploration Fund (now the Egypt Exploration Society) and became its joint Honorary Secretary. In 1889-1890, she toured the United States lecturing on Egyptian exploration." After 1864, her residence was at Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Great Britain. See Wikipedia.

She was a close friend and colleague of Kate Bradbury.

Bradbury: Kate Bradbury. Key to Correspondents.

Blanc: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc.

Hilborn: This person who apparently did yard work for the Jewetts has not yet been identified.

Charlie Raynes: Charles N. Raynes is listed by the Old Berwick Historical Society as a classmate of the Jewett sisters at the school of Olive Raynes. According to *Placenames of South Berwick* (p. 132) by Wendy Pirsig, Charles Raynes lived near the Jewetts on Portland Street, probably at the site of the Raynes school.

Caroline Augusta Jewett Eastman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Tuesday April 19th [*1892*]*

My dearest Sarah —

I am sure I don't know what to say to you dear — Its so hard to write things and sometimes it has seemed as if I never could make my body again my own. [*Unrecognized word*] [me *?*] so long being [*unrecognized word*] but its so much better. One of the hard things of all this is — that it had to come to you,

in all your pleasure — till it seemed as if it would break my heart that you had to share it, too. Sometimes I don't in my heart know which way to turn. It seemed as if we were just beginning to live and of course as we were happy in our home life — [*unreadable line, perhaps 7 words*] [makes *?*] it very hard ^to be alone^. It doesn't

[*Page 2*]

seem possible it is all true and I am fairly haunted with the feeling some days he is coming home again. We fairly fought night and day for his life, and I am so grateful for one thing, that I [could *?*] do all through and Ned didn't see me cry once, but every thing was sunshine in his room till he [went *?*]. But to have anyone just [detached *?*] from you is very hard. I do feel glad for his sake he was saved a long sickness and I too feel he never would have been well again if he could have been pulled through this. It would touch you & Mrs. Fields very much to know Theodore now. Ned always brought him up to be thoughtful and "nice to Mama," and he sure is doing it. It is a terrible

[*Page 3*]

thing for the boy, and he kept coming in, laying on the sofa — "I'm sick at my stomach Mama." when it was only all [this *?*]. Ned interested him in so many ways in behind the store, so that 'Betty'* has been a perfect blessing as well as to Mary too! I was dreadfully upset yesterday to find I was ashore as to the store again — The man ~~proved~~ ^seemed^ reliable. I ^want^ to keep a decent place — but Mr. [Yeaton *?*]* found him rather [shakey *so written*] on [accessories *?*]. But perhaps it will come out better in the end. I shall be so glad when I can get things settled and begin to live — there have been so many tough things to face, as you may well know. Your letters are such

[*Page 4*]

a pleasure to me — and we watch eagerly for them. There are so many things I want to tell. Every day has been very dear to me. But you have no idea how people feel about it all. Ned developed & broadened every day of his life and I hear so many good things of his life toward the poor. [My *?*] Sarah, even think of old Ann* — buying a sheet of paper & envelope and getting a touching little letter written me — We were surprised this morning to hear of Mrs. Traftons* dying early this morning — No one knew of her being much sick. She had sort of a bilious attack, and then sank quickly & died.

[*Page 5*]

Mr Barrow* came down this morning, after I wrote this to see more about the business — and Mrs. Knight* appeared for the day. Mary was up to her ears in house cleaning, so I sent her dinner over to her. You know it never rains but it pours — and this is one of the days.

[*Page 6*]

Mary is getting on well. The library matting is to be put down today, beside her chamber being cleaned — Becca is having a good time with Miss Lizzie Parks. Becca never was so dear in all her life, and left off making excuses wholly, and fills a place beautifully [there *?*] at the other house — Theodore's book from Miss Howes* came yesterday, being a beautiful one — and tonight he must thank her — last evening being taken in finishing the letter to you — I am afraid this isn't a very cheerful letter Sarah dear, for you to get so far away, but I don't seem to know anything to tell you. Mary & [Jinny *?*] went as far as Rochester yesterday afternoon to the burial of

[*Page 7*]

[of *repeated*] Miss Caroline* — They came home at seven o'clock — having waited almost [two *?*] hours in the depot — But as there were seventeen of our congregation — I imagine they touched on many subjects in their conversation. [You should *?*] be surprised to see the big packed basket of letters I have had and I must try to thank people now for them, if I can.

I know Mrs. Fields will forgive my not writing her this time, only if you will give her enough love — and thank her — for her dear letter. I only wish you both knew how much you are in my thoughts. Susy sends you much love — She is very well. I don't know how

[*Page 8*]

long I can keep her but as long as I can you better believe. If Mary [Harris *?*] comes soon — before long I can borrow Becca, who says she will come. Have the very best time you both can and get all the good you can out of it all, and be sure I think of you very very often and lovingly —

Carrie

I do love Sarah to think of Hattie* & mother and Ned all living together — they loved one another so, even tho' its all this for us.

Notes

1892: The occasion of this letter is the death of Edwin Eastman, Caroline Jewett's husband on 18 March 1892.

Yeaton: Probably, this is George Campbell Yeaton (1836-1918), a prominent South Berwick attorney.

Old Ann: This person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Traftons: Susan M. Walker Trafton (1822 - 19 April 1892). Find a Grave.

Mr. Barrow: This person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Knight: Helen Cross Knight. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Howes: Probably Elizabeth Howes, sister of Jewett's close friend, Susan Burley Howes Cabot. Key to Correspondents. See Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett of 17 April 1892.

Miss Caroline: Caroline Barker.

Mary Harris: This transcription is uncertain, and this person remains unidentified.

Hattie: Mary Harriet Denny. The Jewett sisters' mother, Caroline Frances Perry, died the previous October, 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743, 56, Eastman, Caroline Augusta (Jewett) 1855-1897. 2 letters; [1892 & n.d.], 1892.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

April 21st 1892

Dear Sarah:

Your letter would have been longer tonight if Beckys tale of her adventures had been shorter{.} She came home this evening having had a beautiful time in Newton and Boston and a night in Wakefield with Lizzie. I am sure it will do her good to have the change, for the winter has brought a good deal in the way of sickness and the like. Just after I sent my letter to you Tuesday morning John came in and told me that Mrs. Trafton* had died suddenly, after being sick a few days with what Dr. Gerrish called a bilious attack, but now there is a great going on because people think he ran his fad into the ground, and mistook the case, but who can tell. The funeral was this afternoon, and they had Mr. Lewis in Mr. Simpson's* absence. Isn't it a

[*Page 2*]

blessed mercy that Florence is settled so happily now that she would have been so left alone? Mrs. Trafton was uncommonly bright and pleasant, and indeed she was spending the day with "Miss Bill Parsons"* when she was taken ill.That Miss [Lutte *or* Lutts *?*]* was here at the hotel so I gave her and Susy a ride this morning which was lovely for we went down on Pine Point. She gives Susy a good many pleasures so I was really glad to please them both.

It is Fast Day here, but there was no service until evening when they had one at one of the churches, which seemed much more sensible than preaching away to empty pews in the morning. Caddy and Thider set sail for Dover to get the pony shod this morning and while that business was going on Caddy went to see Mrs. Huntress who had

[*Page 3*]

been "meddlin with wather," and had scalded her arm a good deal, but they seemed bright and well as usual she said. The welcome rain has come this evening, and we are so thankful to have the blinding dust laid, for there has been little comfort in walking or driving for a couple of weeks, and everything seemed at a standstill for lack of moisture. Tuesday we took up my carpets and that is such a piece of work to have accomplished and the matting looks so nice in the library. We really are getting on well with our spring work, for we quite forget when we grow impatient that it is only past the middle of April. Now I want to get out for some long drives with Caddy and Susy, for we shall enjoy them a great deal I am sure. Thider wrote you a letter a few days ago I believe, but I imagine he didnt go far beyond Betty as a text.

[*Page 4*]

He was doing his duty by Miss Howes* last night, because the Indian book had come which proved to be one of a Mr Kipling* who is father or brother to Rudyard I believe. The St Andrews book* is delightful, and I shall be so sorry when

it is done. The daily papers are full of Mr. Hale's* 70th birthday which has been greatly attended to by everybody, and there seems to be but little beside. Tonight such a dear letter came from Katechen* to me and one for Caddy. She surely has a kind heart if anybody has, and I should so like to see her.

May flowers are just coming now and Saturday I hope to take my [family *?*] to pick some, for then we shall have a Stubby with a horse to go with us. Hannahs {"}little girls" appeared with their annual offering a few days ago, but they were very early. I wish I could send you a good [likeness *?*] of them. I heard today

[*Page 5*]

that there was no immediate prospect of the school coming back to Bradford for the two girls are still very ill there. Miss Johnson* must be in a state of mind, but then she is getting a good rest which is something to console one. I hope you do not fret about us, for we seem to be going on quietly. Carrie seems better and more cheerful every week, and more interested in the daily doings. Of course only time can do her any good, for she is not ill, and does not need medicine though I believe she is taking some tonic, and she certainly looks very well now, but of course it will take her a long time to recover from such a blow, and we must have patience.

Stubby went over to the Doe's* this afternoon and came back so funny and smelling for they had all been down in [Birdles *?*]

[*Page 6*]

woods opposite the foundry watching the men put out a big fire that had caught in the brush, and all the foundry men had turned out to fight it. Just now it being past 10 oclock a big peal came [*unrecognized word*] the [*unrecognized word*] and knocker at once and I went down stairs to find Mr John Earl* very tight, desiring to borrow an umbrella if you please, and quite mad because I refused him, and shut the door in his face. Becky and Hannah appeared in their nightgowns and I was smartly rated by the latter for opening the door!

Mrs Knight* came up Tuesday to spend the day at Caddy's and was very pleasant. I was bidden to dine with her, but was in the midst of a vigorous housecleaning so contented myself with some calls instead of a dinner.

[*Page 7*]

Mrs. Goodwin came in for a call today and I also had Mr Lewis, and Mrs. Geo Goodwin and her daughter who have never favored me before. I think Caddy must have had them also from something they said. Helen Sewall came over yesterday, and reports Jane as being well and happy in Orange, but it must be almost time for her return. Annie Barker is having great goings on with "Beetle [*unrecognized word*]{"}, having her room done over where Caroline was ill. I do not know how long she and Fanny will be content to live together, but so far it seems such an excellent thing for both of them. Caddy and I miss you so when we walk the piece from time to time. I think [we *corrected*] shall not attempt any great doings this year, except the things that we can easily get from the [florist *?*], for we seem to have so many things to do, and ^don't^ want to load ourselves down with much weeding

[*Page 8*]

to do. I hope you and Mrs. Fields are both well again after your colds. You will never know how often we think and speak of you, nor how much we miss you. Neither will you ever know how glad I am that you are not coming home now, for it would be such a pity for you to have the hard voyage again so soon to say nothing of failing to do so many things you have so much wanted to.

Good night for I must go to bed now being your sleepy but affectionate sister, O.P.

Notes

Trafton: Susan M. Walker Trafton died on 19 April 1892. Find a Grave.

No one in her known immediate family was named "Florence," and this person remains unidentified.

Dr. Gerrish: This may be Dr. Frederick Henry Gerrish (1845-1920), who had a successful medical career.

Miss Bill Parsons: A recently deceased William A. Parsons (1842-1889) left two sons. How this might connect with "Miss Bill" is not yet known.

Lutts: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Huntress: The Old Berwick Historical Society notes several Huntresses in South Berwick. In 1892, stable owner Simeon Parsons Huntress (1844-1923) was married to Sabra A. Evans (1857-1905).

Howes: Elizabeth Howes, sister of the Jewetts' friend, Susan Burley Howes Cabot. Key to Correspondents.

Kipling: British artist and museum curator, John Lockwood Kipling (1837-1911) was the father of author, Rudyard Kipling (Key to Correspondents). It seems likely that the book Theodore received was *Beast and Man in India: A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in Their Relations with the People* (1891).

St Andrews book: Scottish clergyman and author, Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd (1825-1899) published a two volume memoir, *Twenty-five years of St. Andrews, September 1865 to September 1890* (1892-3). Wikipedia.

Mr. Hale's: Edward Everett Hale. Key to Correspondents.

Katechen: Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden's older sister, Kate Hoffendahl. See Walden in Key to Correspondents and Mary R. Jewett to Sarah O. Jewett of 14 August 1889.

Johnson: For Annie Johnson and Bradford Academy, see "Other Frequently Mentioned People" above.

Doe's: Probably the home of Edith Bell Haven Doe. Key to Correspondents.

John Earl: This person has not yet been identified. The only John Earl buried in South Berwick who may have been alive in 1892 is buried in the Old Fields Cemetery (Find a Grave). A roster of local veterans of the Civil War at the Old Berwick History Society lists a John Earl.

Mrs Knight: Helen Cross Knight. Key to Correspondents.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett C/O J. P. Morgan Bank in London. It was forwarded to C/O Maquay, Hooker & Co. in Florence, Italy. The cancellation date is not readable, and it is not certain that this envelope belongs with this letter.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*April 1892*]*

Dear Miss Jewett, dear friend, while you were stricken by a grief with which I sympathize deeply, I also have had my troubles. I have lost a dear elderly relative, who suffered successive attacks of paralysis. She was a distant relative, but the links of friendship often are stronger than those of blood. And then a friend of more than 30 years, who had shown me and mine much proof of attachment and with whom I had the joy, even more rare, of being able to speak of the past, was suddenly carried away with pleurisy{.} For two sad weeks, I have lived with the dead and dying. I also understand the grief and pain you must feel to be so far away! The very beauty of spring, these enchanted scenes you pass through, must weigh upon you by contrast. We had not supposed you would spend so little time in France. I am sorry that you are gaining such a superficial acquaintance with the country. I had reported your itinerary to Hamilton Aïdé* who —

[*Page 2*]

returning from Sicily — rushed to the Bristol hotel in vain! — If one of my letters was lost, certainly it was the one in which I told you that Mme. Dupuis* consents regarding the g. t. pension, per day and per person plus a sitting room. If you want to use only the hotel lounge, write to her directly a little before your arrival: Maison Lamartine, Aix les Bains. — — - The apartment that I have arranged for you seems convenient, and I find it pleasant. The Misses King* told me that you might come to Paris before going to Aix; I see that they got it wrong. Consider this, that I am thinking about traveling to America. Let's talk about this when I have the pleasure of seeing you. May God send you the consolation and the strength that you need.

All the best to you and Mrs. Fields

Th Bentzon

Notes

1892: The letter opens with a reference to the death Edwin Eastman, husband of Jewett's younger sister, Caroline, on 18 March 1892. At the time of his death, Jewett was traveling with Annie Adams Fields in Italy. The last known letter Jewett sent from the Hotel Bristol in Rome was dated 2 April. Mme. Blanc wrote to Jewett about pension arrangements on about 17 April. On 20 May, Jewett wrote her sisters from Venice. By 14 June, she was established in Aix-les-Bains, France, and by 3 July, she and Fields were in Paris, where they met Mme. Blanc for the first time, after corresponding with her since 1885. Probably this letter was composed soon after 17 April and sent to Jewett in Venice or elsewhere in Italy.

Hamilton Aïdé: French-born British author, Charles Hamilton Aide (1826-1906).

Misses King: "Grace Elizabeth King (1852-1932) was a writer of local color stories of Creole life in New Orleans. She writes of her friendship with Madame Blanc in *Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters* (New York, 1932). King stayed with Madame Blanc in Meudon during the last few months of her life. Wikipedia.

She had two unmarried sisters, Annie/Nan and Nina.

Mme Dupuis: Mme. Vie Dupuis was the proprietor of two hotels in the 1911 *La Savoie Pittoresque: Bulletin des Syndicats d'Initiative de la Savoie*: the Hôtel-Pension Wagram in Aix-les-Bains, on Rue Lamartine, near the "Etablissement Thermal," and another of the same name during the winter in Cannes.

The meaning of "g. t. pension" remains mysterious.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 5: mss FI 5637.

Transcription

Chère Miss Jewett, chère amie, tandis
que vous étiez frappée de chagrins
auxquels Je prends une grande parti,
J 'avais moi aussi mes peines.
Je voyais s'éteindre après des
attaques de paralysie successives
une chère vieille parente — éloignée
sans doute, — mais les liens de
l'amitié sout souvent plus forts
que ceux du sang. Puis un amie
qui depuis plus de 30 ans avait
donné á moi et aux miens
toutes les preuves d'attachement et
avec qui j'avais la joie, de plus
en plus rare, de pouvoir parler
du passé, ns était bien brusquement
enlevée par une fluxion de poitrine{.}
Je n'ai pas cessé d'être depuis deux
tristes semaines auprès des morts
ou des mourants. Combien je
comprends vos deuils et la douleur
que vs devez éprouver d'être loin!
La beauté même du printemps, ces
scènes enchantées que vous traversez
doivent vs être à charge par la
contraste. Ns supposons pas que
vous traverseriez France si rapidement{.}
C'est un regret pour moi que
vs ayez fait avec elle une si superficielle
connaissance. J'avais signalé votre
sejour á Hamilton Aïdé qui

[*Page 2*]

— revenant de Sicile — s'est
précipité à l'hôtel Bristol
en vain! — Si une lettre
de moi s'est perdue, c'est sans
doute celle où je vs disais que
Mme Dupuis consentait à la
pension de g t. par jour et
par personne, salon en plus [*two marks below sentence line that look like* St]
Si vous voulez vous contenter
du salon de l'hotel, écrivez-lui
directement un peu avant votre
arrivée: Maison Lamartine, Aix
les Bains. — — - L'appt [*for* apartment] que j'ai
retenu pour vous m'est bien
[commode *?*] et je le trouve agréable.
Les Misses King m'avaient dit que
vs viendriez peut-être à Paris avant
de vs rendre à Aix; Je vois qu'elles
se sont trompées. Figurez-vous
que je prémédite pour mon compte
un voyage en Amérique. Nous
en causerons quand j'aurai la
joie de vs voir. Que Dieu
vs envoie les consolations et
la force dont vs avez besoin.
tout à vous et à Mrs Fields

Th Bentzon

John Greenleaf Whittier to Mary Rice Jewett

Oak Knoll
[Apl 28 *?*] 1892*

Dear Friend,

Thanks for thy kind note & the enclosed letter from thy sister.* They seem to be enjoying the [Italian *?*] [*unrecognized word*] exceedingly.

I am looking over the Academy Centennial* with great satisfaction. It was a wonderfully successful

[*Page 2*]

celebration, and the credit of it is largely due to thee.

Sarah's introduction is excellent.

I am very truly thy friend

John G Whittier

I shall [*deletion*] ^return^ that letter of Sarahs with many thanks.

Notes

1892: Having made a poor photo of the first page, I was forced into much guesswork in this transcription. Readers desiring more accuracy should consult the manuscript.

sister: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Centennial: Whittier refers to *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy* (1891). The Jewett sisters took a leading role in organizing the celebration and producing this booklet. See also, Whittier to Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett of 30 April 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 387, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday
April 28 1892

Dear Sister:

We had a great feast today when the Sorrento and Amalfi letters and Mrs. Fields [letter *corrected*] ^& card^ all came together, one letter having come in twelve days. I turned green and pink with jealousy when I heard of your seeing the [Miseracordia *so it appears*] stepping by for I have been unhappy ever since I read Miss Thackerays* book about it ^and many things beside.^. Wasn't it Bluebeards Keys? Dear, dear how beautiful it all is, and I'm glad you are in it this time{.} I should have felt so defrauded if you hadn't gone to Napoli and seen all these things since I'm acquainted in the town where you were raised and feel just pride! To think of the two proud creatures of you being set down in a monks cell! we were lodged once in an old inn that was a brotherhood and had the chapel with one end of it raised where the altar had been for our bedroom, but that was nothing to you.

It was funny you should speak of "poor

[*Page 2*]

Nate"* for I dont wonder you thought of him{.} Sometime when we are in Exeter let us see if we cannot get hold of some of his letters and get a nearer view of him than anything we can remember.

Before I forget it please tell Mrs. Fields that I gladly do her grand with Haggerty* the next time I step to town, though there is no immediate prospect ^of affairs^ to make me set a day and start. We are rejoiced to have a little rain today. Just think we have had no "following{"} rains all this spring, and really need to have the dust laid. Annie Barker dropped in today and I kept her to dinner which seemed a pleasure, as [was *written over* did] the reading of your letter. Hannah was delighted with the palm, and the tale of the procession which filled her mind. I asked Rebecca today about #200,* I think in the bank, and I cut #190 in coupons for May 1st so you will have enough to get on with for a season without touching your savings

[*Page 3*]

bank. You know we have the [untended *?*] money the [21st *so it appears*] of May; I have seen no copyright paper from Houghton, but perhaps they have sent it directly to you. So much for moneys — The parish meeting is on tonight, and I have an idea that there is more interest in it than common{.} Mr Sewall and Moses Smith* & I have had our heads together about the choir, and I hope we can manage to get money enough to pay up the bills for another year. I haven't much to tell you this time for not much has happened to tell. People are busy with their affairs, and don't go abroad much for their joys. We are slowly getting things done indoors and out. Mrs. Pray was here today doing the parlor. We are so glad that the heaviest part of the work which was the library and my room are done, for now I dare say that warmer weather will come quickly. Mrs Whitman* sent me some lovely flowers and such a kind note yesterday, saying she had just come home from Bermuda. Stubby sent

[*Page 4*]

her some May flowers Monday, and some for Miss {'}Howth'* went at the same time, for which he got a beautiful letter but I daresay he will also get one from Mrs. Whitman very soon. John wishes you to know that you ought to come home and see what a lovely Princess it is to ride or drive. I saw her stepping off with him on her back a day or two ago, as if she were the Queen instead of the Princess. Jane Sewall came back from Orange and ought to say Paradise

Monday, and came to call last evening on her way to meeting but I had stepped over to Caddy's for a season. I heard Uncle John to be there for a few days but after he is away I must go down for a session with Mrs. Sewall for she sent russet apples by Jane last night. The tulips have come up beautifully and look as if they would bloom well but Im not so sure about the daffodils that we planted last fall, though they have come up well{.} I am going to cut you off with a short letter tonight

[*Page 5*]

for I am tired after a busy day, and I want this to go by the early mail. I had a dear letter from Aunt Helen* this morning{.} She has been trying to come up for a day with us but has had a bad cold, and does not quite dare until the warmer weather comes. She sent messages of love to you, and thinks of you often.

Theres a picture in Harper for May to illustrate Miss Wilkins story that has somebody in it who is the image of old Olive down at the Havens.* I laughed when I saw it for it seemed as if she must have posed for it. Annie Barker told me today that she went to see the Lewis' house yesterday, and found all the family viewing it too. She seemed to think it so pleasant and convenient inside. I suppose they will be moving in soon. The roof is raised of Mrs. Burleigh's house, and it promises to be a fairer thing in the landscape than the old one ever thought

[*Page 6*]

of being. It does not look much like their fitting into it in the fall as they hoped to do at first. Becca sends you her love. She seems better for her visit but is pretty busy at the bank just now so she stays after hours often. I saw 'Life' here last evening and I suppose he has come to take Miss Varney* back with him as I hear she is going for a year. What a characteristic thing for Vi to collect her hotels in photographs. Next to her gowns they were beloved by her heart. What luck do you have liking Willie?

They will really be thankful to get home again I dare say. I wonder if you will fall in which him again anywhere. I saw Caddy had a letter from her today but forgot to ask for the particulars. Thank both Mrs F. and you for your letters today which were so welcome and much love for you both. I can't tell how much I wish I could see you{.} Are your eyes better again? Surely I hope they are. Caddy and Thider would send love if they knew I am writing, but here's

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

enough from all of us and Im yours affly

Mary R J —

Notes

Thackerays: British writer, Anne Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919), was the author of *Bluebeard's Keys, and Other Stories* (1874). There are several prominent sites in Italy associated with "misericordia." Since Jewett mentions Naples, perhaps she refers to the church of Pio Monte della Misericordia, known for its paintings. A Google search for instances of "misericordia" in several of Ritchie's works, including *Bluebeard's Keys* and *Miss Angel* (1875), set partly in Venice, turned up no results. Wikipedia.

inn: See Mary Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett of 2-3 September 1889.

Nate: This transcription is uncertain. Possibly he was Nathaniel Gilman Perry (1825-1855), a brother of Dr. William Gilman Perry, the Jewetts' uncle.

Haggerty: A letter fragment from Sarah Orne Jewett to her sisters collected with a letter dated February 1902 speaks of a Haggerty who seems to be an employee of Annie Adams Fields.

200: Jewett typically uses the hash mark where we would use a dollar sign.

Smith: Moses Smith (1843-1929). Find a Grave.

Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman.

Howth: Elizabeth Howes, sister of Jewett's close friend, Susan Burley Howes Cabot. Key to Correspondents.

Aunt Helen: Helen Williams Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Havens: Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (Key to Correspondents) published the first installment of her novel, *Jane Field*, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in May 1892. Jewett may refer to the first of several illustrations (p. 817), which depicts an elderly woman.

Probably the "Havens" are George Wallis Haven, who resided in Portsmouth, NH. Key to Correspondents. It appears that Olive was one of the family's employees, but nothing is yet known of her.

'Life' ... Miss Varney: There was a Varney family in South Berwick, but it is not yet known whether

"Life" and "Miss Varney" were connected with them.

Vi ... Willie: Probably Jewett refers to the family of the Jewetts' distant cousin, Henry Jewett Furber, his wife Cynthia Elvira Irwin and oldest son, William Elbert Furber. See Cynthia Elvira Irwin Furber in Key to Correspondents.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett C/O J. P. Morgan Bank in London and cancelled in South Berwick on 29 April. It was forwarded to Hotel de Rome, Venice.

Linda White Mazini Villari to Annie Adams Fields

10 Via Venezia
Saturday
[*30 April 1892*]*

Dear Mrs Fields

I am delighted that dear Sarah* gives me the chance of knowing you & Mifs Jewett! In case of not finding you at home I write this line to ask if you will both come

[*Side 2*]

to dine quietly with me on Wednesday at 7 o'clock ----- [all by *?*] [*unrecognized word*] to make real acquaintance! My husband is away unfortunately so my boy & I are alone.

I would [choose *?*] an earlier date but the threatened disturbances in honour of the 1st May will make locomotion difficult & perhaps keep us all shut up indoors. But by Wednesday

[*Cross-written on side 1*]

unless Florence is blown up meanwhile, things will be quiet again. With kindest greetings looking forward to seeing Mifs Jewett & yourself

Sincerely

Linda Villari

Notes

1892: Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett were in Florence, Italy on this date, presumably remaining through May 1.

Linda White Mazini Villari (1836-1915) was an author and translator. Among her translations were several works by her second husband, the Italian historian Pasquale Villari (1827-1917). Wikipedia.

Villari was concerned about May Day "disturbances" in part because by 1892, the date had come typically to be a day of worker protests and strikes.

Sarah: This cannot be Jewett, and her identity is not yet known. However, she may be Fields's sister, Sarah Holland Adams, also a translator.

The manuscript of this card is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 323, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*30 April 1892*]

My dear Mrs. Fields:

Many a time since you went away, I have thought of writing you, and now I am doing it in unexpected haste, and, alas! 'with a purpose'. But the purpose is nice [*deleted letters* atone *?*] enough to be its own excuse, to wit: May we put that honored name of yours down on the little Keats circular touching the placing of Miss Whitney's bust in the Hampstead Parish Church?* The circular itself, which will be a tasteful bit of work, will be ready [for *corrected*] private distribution by the end of the month; so there is just time to beg boons of you, and get your reply. Professor Norton* is our Ajax,* and Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Gilder* have just fallen into line with twenty-dollar subscriptions apiece, and the better gold of their adhesion. Mr. Day* wishes to ask Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer to stand beside you, and then, probably, Dr. Parsons:* and with six such — patrons; there must be fair sailing for us in behalf of "our younger brother's" memory.

[*Page 2*]

Only Americans, and, if possible, only literary Americans are to know of the thing, and help further it. Prof. Norton is the purse-holder. We are proud as Lucifer* of your friendly sympathy, and have no doubt whatever that it was warranted to last; but we did not think it right, even with this confidence, to write you down, without a parting permission and your blessing. Do say Yes!

I send you my small book,* which failed to reach Charles St. in its embryo stages, through a stupid mismanagement which was, wondrous to [*mark that may be a comma*] add, none of mine. May you like it, and may Miss Jewett like it too! It has gone off very well indeed, so far.

Unless I discover your name upon the subscription-lists of the new quarterly, The Knight Errant,* whose printers, editors, contributors, &c. are working, like Spenser's angels,* "all for love and nothing for reward," may I also forward a copy of the first number? I am sure you will approve of the Knight's look, if not of his opinions.

And how [*mark somewhat like a dash*] happy you must all be in Italy! The first violets are out today in this inclem-

[*Page 3*]

ent young fatherland, before there is so much as a bud upon the oaks and walnuts. The electric cars are screaming through Washington St., and the vender at the corner explaining how bad are the times for trade, when "alla 'e maka on 'e peanutta, 'e loosa m 'e damma banan' !" And there has been a glorious amateur circus in the Arena, full of fun and fashion, with the dulcissima mundi nomina* figuring between elephants' heads on playbills: Mr. Harrison Gray Otis striding about as ring-master, and Mr. Robert Gould Shaw with a blue fillet about his brows, in the Roman standing riding.* And otherwise the little world hereabouts seems to wag as usual. There is a possible chance of my getting back to the British Museum next winter, if I ~~get~~ have the long rope I want, and the chance to do the work I hunger for! It is an anthology of seventeenth-century lyrics,* ^the^ darling things I and everybody know by heart. But you will be back long, long ere then. May I have a line or two to know how you do, and how Miss Jewett does, and whether there is anything ever so

[*Page 4*]

important or ever so slight that I may do for you here? I do not forget either of you, and my love goes to you over the sea. Felicità!

Yours faithfully,
Louise Imogen Guiney

30th April, 1892: Auburndale, Mass.

Notes

Miss Whitney's bust: American sculptor Anne Whitney (1821-1915) made a bust of British poet John Keats (1795-1821) in 1873 and carved a replica in 1883. The latter was given to St. John at Hampstead Parish Church on 16 July 1894. Wikipedia.

See also: Ann Wierda Rowland, "John Keats, English Poet (Made in America)," *Keats-Shelley Journal* 65 (2016), pp. 112-125. She describes the fund-raising campaign for making the gift.

Professor Norton: Charles Eliot Norton. See Sara Norton in Key to Correspondents.

Ajax: The Greek mythological hero, Ajax, a courageous warrior in the Trojan War, plays a major role in Homer's *Iliad*.

Mr. Aldrich ... Mr. Gilder ... Mr. Day ... Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer ... Dr. Parsons:

For Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, and Fred Holland Day, Key to Correspondents.

Thomas William Parsons (1819-1892) was an American dentist and poet, a translator of Dante.

Alice Freeman Palmer (1855-1902) was an American educator, who served as president of Wellesley College and later as Dean of Women at the University of Chicago. Wikipedia.

Lucifer: Associated with the morning star, the planet Venus, Lucifer as named here, presumably refers to the devil as he appears in Dante's *Inferno* and in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

small book: Guiney's small book of 1892 was *"Monsieur Henri" a Foot-note to French History*. Presumably, this is what she sent with this letter.

Knight Errant: In 1892-3, the Visionists, an informal social club of Boston area artists and intellectuals produced a quarterly journal, *The Knight Errant*. Among Jewett correspondents, Guiney and Fred Holland Day were part of this group. Wikipedia.

Spenser's angels: See "The Ministry of Angels" from *Fairie Queene* II, viii, by British poet Edmund Spenser (c. 1552-1599).

amateur circus in the Arena: The New York *Times* noted Boston's "swell" circus opening performance on 28 April 1892 (29 April 1892, p. 5): "The programme was rich in novel features, but decidedly too long, as the performance lasted until after midnight." The Boston *Globe* (19 April 1892, p. 5) reported in detail on a dress rehearsal.

BOSTON'S CIRCUS AMATEURS.

Club Men Spread Themselves Over the Arena in Many Intricate and Difficult Evolutions.

"Society" was agog last night, it being the first dress rehearsal of Boston's amateur circus, in which many of the "400" are to participate.

It was a strictly private rehearsal, but a GLOBE reporter succeeded in gaining admission to the Arena building, which resounded with familiar strains.

The participants were members of two of Boston's clubs, the Boston Athletic Association and the Boston Riding Club, which stand well up near the head of Boston's swell organizations.

The first performance was one that would have brought the crimson glow to the cheeks of Boston's belles could they have seen the idol of their hearts going through his many and peculiar gyrations in his efforts to gain renown.

H. G. Otis and Charles H. Thayer were flitting about from one end of the building to the other, directing matters.

The rehearsal began in the regulation way, with the grand entree.

Twelve persons took part, among the riders being E. B. Bloss, Harvard's famous athlete.

Exhibit No. 2 was of sword drills and exercises, in which 10 members of the Naval Battalion took part

After going through some cavalry manœuvres, they rode around the outside circles, spearing balls from posts in representation of head cutting.

This was followed by cutting apples suspended in mid-air, and they closed their highly interesting act by endeavoring to spear brass rings attached to an arrangement similar to that seen at "merry-go-rounds."

The chariot races came next, and it is a question if in the palmy days of the Olympian games more thrilling contests were ever witnessed.

Each chariot was drawn by four stalwart members of the B. A. A., who were urged to their utmost speed.

Those who took part in the race were O. W. Shead, Benjamin Hind, Jr., J. Finneran Coombs, W. J. Batchelder, F. R. Peters, E. B. Bloss and W. J. Irwin, who are the fleetest runners in the Athletic Club.

Four handsome tandem teams then took possession of the arena and went through an equestrian act.

The feature of the evening and that which will no doubt create intense enthusiasm was the bare-back act of Bob Shaw.

There was the proverbial white horse, whose faultless gait was due to the timely lashes of Ringmaster H. G. Otis.

In order that no accident should befall the horseman, "Bob" was supported by a mechanic, after the style of those used by riders while practicing.

Josh Crane, Jr., vaulted over three horses with a pole.

Then the band struck up, and to the cry of "Take your partners" four couples entered the ring on horseback and went through a figure of a quadrille.

A Roman standing race was the next attraction, and Messrs. Shaw and Harris displayed considerable ability in maintaining their equilibrium.

Here the band switched to a funeral march, and from the entrance, led by Fred Fiske, came forth a very clever representation of the late P. T. Barnum's old-time favorites, Jumbo and Tom Thumb.

The clown elephant displayed unusual intelligence and went through his laughable performances with a marked degree of perfection.

But the lamentable Jumbo appeared to be top-heavy.

The trapeze apparatus was displayed, but no exhibitions were given.

dulcissima mundi nomina: Latin: the world's sweetest names.

Mr. Harrison Gray Otis: According to his obituary in the Boston *Daily Globe* (6 January 1915, p. 2), Otis (1856-1915) was a prominent "club man," of an aristocratic family, descended from James Otis (1725-1783), a prominent advocate of the American Revolution. His memberships included the Boston Athletic Association, one of the sponsors of the 1892 amateur circus.

Mr. Robert Gould Shaw: This is not Robert Gould Shaw, the Union Civil War hero, who died in 1863. Rather this is the Boston architect, Robert Gould Shaw (1850-1931).

lyrics: WorldCat does not list such an anthology produced by Guiney. She did, however, publish *Katherine Philips, 'The matchless Orinda': selected poems* (1904), *Thomas Stanley: his original lyrics, complete, in their collated readings of 1647, 1651, 1657* (1907), and *An Oxford Poem by Henry Vaughan* (1911).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 25: mss FI 1596.

Helen Bigelow Merriman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Most of this letter was written in very light pencil, making transcription virtually impossible. A determined reader with the actual manuscript in hand — rather than a digital image — might be able to read it.*]

*April 30 — 1892**

[*I was able to make out only a few words on the first page*]

Dearest Sarah, I am so glad you [liked the *?*] little [*unrecognized word*].... I thought Florence was a good plan ....

[*Page 4 is readable*]

have been most kind — They met me at the Station and I take my meals with them. Besides which Mrs. B. and I have dabbed water colors together, and I have made quite a decent little portrait of her, yes one — The Peabodys are here too, and the Emersons, and more English people than one can count.

I had a letter from Dan, from [Berrick *or* Berwick] explaining many things. For one, they went without letters for weeks and weeks and were in despair, until it was found that a whole great pack of them had been mislaid by Cook !* — which, if they had had it a week earlier would have saved them several days [*deletion*] delay in getting to Greece — Wasn't it hard?

Write soon dear, and tell me how your eyes are — Love to Mrs. Fields from your

H.B.M.

Notes

1892: Though I am unable to read the last digit of Merriman's date, information on the final page supports the likelihood that this letter is from the same month as Merriman's of 8 April.

Mrs. B: In her letter to Jewett of 8 April, Merriman said that she was taking her meals with the Bancrofts. Ellen Bancroft (1838-1912) and Robert Hale Bancroft (1843-1918) were the surviving children of cotton merchant Thomas Poynton Bancroft. (1798-1852) and Hannah Putnam (1799-1872). According Back Bay Houses, Robert was an insurance broker who retired in the 1870s, thereafter traveling abroad several times with his sister. He married in 1891. The Bancrofts had a summer home in Beverly, MA.

Peabodys ... Emersons ... Dan: The Peabodys and Emersons known to Jewett and Merriman were numerous. Possibly, the Peabodys were from the family of Jewett correspondent Andrew Preston Peabody, the Emersons from the family of Ellen Tucker Emerson. Key to Correspondents.

Daniel Merriman was Merriman's husband.

Cook: Almost certainly, Merriman refers to Thomas Cook & Son, a major 19th-century travel agency. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 151 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett

April 30 1892
Oak Knoll

My beloved Friends

Very welcome was thy letter from the Eternal city.*

I felt a great deal of solicitude during the stormy week of your voyage. I knew, if not in

danger you were in extreme discomfort, and, after all your rough

[*Page 2*]

experience to find Genoa snowed over — ! You did right in hurrying to Rome. I suppose in this you have seen the best of Italy.

Since the 20th of March we have had almost [unintermitted *?*] sunshine — no rain for a month. April has been milder than May usually is, and the

[*Page 3*]

[the *repeated*] roughest old pastures are growing green. I have been able to be out of doors more or less nearly every day, and am slowly gaining strength. I have had many old friends to see me. A visit from Bishop Brooks* was like a benediction. I left, as soon as I was able, my dear cousin in Newburyport* for I longed to see the coming in of spring here,

[*Page 4*]

with the birds, the dogs, horse & horned cattle, reminding me of the farm life of boyhood.

A friend who has just visited [Hampton *?*]* tells me that our dear Gen [Armstrong *?*] is still very feeble. How I wish our millionaire would have the grace to put his noble school on a firm foundation and relieve him from his solicitude.

I have had the pleasure of reading Sarah's letter from

[*Up the left margin of page 3*]

[from *repeated*] Naples which her sister kindly sent me. I like much her introduction to the Academy Centennial book* Whatever she does she does well.

[*Up the right margin of page 3*]

— Give her my love and blessing.

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

There seem[s *?*] to be rumor in the air of [degenerate outrages *?*] in Europe* on the 1st of May. I hope it is only a threat.

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

Good bye! dear friend. Whenever you go by sea or land I shall be with you in thoughts like the unseen passenger of Uhland's boatmen.* I hope

[*Up the right margin of page 2*]

you will have to pay fare for my "double".

ever with grateful love
John G. Whittier

Notes

Archivist notes with this manuscript indicate that the letter was mailed from Danvers, MA, the location of his Oak Knoll estate. A note on provenance reads: "Removed from autograph album no. 2, Gift of Mr. & Mrs. Benjamin Bole, Jr. 12-78". And with this letter is an engraved image of Whittier: by H. W. Smith from a photograph by Hawes, published by Ticknor & Fields.

Eternal city: Rome

Bishop Brooks: Phillips Brooks. Key to Correspondents.

cousin in Newburyport: Gertrude Cartland. See note on Whittier at the beginning of this volume.

Hampton: The transcriptions of Hampton and Armstrong are uncertain, but they would seem to be confirmed by Whittier's interest in the Hampton Institute, founded in 1861 to educate former African American slaves, now known as Hampton University. Whittier enjoyed summer visits with the first principal of the school, General Samuel Chapman Armstrong (1839- 11 May 1893). Armstrong suffered a stroke in 1892. The millionaire Whittier mentions may have been William Jackson Palmer (1836-1909), an important financial supporter of the school.

Academy Centennial book: See *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy* (1891). Jewett took a leading role in organizing the celebration and producing this booklet.

degenerate outrages: May Day (on 1 May), or International Workers' Day, began in 1890, and in the following decade became a date for worker protests, in Europe as well as in the United States. Whittier's attitude toward the interests of organized labor was sympathetic, but he worried about strikes and violence, especially if they might threaten his friends. The *New York Times* of 2 May 1892 (page 1) reported that the alarms concerning May Day violence had proven baseless, though "anarchist disorders" were reported in a few places.

Uhland's boatmen: Whittier refers to "Neckar, The River: The Passage" by the German author, Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862), in which the narrator crosses the river with two invisible

passengers: "... Invisible to thee, Spirits twain have crossed with me."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 1-5302.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Florence 1 May 1892*

Dear Loulie

Another letter from you, full of interesting things that I read [aloud *corrected*] with great pleasure. A.F. and I like your letters so much and Mrs. Dresel's was a dear delight too, the other day. We are both getting much stronger and better ^in^ every way now except that my eyes are very troublesome — I have been waiting to go to see Dr. Baldwin* who seems to be liked and depended upon by many of our friends, but he has gone to Paris. I always make heroes of the great and good doctors you know! and

[*Page 2*]

I look forward with great pleasure to knowing Dr. Baldwin.

We came here from Rome a week ago yesterday, the 23rd. A.F. was delighted to get here again but for the first few days I could not shake off a sense of discomfort that grew upon me here in a rainy anxious week of [*deletion*] idleness where I came before ten years ago — Florence seemed like a person not simpatica and hard to know, but at last I began to take new pleasure with every hour and I no longer wish the days to hurry by so that we can start for Venice, but I treasure them all and am desperately afraid at present of not having all the days I [want *corrected*] ! Mrs. Stowe* is here ^too^ and leaves for Venice on Wednesday = we shall get there Saturday stopping at Bologna one night on the way — as they do —

Almost the

[*Page 3*]

best pleasure I have had here is in seeing the Alexanders* whom I have known and wished to see ever since my early childhood{.} It was really a case of seeing old friends for the first time. We are related, or I ought to say connected, by the way of my Gilman kindred as you and I are! and I did have such a delightful talk [that *corrected*] first day with dear old Mrs. Alexander who knew my mother's mother so well and has always been intimate with my 'Aunt Mary Long' who lives in Exeter still — I felt as if we were of the same generation. Then it was [*deletion*] such a joy (I cannot help telling you and 'Mamma'!) to find that they had been reading and liking my stories all these years, and finding and keeping something of the New England to which in their hearts they still belong. ------ We have had such beautiful times together. Poor Miss 'Francesca' can give us no more story,

[*Page 4*]

of Ida's and Roadside songs for her eyes have quite given out, and I [fear *corrected*] from the sad way she speaks of them that there is something serious the matter —

Loulie dear, I never have said anything of what I have felt in my heart about your great loss and sorrow in losing your friend Mr. Ritter.* It is all very sad and [hard *corrected*] to think of his beautiful career being cut short and of the need of his sincere and helpful friendship in the world — But how such a friend will still help and inspire [you *?*], how you will always know whether he would like a bit of work and almost what he would say about it! After all such a friend is never really taken away, [miss *corrected*] him as we may. — I hope before long to write you more about my every day affairs and pleasures as a traveler, but now I have to content myself with sending you a poor letter and keeping silent about many things — We both send much love to you and Mrs Dresel —

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

Yours with true affection S.O.J.

Notes

1892: The stationery of this letter is black bordered.

Dr. Baldwin: William Wilberforce Baldwin. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Stowe: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Key to Correspondents.

Alexanders: Lucia Gray Swett Alexander and her daughter, Francesca. Key to Correspondents.

Aunt Mary Long: Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Ritter: Dresel had studied painting with Louis Ritter (1854-1892), who died in February 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. AS Autograph file J, Box 101.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George D.) Howe Fragment

Venice, Thursday morn, [*May*] 1892.*

Dear Neighbour and Friend! — I now say that we did go to Torcello,* and it was so heavenly beautiful that I forbear to speak. Oh if you *only* had been along! Such sails, such towers, such islands; on the far edge of the sea such a blossoming bough of whitest elder against the blue sky! And we ourselves, going all the way with a sail, and I holding the stern-sheets. It was in stripes of red and orange, with blue corners to it, faded just right, and a kind little breeze served us even in the little canal that leads almost to the cathedral door. What can we say about it? there the stone shutters, the old lonesome, mysterious mosaics that stare in each other's solemn eyes through the shadows, the dampness, the greenness, the birds that sing and the droning bells. Well, when you wish to give me a happy moment of the sweetest remembrance, just say Torcello, and back I shall fly to it. There were haycocks on a bit of green meadow, and there were children in an old boat playing and calling and rustling the bushes by the canal, and the old Campanile looked as if it were made strong to hold up the sky.

I had a good dear letter from home this morning; new dog a treasure, but three of the horses with coughs — Dick and Betty and Susan! the distemper thought to be of no consequence by John until Dick caught it!*

Notes

[*April*] *1892*: Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett* says that Jewett spent much of April 1892 in Italy (261).

Torcello: Wikipedia says: "Torcello is a sparsely populated island at the northern end of the Venetian Lagoon, in north-eastern Italy. It is the oldest continuously populated region of Venice, and once held the largest population of the Republic of Venice.... Today's main attraction is the Cathedral of Santa Maria Assunta, founded in 639. It is of basilica-form with side aisles but no crossing, and has much 11th and 12th century Byzantine work, including mosaics (e.g. a vivid version of the Last Judgement)."

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to William Wilberforce Baldwin

Hotel Rome
Venice 11 May
[*1892*]*

Dear Doctor Baldwin

The tonic you gave Mrs. Fields — Horsfords Phosphate* & Parishes [cheese *?*] — food — red wine &c have already done her a great deal of good. She has also found much relief from using the gargle — the same thing that you gave me for my eyes & nose. I have not seen her colour so good for a long time and she seems much

[*Page 2*]

stronger, and sends you her best thanks. I am sure that this tonic is something that will almost always serve her when she gets run down. She had the Ricasoli wine in Florence and the Barolo here as you directed. The Ricasoli seemed so good that she is getting Signor Isola* to send some to Boston.

My eyes have been getting on much better but yesterday I strained them, or did something! and my nose feels swollen again and my eyes were shut up and very badly off this morning. The trouble from the blow I had at sea seems to return, but very likely I shall conquer what little [inflamation *blotted, apparently so spelled*] there may be when I get to Aix les Bains. I am taking the iodide of soda as you wished. My hands are apt to be swollen and to ache a little and sometimes to look blue

[*Page 3*]

in the morning and on those days I get very short-breathed. I dont know if I told you this but you probably understood it "from the context"!

Will you please give us any further direction if you think best, and will you be so very kind as to send your account here for Mrs ^J. T.^ Fields and me.

Believe me with great regard yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1892: This date has been added in pencil near the top of page 1. Also on this page are other penciled notes reading: "Sarah, Sarah O." and, in the top left margin, a circled number 2.

The date almost certainly is correct, for Jewett was in Venice at this time, and she mentions in this letter the lingering effects of the accident she had aboard the *Werra* during her Atlantic crossing. See Jewett to Louisa Dresel of 25 March 1892.

Furthermore, with this letter is an envelope with which it may be associated. The cancellation date is not very clear, but it seems to read "5 92". It is addressed to Dr. Baldwin, 1 Via Palestro, Firenze, Italia.

Horsfords Phosphate: Jewett mentions several treatments for the ills she and Fields have been suffering during their travels.

Acid phosphate was a mixture of calcium, magnesium and potassium phosphate salts with a small amount of phosphoric acid, manufactured by the Horsford Chemical Company. In addition to medicinal treatment, it was used in phosphate soda, a popular beverage with a tangy flavor.

Transcription of these words is difficult: Parishes — cheese — food. Whether she has actually written "cheese," and how these words are to relate to each other is not known. Jewett may have connected all three with hyphens. It is not yet known what she means.

Ricasoli wine and Barolo red wine have long histories in Italy. See also Tuscan wine in Wikipedia.

Iodide of soda is commonly used to add iodine to drinking water to prevent iodine deficiency.

Isola: Signor Isola's identity is not yet known.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Morgan Library & Museum. MA 2971. Record ID: 189701 Accession Number: MA 3564.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Venice. May 14th 1892*

My dearly beloved friend:

How beautiful is this poem which you have sent me! Sarah* sends you her love and says you would like to have heard it last night when it was read aloud to Mifs Leigh-Smith and her friends — a pleasant circle we have found here. Do you recall a [dissenter *corrected*] by that name in Norwich { — } the one who started the Infant Schools of England? a true philanthropist — the father also of Mrs Bodichon.* We went over to see this

[*Page 2*]

lady in a gondola last evening just as the sunset was making everything wonderful beyond wonder in this mysterious city, and when we returned the large moon was just beginning to gild every spire and dome and a supreme silence had settled over all.

This is truly a wonderful dream world and was never better described in brief than in Dickens's* pictures of Italy which you know well — one can however look still closer without disenchant=

[*Page 3*]

=ment for the piety of ages and the riches of the earth have conspired together to make and perfect its magnificence. Some night it may all float away on the bosom of the great sea and henceforth lie like the city DeQuincey* saw [and *corrected*] describes in his [inspired *?*] de Profundis.

Although it is summer here your poem carried us home again and we heard the great wind of March through your [singing *?*]{.} It is one of your fine, perhaps finest poems and filled our hearts with joy as proving to us that you were sometimes at least, feeling stronger and like yourself once more.

In this life of travel we have been too much

[*Page 4*]

possessed and overwhelmed by what we have seen from day to day, to write anything, even our letters! but we are soon to be in Savoy (Aix les Bains) where we shall have lodgings of our own for a month or more, (no more hotels) and time for letters and I trust for something else. Dear Sarah is better. [She *corrected*] is enjoying every moment of her journey since it has seemed [best *written over* better *?*] that we should stay and cheer them at home with letters instead of returning to her stricken sister* as she first thought of doing.

We have had an unusual experience of late. A Boston friend Mrs Howe, sister of Mrs Lodge,* who lives here was greatly attached to a gondolier Giuseppi (Beppi) who was attacked

[*Page 5*]

with a heart disease in the prime of life and died a few days ago. Mrs Howe was herself ill, so she suggested that we should attend the funeral in our gondola, our gondolier being a friend of "Beppi", so of course we went, and after an English [General *corrected*], whose servant Beppi had been for twenty=five years, we found ourselves the "personaggie." It was a sight belonging entirely to the past. First the procession started from the little house in what Sarah calls one of the "kitten alleys" { — } men with white linen gowns and red capes carrying candles on the top of brass crosses or crucifixes, followed by priests [chaunting *?*] the service

[*Page 6*]

and these by [two *corrected*] women, each accompanied by two children (not the immediate mourners who never appear) the women covered with black shawls pulled up over their heads, the children with black lace and white lace alternately) == then came the gondoliers his fraternity bearing the body and more men with candles. They walked through the small streets and over bridges while we kept in our gondola and we could see them from time to time reflected in the water or against the blue sky. By and by they came to one

[*Page 7*]

of the old church{es} and a band of music played slowly while everybody went in. After mass they put the body into one gondola, high in the middle of the gondoliers standing round it while the men in white robes and red [capes *?*] sat at the bow and stern. Four gondolas then followed and we rowed through the narrow canals until we came to the wide lagoon where the cemetery faced us a mile away over the water whither we silently rowed and saw another service performed in a lonely and solemn peace indeed.

The splendors of all this [assay *?*] were paid for by the General and Mr. & and Mrs Howe, but they were strange and pitiful enough{.}

[*Page 8*]

The huge candles are carefully watched and as they drip, a man catches the grease in his hat and they carry it home to burn in [*unrecognized word*]! Then after the ceremony the candles are weighed and they only pay for what they have burned. So they are carefully watched you may be sure. But the gondoliers thought it was "uno bel funerale" and listened with great pride to the "musica" although it was not very good.

Sarah's eyes have troubled her although they are better, but she sends you her love instead of a letter this time and a feather from one of the St. Mark pigeons. How I should like to waft you with it into the great gem of a cathedral which gives its name to the Piazza!

Lovingly from us both and most gratefully yours Annie Fields

Notes

1892: In another hand below the date appears: A Fields.

Leigh-Smith: English activist and artist, Barbara Leigh-Smith Bodichon (1827-1891) was the daughter of British Whig politician Benjamin Leigh Smith (1743-1860). Her surviving sister was Anne Leigh-Smith (1931-1919). Fields seems to imply that the Miss Leigh-Smith to whom she refers is the sister, Anne, and not to one of their nieces, daughters of William Leigh-Smith. Wikipedia and Geni.

Dickens's: British author Charles Dickens (1812-1870) published *Pictures from Italy* (1846). Wikipedia.

DeQuincey: British author, Thomas Penson De Quincey (1785-1859) published *Suspiria de Profundis* / Sighs from the Depths (1845).

sister: Jewett's younger sister, Carrie Jewett Eastman lost her husband, Edmund, suddenly on 18 March 1892.

Howe ... Lodge: Alice Greenwood Howe and Mary Greenwood Lodge. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892., 1873-1892.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Carrie Jewett Eastman and Mary Rice Jewett

Venice 20 May [*1892*]*

Dear Sisters

To think of this being the day that Princess is going to pasture, only I am afraid that she will have to delay for a short time, the season being cool by night and somewhat backward. It will

make exercise for the other pelters* going to see her! but Mary's tale of Jane's being so gay that she was hard bitted keeps me laughing yet. I have been so pleased with this last letter but it made me more homesick than most with words about gardens and homes and all the home goings-on. I wish I could hop home for a day or two if no longer. ------ Day before yesterday we "hopped" to Torcello.* Do read something about it in some book about Venice so that you can share a little of our pleasure. They call Torcello the mother of Venice and nobody knows exactly how old the cathedral is or the old church and campanile near it. They stand almost alone like the temples at Paestum* except, like them, for a few old stone farmhouses, and are full of old mosaics and delicate carvings though they are barer and plainer and worlds

[*Page 2*]

^older^ than anything here except the oldest part of St. Marks. In the morning we were out with Miss Blythe* a shopping in an iron shop for some pretty hanging charms upon which A. F. had set her affections, and we came home and gobbled our luncheons early and set forth. It was the most perfect afternoon with a light breeze and Giovanni had another gondolier to help him row by name of Bastiano and we also had a sail which Miss Blythe recommended; it was striped with orange and red and had four blue corners all nicely faded and of a lug rig, but it cost ten cents for that sail which awful information was broken to me in private most humbly by Giovanni who had to hire it for the occasion. Miss Adams went, and Miss Garrett* to trim the boat, and so we started cheerfully at two o'clock. First we went across by the canal that goes under the bridge of sighs* and turned to the right instead of toward the canal again (you remember, Mary?) and came out after a [while *corrected*] past Zani Polo as they call the Church of S. Giovanni e Paoli* (I think Zanipōlo is so funny somehow, it is so familiar for a big and solemn church with its own little piazza in front it leading down to the canal and the great Colleoni

[*Page 3*]

statue beside it, of a splendid horse and rider which is going to be copied and sent to Boston to go in Copley Square because it is thought the finest statue of its kind in the world.) Soon we came out into the lagoon heading northward toward Murano and out there somewhere we caught an obliging wind and Giovanni put up the sail very pompous and proud and off we went over the smooth stretches and the ripples just a little faster than they could row, but neither of them knew much about sailing so I had to come to the fore at times with the little I knew which was of value as far as it went. You know the great lines of piles? They are like the lagoon roads! You have to follow them except at any high water, so that you meet all the other boats like carriages in a great highway and we were evidently in the turnpike to Burano which is another island town, far up beyond Murano,* where all the fishermen and lace makers live, as the glass makers all live on Murano. We sailed along and along and saw one ^great big^ sail that was simply bright scarlet on a fishing shack, but most were orange and brown or clear or white, and the villages on

[*Page 4*]

the wide scattered islands each had their bell towers and pretty soon we saw the great square bell tower of Torcello away to the north. Ruskin says somewhere that these towns on the lagoon look like handfuls of jewelry scattered on a mirror.* I don't know why they have such very bright colours though when you come near you do see that the red bricks are very red and the yellow ones very yellow and so with the orange and the white and then of course there are pictures in coarse bright mosaics here and there and every thing catches the sun.

When we got close to Torcello [*deleted word*] proved to be nothing but a long green island where there were some slender bell towers and ~~then only~~ green fields and one was full of haycocks, and the elder was in bloom holding great blooming boughs right up against the blue sky. Off farther to the north all the way we had seen the snow covered alps glimmering through the haze, but here you forgot all about the sea or the mountains, it was a bit of country low and green like Holland. The little

[*Page 5*]

wind served us right up the old canal where the ruined brickwork had crumbled on each side and all sorts of trees and flowers and bushes had crowded down. At the end there was a sort of ruined stone pier — there was no city of Torcello to be seen but the great stone cathedral in the blossoming fields, the queer octagonal church, and a few old houses and buildings near by and the great square campanile like this by St. Marks in Venice without its pointed top, looking as if it

were built to hold up the sky. Inside the damp gray old place tall mosaic figures of saints and virgins on the wall stare at each other's eyes and hold their crosses and crowns and palms. In the whole place you feel like whispering, as if you were a poor fly buzzing about these everlasting relics and strange creatures of the past. I thought it was a ghostly kind of place at Torcello, but a sweeter flowerier bit of country you never saw ever in Ireland in June, or Italy itself. There were half a dozen pleasant little children with pretty eyes that followed us about, as if they had grown in the long grass and had

[*Page 6*]

to break their stalks when they started. — — -

We were sorry to come away, but over at Burano we had thoughts of eating [*deleted word*] a handful of cherries and some nice Venetian cakes by way of afternoon tea and of giving the two gondoliers an hour to themselves. I bestowed a franc apiece on them by way of a gentilezza, which seemed to strike such joy into their honest hearts that after tying us fast to the side of the canal^ filled with fishing boats^ that cuts Burano in two, they stood side by side on the shore and made us a perfectly splendid bow together, with great waves of the hat and then took to their heels and ran ^like^ little boys! there was something about this piece of politeness that pleased me to the heart's core. Molto salute! they said in impressive voices [before they *corrected*] ran and we had to make the best bows we could in return. ^I hope it was good vino rosso at the little shop where they went, don't you?^ All Burano stepped with proper haste to that point of the canal and watched us with interest. It was after six and they had nothing else to do. I never saw more beautiful women

[*Page 7*]

it seems to me, carrying babies like the old pictures of the Madonna,* and dressed in such shades of olive and brown and green and dull red that you might have thought all the old pictures in Venice came alive at six o'clock every summer night in Burano.

Then we came home rowing in the sunset seven miles to Venice and met all the fishermen on our way in long processions of black boats and gay sails for they still had enough wind, and I may say much conversation to which we listened as best we could. And we got back to our house at eight o'clock just as it was growing dark and out of our parlor windows the Salute* was turning white as it always does at nightfall. I hope you will feel as if Torcello were the best thing yet in all our Venetian days, I can't help saying so every time I think about it.

Yesterday we did not go very far, until Miss Garrett and I went out between nine and eleven for an hour

[*Page 8*]

or so before we went to bed. The nights are so mild and the stars are so bright that you don't miss the moon as I might have feared. I went to walk with Mr. Howe in the afternoon. Alice* is better but still in bed. I haven't seen her now since Friday and this is Thursday. It is a great loss; we meant to do so many things. Miss Adams hasn't been very well. She felt dizzy and tired the night after we came from Torcello and yesterday she stayed in bed and kind sisters are attending her. The doctor said it was nothing & that she will be all right in a day or two. She is one who likes to see everything & may have overdone, & though she likes to be here is also one ^for^ whom mountain air is considered to be better! So perhaps it is well that we are going at any rate on Tuesday to Milan & next day to Aix. We have been seeing a good many pleasant people these last few days. I had a delightful call from Mr. Clemens yesterday — Mark Twain — who is one of the most really serious men in the world. I always say so every time I see him don't I? but I do like him very much. Love to all at home, to the girls and John.* I hope he

[*Up the left margin of page 5*]

will go to see Princess often the first few days, & take something for me in his pocket. Good by with lots of love to both of you & [Stukey *?*] & [Berea *?*] & Susy from Sarah.

[Up *the left and down top margin of page 1*]

How kind & nice Mr. Havens* letter was! I am glad he liked the book as much as he did. I thought he was very just about it. There was nothing great but nothing worrisome — Of course he couldn't feel not living there how much gratitude was expressed.

Notes

pelters: Mary Rice and Sarah Orne Jewett usually use the word "pelter" to indicate a horse.

Torcello: Wikipedia says: "Torcello is a sparsely populated island at the northern end of the Venetian Lagoon.

Miss Blythe: Miss Blythe is Isabella Blythe, who was the domestic partner of Anna (Nannie) Leigh-Smith (1831-1919). Anna was sister to the British women's rights activists, Barbara Leigh Smith. See *Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon: Feminist, Artist and Rebel* (2010) by Pam Hirsch.

Miss Adams … Miss Garrett: The identity of Miss Adams is not certain. Probably she is the eldest sister of Annie Adams Fields, Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916), who had recently been living in Germany up to 1892. See Gollin, *Annie Adams Fields: Woman of Letters*, pp. 12-13. If this is the correct Miss Adams, then the report of her illness later in the letter and of her being cared for by sisters may refer to Annie herself.

Mary Elizabeth Garrett. Key to Correspondents.

bridge of sighs: Wikipedia says: "The Bridge of Sighs (Italian: Ponte dei Sospiri) is a bridge located in Venice, northern Italy. The enclosed bridge is made of white limestone, has windows with stone bars, and passes over the Rio di Palazzo and connects the New Prison (Prigioni Nuove) to the interrogation rooms in the Doge's Palace."

S. Giovanni e Paoli: Wikipedia says: "The Basilica di San Giovanni e Paolo, known in Venetian as San Zanipolo, is a church in the Castello sestiere of Venice, Italy." Jewett clearly spells the Italian for Paul: Paoli.

the great Colleoni statue: Wikipedia says: "The Equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni is a Renaissance sculpture in Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo, Venice, Italy, executed by Andrea del Verrocchio in 1480-1488. Portraying the condottiero Bartolomeo Colleoni (who served for a long time under the Republic of Venice)."

Burano … Murano: Venetian islands. Burano is especially known for its brightly painted houses and for lace-making; Murano, a group of small islands linked by bridges is known for its glass making.

Ruskin ... mirror: John Ruskin John Ruskin (1819- 1900), according to Wikipedia was the leading British art critic of the Victorian era. In *The Stones of Venice* (1851-3), writing of Murano, Ruskin said: "To the north, there is first the great cemetery wall, then the long stray buildings of Murano, and the island villages beyond, glittering in the intense crystalline vermilion, like so much jewellery scattered on a mirror, their towers poised apparently in the air a little above the horizon, and their reflections, as sharp and vivid and substantial as themselves, thrown on the vacancy between them and the sea" (p. 29).

old pictures of the Madonna: Among Christians, the Madonna is Our Lady, Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Salute: Wikipedia says: "Santa Maria della Salute [completed in 1681] (English: Saint Mary of Health), commonly known simply as the Salute, is a Roman Catholic church and minor basilica located at Punta della Dogana in the Dorsoduro sestiere of the city of Venice, Italy.

"It stands on the narrow finger of Punta della Dogana, between the Grand Canal and the Giudecca Canal, at the Bacino di San Marco, making the church visible when entering the Piazza San Marco from the water. The Salute is part of the parish of the Gesuati and is the most recent of the so-called plague-churches."

Mr. Howe … Alice: George Dudley and Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Clemens … Mark Twain: Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Havens: The only Haven family so far known to be acquainted with the Jewetts consists of George Wallis Haven and Helen Sarah Bell Haven. By her first husband, James Pierrepont Halliburton, Mrs. Haven was the mother of a close Jewett friend, Georgina Halliburton. With Mr. Haven, she was the mother of another close Jewett friend, Mrs. Edith Bell Haven Doe. See Georgina Halliburton in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

[*Page 1, black bordered*]

May 27th
[*1892*]*

— And we all comed to Aix-les-Bains and find it but a hot and dusty world after Venice — And I confessing that I hoped there would be a little letter from you because I never knew what you went and did after you came back from

Bermuda, except that I know there was more to do for having gone! and

[*Page 2*]

so not really expecting a word until the mail after next.

— (We left Alice Howe* a good deal better but looking very ill still. I cant help being worried about her, though it is better to remember how astonishingly well she was in Rome before this strange illness came on. I suppose it is a touch of influenza as the doctor said, but it has made her an invalid again which is a pity. It grew more and more delightful in Venice, and we grew to

[*Page* 3]

know it better and better. A.F. flourished more and more and we came away — And a dear letter from you having come that next day! (I think it must have been) and I loving every word of it and feeling quite far away and in a foreign land when I came to words about the tea-party — but on the whole a near neighbour to my S.W. though longing to have another letter just as dear and as long the very next minute.

Now they have been to [Chamouni *so spelled*] and stayed there

[*Page 4, black bordered*]

one great moonlight night they ran away from the baths at Aix and took Miss Adams* to cooler ^& befriended^ climes in Geneva for which her heart began to long — and they drove out to Ferney-Noltaire ^a very longing dream for years!^ — and they took a steamer upon the lake of Geneva and passed a night at dear Martigny with little goat bells clinking by the paved street and a great green meadow and huge mountains opposite, and the next morning they drove to Chamouny right up over the Tête Noire* pass, and snow drifts all about them and in the green valley all the

[*Page 5, black bordered*]

way up were more flowers than ever anybody saw before: harebells and [forgetme nots *so written*] made blue fields and double buttercups and ladies [delights' *so written*] made yellow fields and a kind of pink clover made pink fields, and the green grass fairly dazzled your eyes, and little children in white round caps chased us and got yellow and red Martigny candy out of a paperful, and gave an occasional mountain strawberry and smiles like all next summer in return. And it was A.Fs. dear birthday and we liked to be going up that valley to the snow mountains and along a [dreary *?*] bit of moorland full of brooks like strands of white silk and

[*Page 6*]

down into Chamouny — Oh we liked it very much and we thought about you — There was a cloud over Mont Blanc all day — it had been a rainy night — but the sun and wind went down together and when we got to the [big *corrected*] hotel where we found ourselves all alone — (there is so much snow on the passes yet —) we looked up and saw the great sight of that huge mountain head all glistening clear with the moon just above and the last of the daylight still shining — I might as well try to tell somebody about it —

[*Page 7*]

I suppose everybody tries ----

Now we have at least two weeks longer here, perhaps more — There are great fêtes by night in Aix-les-Bains with Japanese lanterns and fireworks and you can buy swiss carvings and sorrento woodwork and jewelry and 'Koopman' antiquities* ancient and modern and dreadful beguiling as if you were in Florence or Newport or Boston, and crowned heads come to take the baths, and so do persons from Berwick and sulphurous odours blow round the pretty corners of villas.

[*Page 8, black bordered*]

— Dear, why do I write this nonsense when I have other things to say — I suppose it is because nonsense can be written and [other *corrected*] things cant — You will be at Beverly when this reaches you — God bless you darling — and A.F. sends you her love.

I must tell you that I really feel better already for being here — Indeed I hope to come home feeling equal to things as I have not in a long time. Have I ever said that we mean to sail September 22

[*Up the left margin of page 8*]

by the Cephalonia — coming straight to Boston?

[*no signature*]

Notes

1892: This is a problematic letter. While the pages seem to go together mostly well enough, they are on two different kinds of stationery and

they do not appear in order in the Houghton folder, having been shuffled around. A main problem is that though the letter is dated 27 May, Jewett says that Fields's 6 June birthday has passed. Further, the transition between pages 3 and 4 seems awkward.

Despite doubts, I present this as a single letter, for clearly the parts were composed at about the same time, during Jewett's 1892 stay in Aix-les-Bains.

Alice Howe: Key to Correspondents.

Miss Adams: Probably Sarah Holland Adams, sister to Mrs. Fields.

Téte Noire: A peak of 5800 feet, near the French and Italian border in the French Alps.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

Sarah Orne Jewett to William Wilberforce Baldwin

Aix-les-Bains May 27 [*1892*]*
Maison Lamartine

My dear Doctor Baldwin

I thanked you indeed for your most kind letter (in spite of this late answer to it,) but I had an idea of waiting until I reach Aix so that I could tell you about Dr. Brachet* —

He came at once to see me after I had left your card of introduction with my own address and request

[*Page 2*]

for a consultation — full of warm regard and interest in you, and so has been most kind and friendly. I am to begin at once with baths &c and a tonic, but nothing has been said of going on with the iodide of soda* which I took until I came. I was much better most of the time in Venice but the change of coming here, the great heat &c have made me pretty low and clumsy-handed for the time being.

[*Page 3*]

Your prescription for my eyes has relieved them very much so that even the journey did not make them nearly so bad as everything kept them when I first saw you.

I find Dr. Brachet the great man you described to me — most interesting and admirable — in fact all that you said. Being a 'country person' myself I recognize certain qualities in him at once with immense pleasure. I thank you for the great pleasure you gave in sending me to him.

[*Page 4*]

Mrs. Fields and I have been reading Mr. James's exquisite paper about Mr. Balestier* and cannot help sending it on to you directly{.} I am sure that it will delight you. Mrs. Fields begs to be most kindly remembered.

We shall always be hoping to see you again — in Boston or Florence — and to know Mrs. Baldwin also. Please do not let your dear little son forget us.

Yours most sincerely and with many thanks.

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1892: An envelope associated with this letter seems to be postmarked in Aix Les Bains on 6/28/92. On the back side is another postmark in Torino, Italy, on 6/29/92. Penciled on the front side upper left is "Sarah Jewett May 27, 1892." The envelope is addressed to Dr. Baldwin, 1 Via Palestro, Firenze, Italia. While the day and the year of the postmarks coincide with Jewett's dating and the penciled note, the month does not.

Dr. Brachet: "Chateau Brachet" describes Léon Brachet as the "Doctor of Kings"; he "was one of the leading figures in Aix les Bains at the end of the 19th century. As a doctor attached to the thermal baths and first deputy mayor, he proved a driving force in the development of Aix as a spa town and thriving resort. He and his wife, Nelly, welcomed crowned heads from the four corners of Europe into their home, and spared no effort to treat them to every amenity to make their stay unforgettable." He was the author of several books on the uses of mineral waters for treatment of various physical and mental illnesses. See also "Aix-les-Bains" in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* 71 (Jun 1, 1885): 391-4.

Balestier: Wolcott Balestier (1861- 6 December 1891) was a promising American writer, whose early death in Germany from typhoid ended his friendship with American author, Henry James (1843-1916). Balestier's sister, Carrie Balestier (1862-1939), married British author Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). For James and Kipling, see Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Morgan Library & Museum. MA 2971. Record ID: 189701 Accession Number: MA 3564.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Susan Manning Haven

Aix les [Bain's *so written*] France
30 May 1892

My dear Mrs. Haven

I have always been wishing to write to you, and to thank you for the dear note you sent me when I was coming away from home. I have kept it with great affection, and have thought of you very often. Now that my eyes are so much better I am delighted to begin to write letters again, but for a good many weeks, I have hardly done any thing except to send all the letters I could to Mary and

[*Page 2*]

Carrie — Of course I do not feel the changes at home in exactly the same way I should [*deletion*] if I ~~had been~~ ^were^ there, but in one way I have been more troubled and anxious because I have been at such a great distance. You will understand all [this *corrected*] without my trying to write about it — and I try to keep it in mind that the girls ^by sympathy will^ take almost as much good as I from my experiences over here. At any rate the time is half gone already! — or ^it will be^ more than that when you get this word from me.

Mrs Fields and I did not

[*Page 3*]

leave Italy until this very last week and have had very good fortune as to weather and still better as to meeting and making friends. In Rome almost every time I went out I met somebody whom I knew — and in Florence we were only two doors away from Mrs. Coale and Mifs Julia Bell* who asked for you and Mr. Haven and were always wishing to hear everything that I could tell them of the households in Portsmouth and [Rollinsford *corrected*]. They had both changed very much since I saw them last, but to be sure that was a good many years ago. Madge and Olla and I revived the memories of our old days together

[*Page 4*]

in Portsmouth when they were staying with you and I 'happened down' — and I enjoyed seeing them very much. Madge has been very ill all winter with a [rheumatic *corrected*] trouble as you no doubt know and still looks like an invalid. I was so glad to see them all again. In Rome Mrs. Fields saw "Nelly Grampini"* several times and said that she seemed little changed and most cheerful, and was delightfully placed in a pleasant 'apartment'. At first I was ill for a week and then I had such bad news* and so it happened that I did not see her at all except one day when we passed each other driving. Mrs. Fields thought Signor Grampini a very agreeable man and ^said^ that they were apparently most happy!

[*Page 5*]

After we left Florence we spent nearly three weeks in Venice where everything was even more delightful than ever to me. How I should like to talk about it with you and with Mr. Haven! We saw the huge palace which the young Brownings* have fitted up anew in the best old fashions{,} adding to it all their fathers and mothers treasures and relics, so that it has become, I suppose, one of the most interesting houses in the world. Mrs. Fields had not seen Mr. Browning since he was a small boy in Rome, and it was very

[*Page 6*]

entertaining to hear them renew their old acquaintance. Miss Browning the aunt, lives with them, and recalls her brother to every one who knew him. She is a delightful fresh and charming old lady — full of keenness and wit and good humour — I had seen her once in London and was so glad to have such a pleasure as seeing her again.

Now we are here so that I may take the sulphur baths and must stay for a month I suppose but Aix is an amusing little old French village crowded a good deal by great hotels. A

[*Page 7*]

friend* of [*deletion*] ours in Paris recommended us to lodgings in a quaint little house which has a pretty garden behind it just now full of blossoming acacias and roses, and we like it much better than hotel life. My eyes, and my aches in general, have given me a great satisfaction because I have come to know two of the best doctors over here — Dr. Baldwin of Florence and Dr Brachet* here. "Dr George Haven"* will know about them I think and I shall like to talk with him about them when I get back.

Dr. Baldwin is a great friend of some friends of mine who begged me

[*Page 8*]

to see him after I got hurt on the ship* and was so ill — and he in his turn sent me to Dr. Bracket — I mean to recommend to George for a summer employment, to set up a great establishment by "the Beetles" sulphur spring near the Does!!* It is said to be very strong in its sulphurous fragrance and I always meant to visit it but never did, and so behold me here at Aix-les-Bains!

I suppose that Georgie* will soon be coming home. How I wish I could see her, and you and Mr. Haven — Do keep well and please to think of me once in awhile!

I believe that I never have been half as fond of my friends as I have of late and I have more than once remembered all your kindnesses dear Mrs. Haven and

[*Up the left margin of page 5*]

felt as if I would give anything if I could give you some pleasure or show you in any way the gratitude and sincere affection that I feel.

[*Up the left margin of page 6*]

Mrs. Fields asks me to give her love to you and Mr. Haven with mine — Yours affectionately

Sarah.

Notes

Mrs. Coale and Mifs Julia Bell: Mrs. Coale probably was Elisabeth Thompson Bell Coale (1830-1901) sister-in-law of Jewett correspondent Helen Olcott Choate Bell. Miss Julia probably is Coale's sister, Juliana Bell Blake (1828-1905), but this is complicated by Jewett using her maiden name in this letter. See also Jewett's letter to Theophilus Parsons of 22 December 1876. Both appear on a list of Bostonian subscribers to the Massachusetts Infant Asylum in 1868: *Annual Report of the Directors of the Massachusetts Infant Asylum*. Find a Grave indicates that the sisters are buried together in Rome.

"Nelly Grampini": Signor Grampini probably was Ottavio Grampini (1844 or 45), who married Ellen Stearns in 1887. Signor Grampini, librarian, age 46, and his wife Mrs. E. Grampini (age 54) were listed as passengers arriving on 15 June 1891 in Boston on the *SS Pavonia*. Signor Grampini was a librarian at the Vittorio Emanuele Library and at the Museum of Instruction and Education in Rome.

Brownings: These would have been British painter, Robert W. Browning (1849-1912), son of poets Elizabeth Barrett (1806-1861) and Robert Browning (1812-1889). He married an American, Fannie Coddington (1853-1935) in 1887. His aunt, the poet's sister, was Sarianna Browning (1814-1903). Find a Grave,

friend: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc.

Dr. Baldwin: William Wilberforce Baldwin. Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Brachet: Léon Brachet. See notes for Jewett to Baldwin of 27 May 1892.

Dr George Haven: Half-brother to Georgina Halliburton. Key to Correspondents.

ship: Sarah Orne Jewett was injured during her voyage to Europe. See her letter of 25 March.

Does: The family of Edith Bell Haven Doe. Key to Correspondents.

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton. Key to Correspondents.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George D.) Howe

Aix-les-Bains, Sunday. [*June 1892*]*

Dearest Alice, — I have sent many thoughts flying your way, if I haven't sent any letters in all this time, but the baths are a great siege and seem to take all one's time and one's wits away together. (And I beginning this letter on a half-sheet unbeknownst, but going straight on, it being among friends.) We have hardly begun to take the countless drives and excursions about this lovely green country, and look upon the journey to the Grande Chartreuse* as if it were beyond Moscow, somewhere on a *steppe!*

Did A.* tell you what a perfectly beautiful time we had when we boldly ran away to Chamouny? or Chamounix?* — whichever way you spell it, because I always forget. I never, never shall forget one bit of that lovely day when we drove from Martigny over the Téte Noire.* A's dear birthday and such weather, and such flowers (it is *sainfoin*, that pink one that I asked you about), whole fields of ladies' delights, and large double buttercups, and harebells, and forget-me-nots, and red things, and pink things, and yellow things galore, and Solomon's seal,* one sprig in a ledge just to show that there was

a piece of everything, if you only stopped to look: blue gentians withal, something like our fringed gentians in October.... We went on up and up that dear, high green valley, passing cold little white-silky brooks; and every now and then on the road we came to peasant families with their flocks and herds chirping and clanking, and all the children capering, and the old grand-mother with her staff, going up to the high châlets, to pasture for the month of June. We had a lot of candy and gave largess and left such a wake of smiles behind us. I went shopping for it in Martigny at break of day. And the grass so green and just in flower, and none of it cut, and everybody so pleasant along that road, and we being so pleasant and gay that we kept getting out to have a little walk; the air getting into our heads, and the great peaks coming around other peaks' corners, to look at us solemnly, and all the morning clouds blowing away one by one, until the sky was all clear blue, and when we got to Chamounix, at night-fall, Mont Blanc was shining white, and the full moon right above it, as if we had come to see at last where the moon lived, and started from, to go up into the sky. And next morning we had a long walk, with the sky still clear, and we were all alone in the biggest hotel and felt like princesses under the orders of a "retinue." There were very few tourists to be seen, but all my month in Interlaken (when I came before) means less to me, I believe, than that day going up from Martigny. And after all this we came back as good as pie and went to work at our baths again, and never minded much about the hot weather or anything. I somehow hate not to have you go to Egypt! (You would tell about it so well and ascertain the address of a pretty Rag Fair — all to my own good and delight!) but *don't* go fumbling in dark pyramids or make up a little paper bundle of sand of the desert that was too interesting to throw away, and always has sifted out over everything! . . . I wish I had begun to tell you about Chambéry, of which we have had one glimpse; tomorrow we mean to go there again and to see Les Charmettes* and the Grande Chartreuse. Goodbye, with dear love.

Notes

*Aix-les-Bains ... June 1892: "*Rising from the shores of the largest natural lake of glacial origin in France, the Lac du Bourget, [Aix-les-Bains] is one of the important French spa towns.*"* This letter reports on Jewett's 1892 trip to Europe with Annie Fields.

Grande Chartreuse: The Grande Chartreuse is a Carthusian monastery near Grenoble in the Chartreuse Mountains of France. See note below.

A.: Annie Adams Fields. Her birthday was June 6. Key to Correspondents.

Chamounix ... Martigny ... Téte Noire: Chamounix and Martigny are towns near the French and Italian border in the French Alps, of which the Téte Noire is a peak of 5800 feet. The famous Mont Blanc, "the Monarch of the Alps" according to a 1907 Baedeker guide to Southern France is the dominant peak in this area at 15,782 feet.

sainfoin ... and Solomon's seal: Sainfoin or "holy hay" belongs to the pulse family of herbs, native to Southern Europe. It is associated with the hay upon which Jesus slept in the manger after his birth. See Luke 2. The *Oxford English Dictionary* identifies the lady's-delight as a violet. Harebells (*Campanula rotundifolia*) have blue to lavender bell-shaped flowers at the tops of thin stalks. There are more than 100 species of Forget-me-nots (*Cryptantha*) and more than 300 of buttercups (*Ranunculus*). Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum beflorum*) has greenish white bell-shaped flowers and has been used medicinally for closing and healing wounds and bruises.

Chambéry, ... Les Charmettes: Chambéry is a village in Southern France, between Lyon and Grenoble. Les Charmettes was a country home open to tourists in the 19th century, where, according to a 1907 Baedeker guide to Southern France, Rousseau and Mme. De Warens resided.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday June 9
1892

Dear Seddy:

The first band concert is going on outside, and all the people are walking up and down [until *corrected*] it is most as good as having a singing boat under your windows{.} Did I ever tell you that the town voted some money to pay the band for playing in the square through the summer?

Tonight I came home from a dear little visit to Aunt Long who never was nicer or seemed

better. I went up Tuesday morning and found the usual welcome ready for me. We had a great dish of talk of course, and late in the afternoon we walked down to see Auntie who was also dear. Uncle Will was at home and delighted to show off the baby, and Frances and Bert were also there with Every Clever.* Herring* put into port in the evening and bade me to late

[*Page 2*]

dinner last night. Yesterday morn [May *or* Mary *?*]* took me to drive over to Kensington which was lovely, and I went to see Aunt Gov, who was laid low with an indigestion, after a hot time in Boston Monday, which was a dog day almost. After the drive I went to Aunt John's* who has every view about going round the world now. I didn't see Uncle John who had gone to Boston for the day but Mrs. Chandler and Lizzie were there for a little visit{.} They have been down in Charlottesville Va all winter visiting a friend who lives on one of those fine old places{.} He is a young man & I think Mrs Chandler has kept house for him. Uncle John is very cheerful I imagine because he finds that he needn't resign his trusteeship or his other works and ways, but simply drop out for a year which will be such a good thing for him. Yesterday we went over to see Cousin Fanny* who is better a good deal, but she seemed a good deal changed to me at first sight, though

[*Page 3*]

she looked more like herself afterward{.} She seemed a good deal out of breath having evidently hurried down stairs to see us. She said she was going to move down as soon as the room is ready but when that will be nobody knows, and by and by she is going to Brunswick and the mountains. After being there I went to see Mrs. Eastman,* but she had gone that morning to Kingston to see an old friend for a few days. Betsey was present and was very friendly, so I made a little call and then went on to Herrings where there was a pretty little dinner and Every Clever. They were going to the Robinson ball in the evening so I came home early, and we held cheerful converse until bedtime came. Uncle Will came for a long call this morning and then I went to see Jennie* who came yesterday to see me, and Aunt Gov. who was better and this afternoon went to say goodbye to Auntie{,} coming home at six. Aunt Mary had saved a mince pie, and we had

[*Page 4*]

a ham, and so many good things that I begged for a stay of proceedings lest I might never get a chance to come [again *?*]{.} The garden never was lovelier with its dear old fashioned flowers, and Exeter itself was so pretty and green{.} I wonder if the Summer School pupils will not think it charming in all its summer clothes. Theodore and Betty greeted me at the station, and Caddy and Frances were here when I came into the house to help Becca with the task of receiving me! It seems as if I ought to have many more particulars to tell, but I am sleepy, and they fly my mind! I wish you could see how lovely the place looks for all the geraniums are out along the flagstones under the library windows and the hydrangeas are fine on the doorsteps. I had a note from Mr. Twombly* who had just heard of Mr. Eastmans death in San Francisco on his way home. He is expected the 15th in N.Y. and will come here for the Exhibition* later in the month he says. He didn't

[*Page 5*]

mention the Memorial,* so perhaps that was not forwarded as I asked to have done. Mrs. Tompson* told me that orders came in steadily for it only not in any great numbers I imagine, which is hardly to be expected perhaps. Mr. Bell* was raised to a great pitch of enthusiasm when he spoke of it, for he thought it was so very well done in every respect.

Please 'm there's to be a circus over in Princess' pasture Saturday, so she is coming home to spend Sunday for fear somebody might take a fancy to her, being young and sprightly. John goes over nearly every day to look after her, and I got a turn the other day when he told me that a little pelter of [*Unrecognized name*] over there was missing, and was greatly relieved when I found it had jumped the fence and run away to Rochester where they found it later, for I really was a little afraid that it might have suffered from Princess' heels in spite

[*Page 6*]

of the fact that she was barefooted.

The concert is over and Thider and Timmy have gone home, so Rebecca and I can collect Bobby from his favorite chair by my desk and set him in his bed in the back kitchen before we set ourselves in our own beds, but before we go I will state the astounding fact that little Aunt doesn't know but she'll come down here next week if Aunt Gov is well enough to come with her. Aunt Helen* is expected to spend a night

there on her way home from Cambridge and all our fine plans may go wrong but little Aunt is as eager as a child, and even asked me on the way to the station if I had any idea that Mary Bell would be well enough upon which I reassured her at once and she smiled again. The papers are filled with particulars of the Blaine Harrison contents,* but nothing has come of it all yet.

[*Page 7*]

Nothing special seems to have happened here since I went away, except that Mrs. Jim Philpot is deaded up, and Lizy Wakefield may be expected in a few days, and Harry Folsom* expects a new baby in August, all of which facts were related to me after tea. Kate Doe* appeared here the day I went away, and bespoke me for a drive to Portsmouth after I came back which I should be delighted to take. I meant to go down while the apple and peach blossoms were out but was in Boston those days unluckily. It was in that lovely season that we met the walking funeral two years ago. Do you remember my telling you of it? Friday morning, and such a delicious west wind blowing that I wish you were here to go over the hills and far away* with me and Dick and Jane Ann, for it will be a sin to stay indoors such weather. Sometimes it seems as if I couldn't wait until the first of October, but the days go by very

[*Page 8*]

fast as one looks back upon them. It is a real mountain wind today, such as we have sometimes after two or three damp steamy ones. I am going to write the Wards* in a day or two and see if they will come by and by as they hoped to do. I suppose Mrs Tyler and Hattie will be coming very soon, and stay until the first of July, and that would be a nice time for the Wards to come after they leave, I think. Mrs Ellis* half promised her presence but I have heard nothing from her lately except that she has been poorly again. I'm afraid the pretty little cottage is damp for she has rheumatism there a good deal. Sometime in August I am going to Little Boar's Head if all goes well here, and for little Aunt's sake I must stay as long as I can, for she was so beseeching about it. I carried up a lot of your letters, and she sat down so eagerly to enjoy them that it would have delighted you to see her.

We all send you love, and hope this bright morning finds you well and happy. Everybody asked news of you and sent love in Exeter, and Becky wishes to be commended to you and Mrs Fields as does your aff sister

O.P.

Notes

Frances: Frances Perry Dudley, daughter of Lucretia and William Perry. Key to Correspondents.

Every Clever: This appears to be a nickname for William, the infant child of Frances and Albertus Dudley. Frances was the daughter of Jewett correspondent, Aunt Lucretia Perry.

Herring: Helen Bell Fowler's nickname. See Mary Gray Bell in Key to Correspondents.

Mary: While Jewett appears to have written "May," no "May" is known to live in the Long or Perry households, while there are several Marys.

Aunt John's: Probably Helen Williams Gilman, whose husband was Dr. John T. Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Chandler and Lizzie: These persons have not yet been identified. Perhaps they were relatives of Sarah Chandler Perry. Key to Correspondents.

Fanny: This may be Fanny Gilman. See Helen Williams Gilman in Key to Correspondents.

Betsey: Betsey has not yet been identified, though she seems to have been associated with Edwin Eastman's mother, Abby Smith Eastman. See Caroline Jewett Eastman in Key to Correspondents.

Jennie: This person has not yet been identified.

Frances: This Frances has not yet been identified.

Mr. Twombly: Horatio Nelson Twombly (1831-1896) was president of the Berwick Academy Board of Trustees in 1891, when the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the academy took place on 1 July 1891.

Exhibition: Presumably the various final ceremonies for the Berwick Academy commencement.

Memorial: The booklet upon which the Jewetts worked, *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy*, which provides an account of the centennial celebration of the founding the Berwick Academy.

Mrs. Tompson: Probably the wife of John Tompson or his son William, who operated a South Berwick book store. See "John G. Tompson" at the Old Berwick Historical Society web site and Find a Grave.

Mr. Bell: This may be Charles Henry Bell, husband of Aunt Mary Gray Bell. Key to Correspondents.

Blaine Harrison contents: Jewett refers to the U.S. Presidential election campaign of 1892, when incumbent Benjamin Harrison and James G. Blaine were rivals for the Republican Party nomination. Harrison eventually prevailed, but lost the general election. Wikipedia.

Perhaps Jewett intended "contest" rather than "contents?"

Mrs. Jim Philpot ...Harry Folsom: Harry Folsom has not yet been identified.

Lorana Weeks Philpot (1832 - 8 June 1892) was the spouse of James Philpot (1833-1897) of Rollinsford, NH.

Kate Doe: Catherine Bell Doe, daughter of Edith Bell Haven Doe. Key to Correspondents.

Wards: Susan Hayes Ward and William Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Ellis: Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

Jane M. Lyon to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*10 June 1892*]
955 Prospect [Aves *so it appears*] —

My dear Miss Jewett,

I have wiped my eyes and [teased *?*] an uncomfortable lump from my heart, and now I want to thank you for your beautiful and pathetic little story* in June Harper's{.} I am carried back years — and have been

[*Page 2*]

turning over — The Early Celebration of Decoration day in a Western village{.} I can hardly realize — so vivid is your picture, that I am almost an old woman, whose [old dear lover *?*] has been lying in his grave — for thirty years. Perhaps it will interest you to know that some

[*Page 3*]

flowers from here, are on his grave — today —

Your [work *?*] dear Miss Jewett is all delightful but I think "A Marsh Island"* very charming — I read it over at Least once a year. Thanking you — once more for the pleasure you have given me, I am cordially yours,

[*Page 4*]

Jane M Lyon —*
New York,
June tenth — Ninety two —
Mr H. J. Lyon.

Notes

story: Jewett's "Decoration Day" appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in June 1892.

Lyon's capitalization is somewhat eccentric. I have presented what she appears to have written.

"A Marsh Island": Jewett's novel appeared in 1885.

Lyon: Jane M. Lyon has not yet been identified.

There are notes, probably in another hand, diagonally at the bottom of page 4:
Philip Hale*
43 Av Victor Hugo
John Howells*
Hotel Mont Blanc
Rue du Seine

Philip Hale: This may be American musician, Philip Hale (1854-1934). Wikipedia.

John Howells: The son of William Dean Howells. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 140 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Sunday 12th June Aix-les-Bains
[*1892*]*

I have been thinking of you so much to-day dear (— * I wonder how things are with you — it seems as if something brought us very near.

I have to stop now and begin my letter over again for what I have written is really all there is that must be said —) This bright sunny day shines through green leaves into one small sitting room. A.F. and I have been reading or trying to read — French stories and I hear little wooden soled shoes out in the street.

[*Page 2*]

— you cant think how different all the small details of life seem here — and if you get thinking about them you feel very far away ^from home^ until some mysterious power takes you, as it has just taken me today, out of France and back

— No, there seems to be a neutral ground about the earth and below the sky to which I am often carried and where today certainly you came and met me. We shall know better about these things some day —

[*Page 3*]

I am so delighted about Ellen's* coming over and we shall arrange our plans so that we can meet her and Ida either in Paris or elsewhere — Ellen wrote me about her disappointment in not coming here, but it is much better, for it [already *corrected*] grows so very hot and besides the Edmunds's* will be gone and we shall be gone — ~~but~~ by that time. It is a great siege at ones patience this matter of taking the baths — and I shall be glad to get away from Aix though there are a great many pleasant things — the villages

[*Page 4*]

in the pleasant country outside the town and the outlooks among the mountains — I shall always like to remember them. This is the region of the Grande Chartreuse you know, and of Rousseaus Chambéry life — and of Lamartines romance called Raphael* which I have [read *corrected*] with great attention and a mixture of hearty sentiment and sympathy and a little amusement — The preface is a lovely bit of writing — and all this Aix scenery is — well, people must have thought it made immortal at the time, but this library copy does not seem much worn — A.F. was in

[*Page 5*]

possession of the full particulars about Raphael and had read him long ago but as for me I had never heard of him when Madame Blanc* said in a letter that I ought to read him here.

Are you in Beverly I wonder? you certainly will be by the time this reaches you — and all the shadows of the vines flickering at the studio windows - I can always see the poor little white ghost of Beau* going slowly about when I think of it — I wish the wise little heart of him were still there ----- but this

[*Page 6*]

is all of my letter — it makes me wish to see you too much. Love is a thing that can be sent, so find it here darling

Your S. O. J.

We shall be going to Paris about the 26th of June and reach London the middle of July or a week later — Cant you think of something that might be done?

for you? ?

[*Page 7*]

I wonder if you wont be seeing Katharine Loring — * Her letter [touch *so written*] my very heart — it is a dear Grave Soul but very lovely — Alice James's* going has made a great empty [place *corrected*] in her life —

Notes

1892: Jewett writes during her 1892 trip to Europe.

In the Houghton folder near this letter is an envelope addressed to Mrs. Whitman at Old Place, Beverly Farms, MA. Etats Unis [d'Amerique *so spelled*]. Cancelled on 6 June 1892. Given this date, it seems unlikely to match this letter, but this indicates that Jewett wrote to Whitman from France fairly often.

dear (— : The parentheses have been penciled in, possibly by another hand.

Ellen's: Ellen Frances Mason and her sister, Ida. Key to Correspondents.

Edmunds's: George Franklin Edmunds (1828-1919) was a Republican U.S. Senator from Vermont. In 1852 he married Susan Marsh (1831-1916); they had two daughters, Mary (1854-1936) and Julia (1861-1882). Wikipedia.

Rousseaus ... Lamartines: French polymath, Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778).

French poet and politician, Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (1790-1869) published *Raphaël* in 1849. Wikipedia.

Beau: Whitman's deceased dog.

Katharine Loring ... Alice James's: Loring and James were domestic partners. See Loring in Key to Correspondents. James died on 6 March 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

14 June — Aix les Bains

[*1892*]*

My dear Loulie

I wonder if Pyrmont was anything at all like this! I remember it well enough in your letters to feel that there were more differences than likenesses, but a foreign bath town is a foreign bath-town! and [it *corrected*] amuses me a good deal. The rich and illustrious English have their season just now and are very interesting for the most part to me, the dignified [elderly *corrected*] men and the fine women and charming tall girls all have a refinement and kind of perfection of development and reasonableness — a repose and decision that I like

[*Page 2*]

to watch very much — They are so unconscious and nice when they start off for a walk and wear such an air of satisfaction and triumph as they return. ----- Later the French and Spanish bathers come — they are already beginning to appear and are tres gai as you may suppose — We know very few people here — Our dear fiends the Edmunds's are most companionable and Mrs. Parkman Blake* is most kind and simple and friendly always. We have had some little drives and long ones together. She is going away soon I am sorry to say.

I liked your letter from the country. I always find Pepperrell* very interesting when you go there ----- I keep stopping in my letter because a funny little Polish dame is playing Rubinstein* down stairs. She plays pretty finely, too, though not so well as she must have played before her fingers got

[*Page 3*]

quite so old and she isn't very clear about what she means or rather what Rubinstein meant when she comes to some places in the music — Still a great deal of feeling comes up the crooked stairs in the notes. She is a cross looking person in a funny blonde wig and has very bad manners at table and has a funny way of holding her head over her plate like a hungry kitten until you expect to hear a handsome pin that she [wears *corrected*] clink against the plate like the aforesaid kitten's [*deletion*] padlock! This is very wicked of me but we are pretty friendly nevertheless — and I write in a grateful spirit for her good music — I wish you could see her Loulie! She looks as if she were born in the far edge of Poland or wherever it was she came from but had dwelt much in Paris and always by herself, — with not even a fellow kitten for company. It is a great temptation to write in this spirit about people whom you don't know — just

[*Page 4*]

as I always laugh at everybody I choose at a circus — you don't feel exactly as if they had [personality *corrected*] when you don't know them and ^feel^ as if they were figures merely. — "They ain't folks { — } they're nothin' but a parcel of images" — an old friend of mine* used to say, with some truth — but the minute you get beyond a certain point of interest and acquaintance how this all changes! ----- I find myself beginning to think of new story people in these days, partly because having had two or three of my sketches printed has made me remember that part of me with surprising vividness — I wonder if you won't look up the June — no May — Ladies' Home Journal, and read An Every-day Girl?* I think there are good things in it and I hope it will make two or three things a little plainer to some girls who will read it — Good-night, little Loulie. I must put down my pen now, but I have enjoyed

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

this bit of gossip. Love to your mother{.} Yours affectionately and truly.

S.O.J.

We have had such nice times with the [Frothinghams *?*]* —

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 2*]

I forgot in telling you of our neighbours. Dont forget to remember me to Ellis* and ask him if he ever read the Eighteenth Century [Singer *?*] in the Fortnightly that we talked about one night —

Notes

1892: This letter is from Jewett's 1892 trip to Europe.

Associated with this letter is a black-bordered envelope addressed to Miss Dresel in Beverly, MA. and cancelled in Beverly on 27 June 1892. The stationery of this letter also is black bordered.

Pyrmont: *The Columbia Gazetteer* identifies "Bad Pyrmont," a town in Lower Saxony, Germany, 9 mi. SW of Hameln, a noted spa with mineral springs and mud baths. See v. 1, p. 222. (Research: Betty Rogers)

tres gai: French; *très gai* is very jolly.

the Edmunds's ... Mrs. Parkman Blake: George Franklin Edmunds (1828-1919) was a Republican U.S. Senator from Vermont. In 1852 he married Susan Marsh (1831-1916); they had two daughters, Mary (1854-1936) and Julia (1861-1882). Jewett and Fields enjoyed friendly association with the family during their 1888 stay in Aiken, SC. See the letters of March 1888.

Samuel Parkman Blake (1835-1904) was a prominent Boston businessman. His wife, Mrs. Mary Lee (Higginson) Parkman Blake (1838-1904) was a benefactor of Boston's Museum of Fine Art and of Harvard University.

Pepperrell: A town in north central Massachusetts, near the New Hampshire border.

*Rubinstei*n: Anton Rubinstein (1829-1894) was a Russian virtuoso pianist and composer. He made a major tour of the United States in 1872-3.

an old friend: Between "an" and "old" Jewett has drawn a line to separate the two words that might appear joined in her script.

Jewett later says this "friend" was her grandfather. Jewett to Mary Frances Parker Parkman of 20 September 1905. To see Jewett reusing her grandfather's saying, see "The Gray Mills of Farley" (1898).

In *Ancestors and Immigrants* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1956), Barbara Miller Solomon reads Jewett's sketch of the elderly Polish pianist as displaying the xenophobia common among New Englanders after the Civil War (175, 257).

In the full context of this letter, Jewett's sketch of the musician seems more carefully written than many of her letters, as if she is thinking over material for a new story, as she suggests near the end. The writing is playful. The musician is accomplished, but age has diminished her ability. She is pathetic and amusing, with her cross looks, funny wig, bad table manners, and kitten-like demeanor. But Jewett confesses that this uncharitable portrait is wicked, and she reminds Dresel that she has become friendly with the woman and feels sincere gratitude for "her good music."

Solomon notes Jewett's repetition here of her grandfather's remark that some people seem like a "parcel of images," made up of trivial appearances without a real inner self. But Jewett knows this view contains only "some truth." She is aware of her personal temptation to emphasize the ridiculous surface at the expense of sympathy: "but the minute you get beyond a certain point of interest and acquaintance, how this all changes!" This is like laughing at anyone she chooses at the circus, and Jewett reminds her correspondent that this is not just.

"An Every-day Girl": Jewett's story, "An Every-Day Girl" appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal* in June, July, and August of 1892 and was reprinted by Richard Cary in *Uncollected Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*. Jewett may also have been thinking of her next Irish immigrant story, "Between Mass and Vespers" or of "The Flight of Betsey Lane," with its portraits of the denizens of a rural poor farm.

Frothinghams: If this transcription is correct, then Jewett refers to the family of Octavius Brooks Frothingham (1822-1895), whom Richard Cary identified as an American Unitarian minister, historian, and biographer, who "fell under the liberalizing influence of Theodore Parker, organized the Free Religious Association in Boston, and wrote prolifically on new religious thought." See also Wikipedia.

Ellis: Dresel's brother.

Fortnightly: Jewett's reference here has not yet been discovered.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. AS Autograph file J, Box 101.

Fields Transcription

Most of this letter appears in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), edited by Annie Adams Fields. Her transcription follows.

My dear Loulie, — I wonder if Pyrmont was anything at all like this! I remember it well enough in your letters to feel that there were more differences than likenesses; but a foreign bath-town is a foreign bath-town! and this amuses me a good deal. The rich and illustrious English have their season just now and are very interesting, for the most part, to me; the dignified elderly men and the fine women and charming tall girls, all have a refinement and kind of perfection of development and reasonableness, a repose and decision that I like to watch very

much. They are so unconscious and nice when they start off for a walk, and wear such an air of satisfaction and triumph as they return. Later the French and Spanish bathers come, — they are already beginning to appear, and are très gais as you may suppose.

We know very few people here. Our dear friends, the Edmundses, are most companionable, and Mrs. Parkman Blake is a near neighbour, and most kind and simple and friendly always. We have had some little drives and long ones together. She is going away soon I am sorry to say.

I liked your letter from the country. I always find Pepperell very interesting when you go there. I keep stopping in my letter, because a funny little Polish dame is playing Rubinstein* downstairs. She plays pretty finely, too, though not so well as she must have played before her fingers got quite so old, and she isn't very clear about what she means, or rather what Rubinstein meant, when she comes to some places in the music. Still, a great deal of feeling comes up the crooked stairs in the notes. She is a cross-looking person in a funny blonde wig, and has very bad manners at table, and has a funny way of holding her head over her plate like a hungry kitten, until you expect to hear a handsome pin that she wears clink against the plate, like the aforesaid kitten's padlock! This is very wicked of me, but we are pretty friendly nevertheless, and I write in a grateful spirit for her good music. I wish you could see her, Loulie! She looks as if she were born in the far edge of Poland, or wherever it was she came from, but had dwelt much in Paris and always by herself, with not even a fellow kitten for company. It is a great temptation to write in this spirit about people you don't know, just as I always laugh at everybody I choose at a circus — you don't feel exactly as if they had personality when you don't know them, and feel as if they were figures merely. "They ain't folks, they're nothin' but a parcel of images," an old friend of mine used to say, with some truth, — but the minute you get beyond a certain point of interest and acquaintance, how this all changes! — I find myself beginning to think of new story-people in these days, partly because having had two or three of my sketches printed has made me remember that part of me with surprising vividness. I wonder if you won't look up the June — no May — "Ladies' Home Journal," and read "An Every-day Girl"? I think there are good things in it, and I hope it will make two or three things a little plainer to some girls who will read it. Good-night, little Loulie. I must put down my pen now, but I have enjoyed this bit of gossip. Love to your mother.

Kate Bradbury Griffith to Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
Riversvale,
Ashton-under-Lyne.
[*End letterhead*]
15h June 1892.

Dear ones!

I am only home for a little while, and it is only my second ^little^ visit since I went to take Amy* as far as I could go with her last December. I go back to the Larches on Saturday, and for a month or two I shall be 10 days here, & 10 days there. My father & mother are not [younger *?*] — but I have a great deal to do at Westbury. All Amy's affairs are in my hands, and as far as money is concerned all will ultimately (except £400 [legacies *?*]) go to the endowment of her — Chair of Egyptology. [Therewith *?*] &c — I am very busy, and with [*unrecognized word*] matters. When I see you, I shall give you each something of hers — [because *corrected*] she loved you, and you loved her — .

[*Page 2*]

"When I see y."* And then, I will tell y. a great deal which I should have tried to tell you before now, but y. [live *?*] in America. But because I have felt y. nearer at hand, I have so often [fallen *?*] to communing with you without touching paper — & pen — [forgetting *?*] that this is a world in which we [apprehend by *?*] embodiments.

[*Page 3*]

Near at hand you may be, yet it is only through your banker that I can reach y.

There is one spare bed ^(room)^ at the Larches — a big one. And Amy's rooms are as they were. I have no cook there; but we take food at proper times. Will it be possible to you to come and see all there as it is before it is all as any other place in a fair county? I want y. to see it, to come to me there — you two.

[*Page 4*]

Here, of course you will come. But wont you come there?

With dear — dear — love for always —

I am yours in faith & hope —
Kate Bradbury.

My mother, who is not well, sends the same love for that. Tell me your ways as far as may be in a world where the unforeseen always happens. But come to me.

Notes

Amy: Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831- 15 April 1892). "In 1882, she co-founded the Egypt Exploration Fund (now the Egypt Exploration Society) and became its joint Honorary Secretary. In 1889-1890, she toured the United States lecturing on Egyptian exploration." After 1864, her residence was at Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Great Britain. Wikipedia.

y.: Bradbury's use of this abbreviation is somewhat puzzling. She is inconsistent about using the period, and, sometimes, she seems to write "yu." I have given all as "y." here.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 11, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Francis Jackson Garrison to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
4 PARK STREET
BOSTON
[*End letterhead*]

June 24, 1892.

Dear Miss Jewett:

On receiving your letter of the 31st ult., I referred the royalty question raised by you to the Firm, to whom, indeed, I had mentioned our previous conversation on the subject immediately after you were here, but the matter did not then present itself either to my mind or theirs as a formal proposition on your part [for *corrected*] which you were awaiting our consideration & reply. They have now addressed you directly on the subject, and their letter will probably reach you by the same mail with this. As you will see, they do not feel that it would

[*Page 2*]

be expedient, for business reasons, to alter or modify existing contracts, but the terms for any new book can of course be considered and arranged when the time comes.

I am sorry that your experiment with sulphur baths was not immediately encouraging, but trust that the benefit has been more perceptible as you have gone on with them.

Mr. Houghton* has seemed pretty well since his return, & proposes to take occasional brief trips away, for change & rest, instead of going to the seashore for the whole season as usual.

Mr. Whittier* has been at Amesbury for some weeks now, & is feeling the severe heat [or *?*] rather violent changes of temperature a / good* deal.

[*Page 3*]

I sincerely regret to learn of your brother-in-law's death,* which must make a sad break in your family circle & cast a shadow over your summer.

My wife thanks you & Mrs. Fields for your kind message to her, & joins me in best regards to you both, & I [am *corrected*] dear Miss Jewett,

Ever sincerely yours,
F. J. Garrison.

Notes

Houghton: Oscar Houghton. Key to Correspondents.

Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

good: The slash before this word seems intended to separate more clearly "a" and "good."

death: Edwin Eastman died on 18 March 1892. See Carrie Jewett Eastman in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 2, Item 76 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Dijon, France

June 27th 1892

My beloved friend;

I shall not ask thee to excuse my lack of a pen and paper because I am so happy to have a moment undisturbed in which to write that I know you will pardon my sending the best I have in this early morning with our trunks at the station.

We have just left Aix les Bains, the bath=place where Sarah is supposed to have left all rheumatic pains in this modern pool of Bethesda* —

[*Page 2*]

It is a beautiful valley which Lamartine* [made *corrected*] famous years ago in his story of Raphael and whose descriptions are so faithful that one can find ones way about by them — a story of young love, very tender and romantic but suited to the genius of the French people and entirely free from the taint which love finds too often in French books — and so I dare say lovers for ages to come will read the little book among the blossoming chestnut trees as I have done! Who should come to us at Aix but our good

[*Page 3*]

friend Senator Edmunds* and his family — They were not at our hotel but very near by, where we saw them almost every day — The moment of the nomination for President passed while we were with them and I think he is not sorry to have Cleveland* chosen from among the other candidates — There was one sad moment when he thought Gray was to be vice=president and he knew Gray was not a good man, but Stevenson he thinks honest though not a tried

[*Page 4*]

man as yet in the affairs of state.

It is a pity that Mr. Edmunds with his clear vision and his probity should not be at hand and at the head of the Supreme Bench which was once offered him; but he is a man of strong affections and he can^not^ bear to think of his wife and only child either in Washington which is

[*Page* 5]

bad for their health or as living away from him permanently{.} His poor daughter — the last — has been very ill at Aix and they have been plunged into great grief, but she was more comfortable when we left them — We were very sorry to leave Aix on their account.

The hot sulphurous* atmosphere there is rather depressing and the baths are

[*Page 6*]

exhausting. Sarah sends you her dear love but she has not been able to write — partly because of the baths, but finally because she sends very long letters home, writing on them journal=wise in order to entertain and help the little family at home in sorrow* who are still able to take interest in what she is doing and who count upon

[*Page 7*]

her letters as their chief relaxation — But we talk of you with the thoughts of love in our hearts almost every day —

Anything more ludicrous than much that goes on at Aix would be hard to find. Great over-grown French men and woman put themselves to soak there with astounding results and many

[*Page* 8]

groans — From rubicond* faces and rotund figures, we see a gradual wilting and bleaching as they return from the hot establishment —

The Germans dislike the French so much and are so proud of their own baths that they do not venture there, but it is a great place to see the noble English, from Queen Victoria,* down the ranks! "[Miladis *so spelled*]", there, are as thick as rosebuds, which is saying a great deal — [*mark*]

There are very amusing things looking like huge cape bonnets borne by two men who go skipping up and down the little streets [*two deleted words*] between the hotels and the bath — each of these contains a lady, thus shrouded from the vulgar eye — It is impossible

[*Page 9*]

to guess who is inside and one can pass one's best friend without a hint of who is there.

I hope Sarah's little story about "Decoration Day"* in Harper's Magazine has reached you! I find some people over here have seen it and seemed to have expected those who have read it as being a touch

[*Page 10*]

in the right direction just now. She will like to think that you and the dear Cartlands have seen it.

You cannot imagine a greater contrast to the air of Aix than we have found in this old city of Dijon this morning. It is fresh and clear like [a *corrected*] June day at home and I understand better than ever what a strange leaf=

[*Page 11*]

=covered valley we have been in during four weeks —

We go to Paris today and I shall write you a better letter from there —

This is only to send you our love to tell you what we are doing and that we are constantly thinking of you —

Your loving

Annie Fields*

Notes

Bethesda: In John 5 of the Bible's New Testament, Jesus heals a paralytic in this pool of water in Jerusalem, Israel. Wikipedia.

Lamartine: French author and politician, Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (1790-1869). His *Raphael* appeared in 1849. Wikipedia.

Edmunds: George Franklin Edmunds (1828-1919) was a Republican U.S. Senator from Vermont.

Cleveland ... Gray ... Stevenson: American Democratic politician Grover Cleveland (1837-1908) was President of the United States for two terms: 1885-1889 and 1893-1997. Cleveland preferred Isaac Pusey Gray, Governor of Indiana, for his vice-president, but the Democratic convention preferred Adlai Ewing Stevenson I (1835-1914) of Illinois. Wikipedia.

sulphurous: Fields spelling of this word is unclear, but so it appears.

sorrow Jewett's younger sister, Carrie Jewett Eastman lost her husband, Edmund, suddenly on 18 March 1892.

rubicond: Fields seems to have used the French spelling for rubicund or ruddy.

Victoria: Alexandrina Victoria (1819-1901) was Queen of England (1837-1901). Wikipedia.

"Decoration Day": Jewett's story set on the American holiday now called Memorial Day appeared in *Harper's* in June 1892.

Fields: Upside down in a box, bottom left on this page, and in another hand: A. Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

Celia Laighton Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett Fragment

Shoals June 29th (92

Dearest Annie & Pinny,

This is my birth day, 57, most sixty, & a very nice birth day too! Your dear letter from Venice came & made me glad — yes, oh yes, we were there a week & know it all, never was anything so enchanting on this planet! I remember the lines you could not recall

Open my heart & you will see
Graved inside of it — Italy" — *

I think those are the very words —

I wonder where you are now — how many miles away from that beautiful Venice! I hope I shall hear again soon — I am writing this at early breakfast, 6 o'clock, the only time I can get to write! for the world has got me in its grip, & time, to do anything I wish to do, no longer exists for me. I hope you will not feel aggrieved at the pencil & trust it will be legible. it [*not capitalized*] seems to be the only thing left, stylographics* failed me long ago. They ink everything except the page ^on wh^ you — want them to write —

[*end of manuscript*]

Notes

Italy: Thaxter omits the opening quotation mark from her quotation of Robert Browning's "De Gustibus — -." In Edmund Stedman's *Victorian Anthology* (1895), the lines are:

Open my heart and you will see
Grav'd inside of it, "Italy."

stylographics: The stylographic pen is an early version of a fountain pen, precursor to the ball-point pen. Like a fountain pen, a stylographic stores ink in a reservoir, feeding it to the tip or nub as one writes or draws. Most stylographic and fountain pens were susceptible to accidental leaking and blotting. Jewett mentions this kind of pen in *Betty Leicester* (1890), Chapter 8.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library: Celia Thaxter

correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38, Item 265 (incomplete).

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Wednesday
Jun 29th 92

Dear Sarah;

I am a little previous about beginning my letter for we are stepping to York tomorrow, and I am going to stay until Saturday with Mrs. Tyler and Hattie.

We are going to drive down that is Mrs. Tyler and I are, and I think we shall ask Eva* to have a day out and go too. Mary Harriet insists upon going via Portsmouth with the trunks dreading to lose them if she lets them out of her sight so near the first of July, when everybody is afloat. Eva arrived last evening and is in her nicest mood which is always nice you know. This has been a busy day for we went off at an early hour to drive round Bakers Spring it being just the day for a long drive{.} After dinner we went over to see Georgie who with Helen Langdon had driven up to say goodbye to Kate Doe* who goes away tomorrow{.}

[*Page 2*]

Georgie startled me she looked so much like her mother as she came towards me. She really looks well and never was dearer. She asked everything about you, and said her mother had a dear letter from you lately. She was so funny about a visit that was forthcoming to Mrs. Knight from Grace and [Tready *?*]* on their way to Tamworth where they are going for two months next week. Eva is fresh from a visit to the Masons* and says Ellen is much better and Ida said she was quite well but she feared she might get over tired, she having gone to a Mrs. Nevins whose husband has just died in New York. [*unrecognized name* Ma...] is named to be better, at any rate she can be left evidently!

Cora* announces herself better and thinks she can sail Saturday. Georgie said that Arthur had been

[*Page 3*]

having a bad throat also — and George said the house was very bad and wished Cora could get out of it.

The expedition is over except the talk which is in full swing at present{.} I hear it has been very nice.

Mr. Twombly* was here, and dropped in at once for particulars last eve. He seems to have had a pretty good time on his travels, and seemed very satisfied with all the Academy doings, though he thinks with all the rest of us that Cloughs plans are too expensive, and Mr Fogg has already told him that he must bring them down somewhat. I am thankful, for it would end in using all the income to heat and care for the big elephant{.} I asked Mr. Twombly to stay to tea tonight, and then Hannah [Canse *?*]* put into port and I kept her too to her great pleasure.

Caddy and I have thought so much of a year ago when we had such a

[*Page 4*]

good time. Mrs Ellis* has [written *?*] that she cannot come just now, not being very well, but Mary is in Newton so I have asked her for a few days next week. I think Caddy will lose her heart completely to Mary, and they will have every particular{.} I have also asked the Wards,* but have not had time to get a reply from them{.} I sent the bidding for any time after next week, but I dare say they will not come either. Yesterday I took my guests to return their calls at Mrs. Goodwins and Sewalls, Barkers, and Mrs. Rollins where they seemed to have a good time. Fanny Hale is coming home the last of August to stay until next summer. Mr. Weeks* is sent to Persia and its neighborhood, and so she comes home while he is away and then he comes home for the Exposition* next summer as one of the judges I believe. I am sorry that you will not see the dear

[*Page 5*]

little house in the Avenue [Wa... *?*] but it will be very nice to have Fanny here won't it?

Mrs. Tyler burst out to night as she was packing her trunk and said: "You don't know [how I hate *?*] to pack up and go away. It is the best time I ever had in my life making a visit anywhere," which coming from her lips meant a good deal. Caddy and I mourn for their early departure, but they expect George and a friend, and their rooms are engaged already. They entreated me to go back with them until I couldnt refuse if I wanted to! Helen Doe* got a prize today, for which I was so glad. She looked so pleased as she stepped home with it. Kate looked rather

solemn as she spoke of going away. You would never believe how nice she is. Georgie was delighted with the idea of her going, and they all seemed so

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pleased with your messages.

I keep talking about them I know but I must speak again about the roses, for I never saw anything so beautiful as they have been, and still are. This morning Mary Libby was covered with flowers{,} Mary under the parlor window I mean, and the sweetmar* was all ablow. The rain made every thing beautiful again, and Hilborn* came to mow the grass this day. We give away great [bunches *corrected*] of roses and you don't miss them from the bushes. The currants are huge too, and ["jell" *?*] is before us but not yet, for they have not begun to turn much. It seems to me that if I could only have you to walk the [piece *?*] over I should be too happy for anything!

I am going to try to get in some French while Eva is here, for I am so rusty as to be in danger of creaking,

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and I am afraid you will get far ahead of me! We will do our best in speech when you come back won't we. I long to get your next letter and know if you got let out from Aix to go to Paris this week, and any other circumstances that Sister Powder* favors my having. I must tell you what Mary Harriet vouchsafed this day when she viewed Beckys first school house, "Why I shouldn't think they could get all the alphabet inside of that building"! Stubbs was made happy by a present of Japanese coins from Twombly, and Mr Davidson* sent him a barrelful of electrical belonging{s} including a little motor, so I expect the whole place will be wired, and I humbly hope we may not be blown up! He drove us over to see Georgie today, and she seemed to belove him{.} He is barely an inch shorter than I am now, and is broad in the beam to match{.} I shall never be quite happy until you view him driving past with Betty

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and Timmy, for somehow a deeper grin seems to be afforded then than when he is riding. It is almost twelve oclock and my eyes ought to be shut so here's my love and long life to the two of ye, and I am yours faithfully

Mary RJ —

Notes

Eva: Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents.

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton. Key to Correspondents.

Kate Doe was the daughter of Edith Haven Doe. Key to Correspondents.

Helen Langdon has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Knight ...Grace ...Tready: Probably Jewett refers to Helen Cross Knight and to Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden and her husband. Mentioned later is Mr. Walden's son, Arthur Treadwell Walden (1871-1947).

Masons: The sisters, Ellen and Ida Mason. Key to Correspondents.

Among the Masons' close friends were Julie Fanchette Henriette Du Gay Nevins (d. January 1904) and Henry Coffin Nevins (1843-1892). See Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Jewett of 31 January 1904.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Twombly: Horatio Nelson Twombly (1831-1896) was president of the Berwick Academy Board of Trustees in 1891, when the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the academy took place on 1 July 1891.

Clough ... Fogg: George Asa Clough (1843-1910), the Boston architect who planned the William Hayes Fogg Memorial Building (1894), which became the main building of Berwick Academy in South Berwick.

William Hayes Fogg (1817-1884) was a Maine merchant who grew rich in the China trade. His widow, Elizabeth, left $200,000 and the couple's Asian art collection to Harvard University, the foundation of Harvard's Fogg Museum (1896).

"Hiram Fogg, a beneficiary [of W. H. Fogg's estate] who lived in Maine, led the team involved in designing the 1894 Fogg Memorial Building, a combined public library and new 'state-of-the-art' academy." Old Berwick Historical Society.

Canse: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Ellis: Emma Claflin Ellis and her daughter, Mary. Key to Correspondents.

Wards: Susan Hayes Ward and William Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Fanny Hale ... Weeks: Almost certainly, Fanny Hale was Ellen Day Hale (1855-1940), an American impressionist painter and printmaker, daughter of author and minister Edward Everett Hale and Emily Baldwin Perkins (1829-1914), niece of watercolorist Susan Hale, and sister of painter and critic Philip Leslie Hale. The Jewett sisters were acquainted with this Hale family. For some supporting evidence, see Mary Jewett's letter to her sister of 11 July 1889, in which she recounts her breakfast with Hale, and her tour of Hale's Paris studio, where she saw Hale's work, but also work in progress by Edwin Weeks. This letter suggests then that Hale shared a studio with Weeks and that, perhaps, she resided with yet another person. Wikipedia places Hale and her domestic partner, and fellow artist Gabrielle de Veaux Clements, in Paris between 1885 and 1893.

Weeks was American artist Edwin Lord Weeks (1849-1903). Wikipedia.

Exposition: The World's Columbian Exposition was held in Chicago in 1893.

Helen Doe: Sister of Catherine / Kate Doe, Helen, born in 1877, turned 15 in 1892. It appears she has won a school prize at the end of the year. See her mother, Edith Haven Doe in Key to Correspondents.

Mary Libby ... sweetmar: Varieties of rose.

Hilborn: This person who apparently did yard work for the Jewetts has not yet been identified.

Powder: This transcription is uncertain. Perhaps Jewett alludes to one of Sarah Orne Jewett's more memorable characters, Mrs. Powder, who appears in "Law Lane" (1887).

Davidson: Mr. Davidson may be James Thomas Davidson (1856-1901).

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett c/o J. P. Morgan & Co. in London, forwarded to Paris and then to Hotel Liron, Barbizon, France. It appears to have been cancelled in South Berwick on 30 June and in France on 12 July 1892.